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Heavyweight Bout: Harvey Weinstein vs. Scott Rudin
Michael Wolff: Tina Brown Is Stealing My Shtick!

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NOVEMBER 4, 2002

What It Costs to Live in New York at 25, 35, 45, 55...

< Liza, 24

SINGLE, IVY B.A.

JOB: Tried marketing, now interning in publishing. Bartending to pay the bills.

DEBT: $20,000 in student loans, $7,000 in credit cards, consolidated into $200 monthly payments.

RENT: $1,400 a month for an Upper East Side share; one roommate.

BUDGET BLOWER: Cabs home from Bungalow 8; splitting the check when the boys don't pay.

Jake, 45 >

PUBLISHING EXECUTIVE, MARRIED, ONE DAUGHTER

INCOME: $200,000.

DEBT: $20,000 in credit-card debt, a $500,000 mortgage on a Brooklyn townhouse.

SAVINGS: $25,000 in the bank, $200,000 in retirement accounts.

BUDGET BLOWER: $16,000 for high-school tuition.

FOUL WEATHER AHEAD: College. They flat-out can't afford it.

NOV 01 2002

BY ROBERT KOLKER

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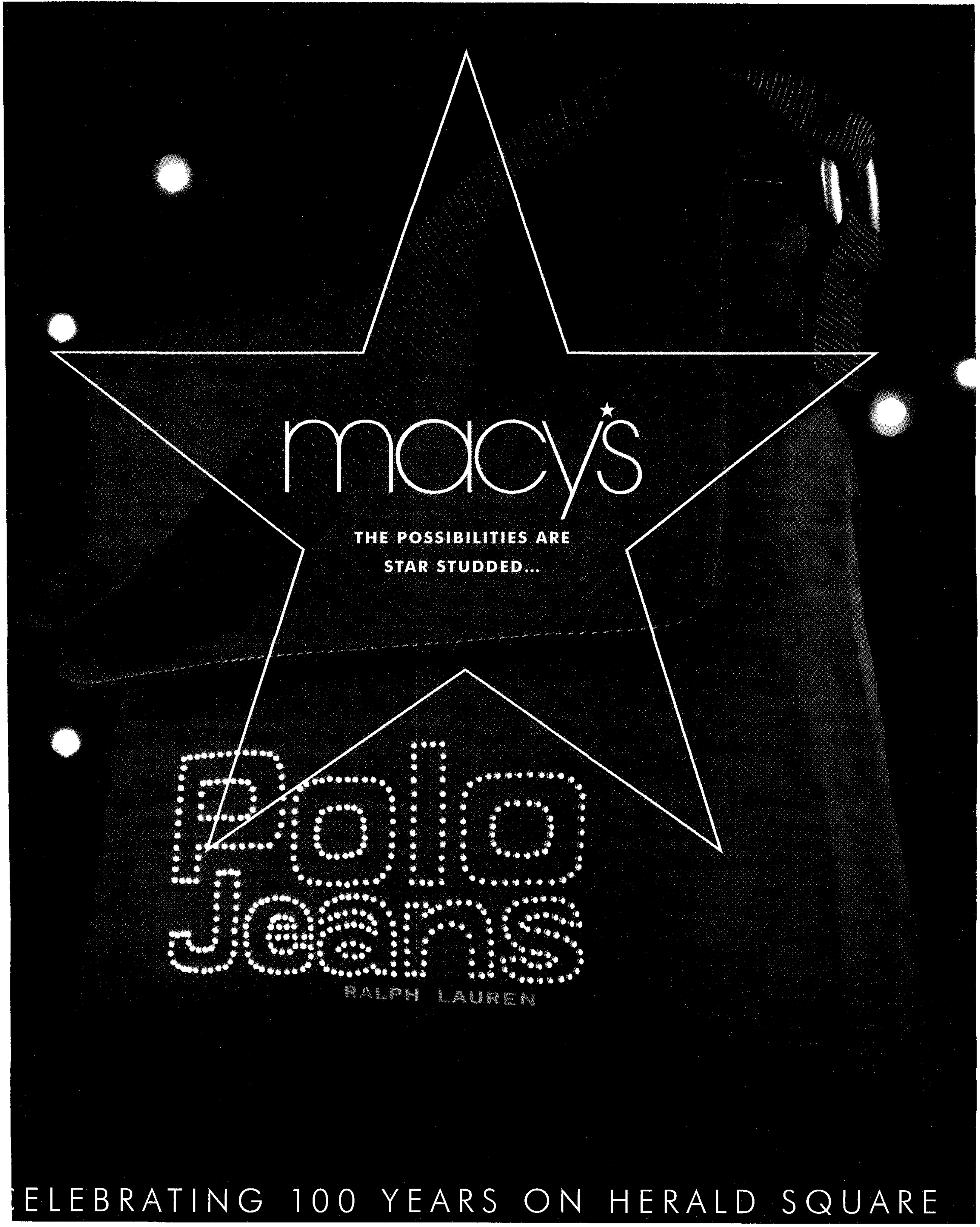
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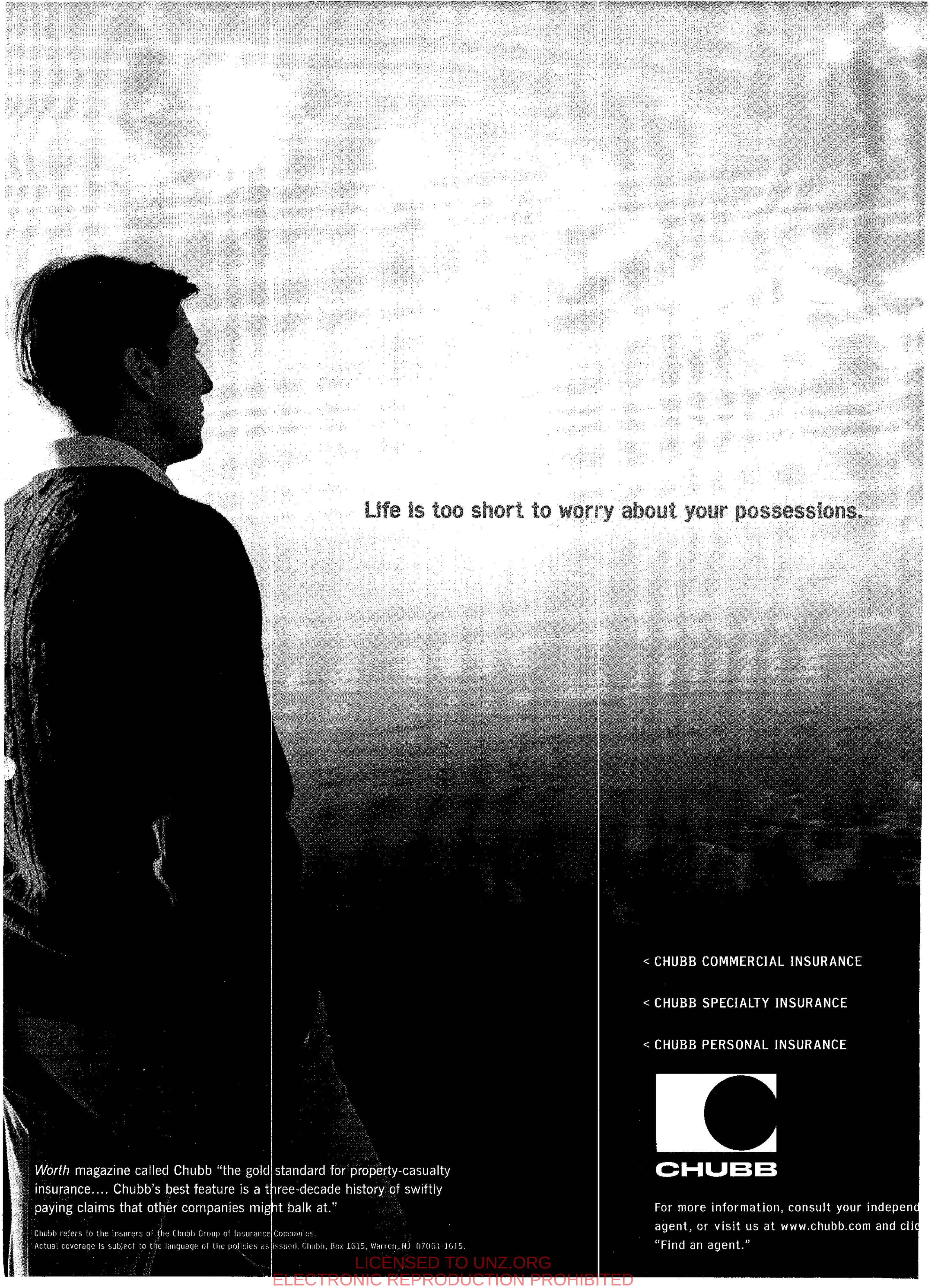
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'Guardian' Crossword

SITTING PRETTY: From left, Slim Hayward, Diana Vreeland, and Reed Vreeland.

> **"Don't look back. Just go ahead. Give ideas away. Under every idea there's a new idea waiting to be born."** —Diana Vreeland, page 24

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Living in New York City is a unique financial challenge. And when it comes to money, New Yorkers tend to face the same financial hurdles as they get older. One minute, you're struggling to pay for a *Sex and the City* social life on an assistant's salary. The next, you're worrying about the cost of private school or a weekend place or—gulp—a divorce lawyer. (And, of course, who doesn't feel guilty about taxicabs?) Herewith, some of the predictable crises in the financial lives of New Yorkers—and how your neighbors are weathering them.

24 **The Elements of Style** By Eleanor Dwight

In her 50 years in fashion, Diana Vreeland preached reinvention relentlessly—and practiced it, too. A Jazz Age wife and mother, she dictated what women wore (and wanted) during 26 years at *Harper's Bazaar,* changed the face of high fashion as editor-in-chief of *Vogue,* hit the scene as a Warhol-era woman-about-town, and, in her last incarnation, became a New York institution at the Met's Costume Institute. An excerpt from a new biography that proves her life was as stylish as her work.

30 **Operation: Smallpox** By Craig Horowitz

In the war against terrorism, New York's hospitals are a key line of defense. Since September 11, they have been planning intensively for the next crisis. When a Nigerian man walked into Beth Israel hospital in Brooklyn with a rash on his face that looked uncomfortably like smallpox, it was a sort of dry run for the real thing, demonstrating how much work there is to do. A progress report on planning for the worst at the city's hospitals.

ON THE COVER: PHOTOGRAPHED BY MELANIE DUNEA.

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Letters

> Even finance types would welcome an art opening once in a while.
>
> —James P. Lockey

Suburbs, Continued

Amy Larocca's advice, in her article on Cold Spring Harbor ["10 Suburbs You Can Afford," October 7], not to "come here looking for creative types" is a sad commentary on a community that was once fertile ground for the arts. It used to have two internationally recognized art galleries, the Vera Lazuk Gallery and the Harbor Gallery. Up until the seventies, the town had a distinctly funky quality—Billy Joel, in his hippie phase, even named his first record *Cold Spring Harbor*. I hope prospective home buyers with artistic aspirations will give this place a chance. Even finance types would welcome an art opening once in a while.
James P. Lockey, SEATTLE, WASH.

There's something else to do in Milford, Connecticut, besides going to the movies. It's a place called Café Atlantique, at 33 River Street, located near the train station. They serve great gourmet coffee, French pastries, thick soups, and fresh salads. There's live jazz on Saturday nights. You can choose indoor or outdoor seating, see lots of fresh flowers, and you'll feel like you're in Paris. Definitely a place to unwind after visiting the local real-estate dealers.
Marcia Kemeny, BROOKLYN

Beauty, Brains, and . . .

The ideal woman for Frederic Tuten is "brilliant, beautiful, sensitive, cultural, erotic" ["Frederic Tuten: Art Lover," by Philip Weiss, October 14]. He didn't say "financially secure"? An idealist in New York? Amazing!
Sabina de Rochefort, MANHATTAN

They Deliver

I was really surprised by your lukewarm "Gotham" review of FreshDirect ["Online at the Grocer's: Can FreshDirect.com Deliver?," by Jane Black, October 14]. I have been nothing but thrilled with every aspect of its service. Its food has consistently been fresh and delicious, and my orders have covered everything from fish fillets to steak to chicken to fruits and vegetables. I pay less than I would at the grocery store for food that looks better and tastes better. All this comes at lower prices and within the two-hour time frame I select. What is not to be happy about?
Melissa Cohen, MANHATTAN

In Neville's Name

I've always been a fan of dinosaurs, so I was fascinated to see that Jane Fonda, Bernardine Dohrn, et al. are in effect still protesting the Vietnam War ["Gotham: Lefty Pitchers," by Christopher Tennant, September 30]. Since their new antiwar group, Not in Our Name, is so celebrity-heavy, perhaps we should excuse the political myopia and give them their own awards ceremony. Let's call it the Nevilles.
Jeffrey M. Gross, BROOKLYN

Correction: In last week's article on Jeffrey Epstein ("Jeffrey Epstein: International Moneyman of Mystery," by Landon Thomas Jr., October 28), Stephen Kosslyn was quoted as saying that Epstein "actually wanted to short the Tibetan market, because he thought the monk was so stupid." In fact, Kosslyn never said this. *New York* regrets the error. ■

Wanna hook up?
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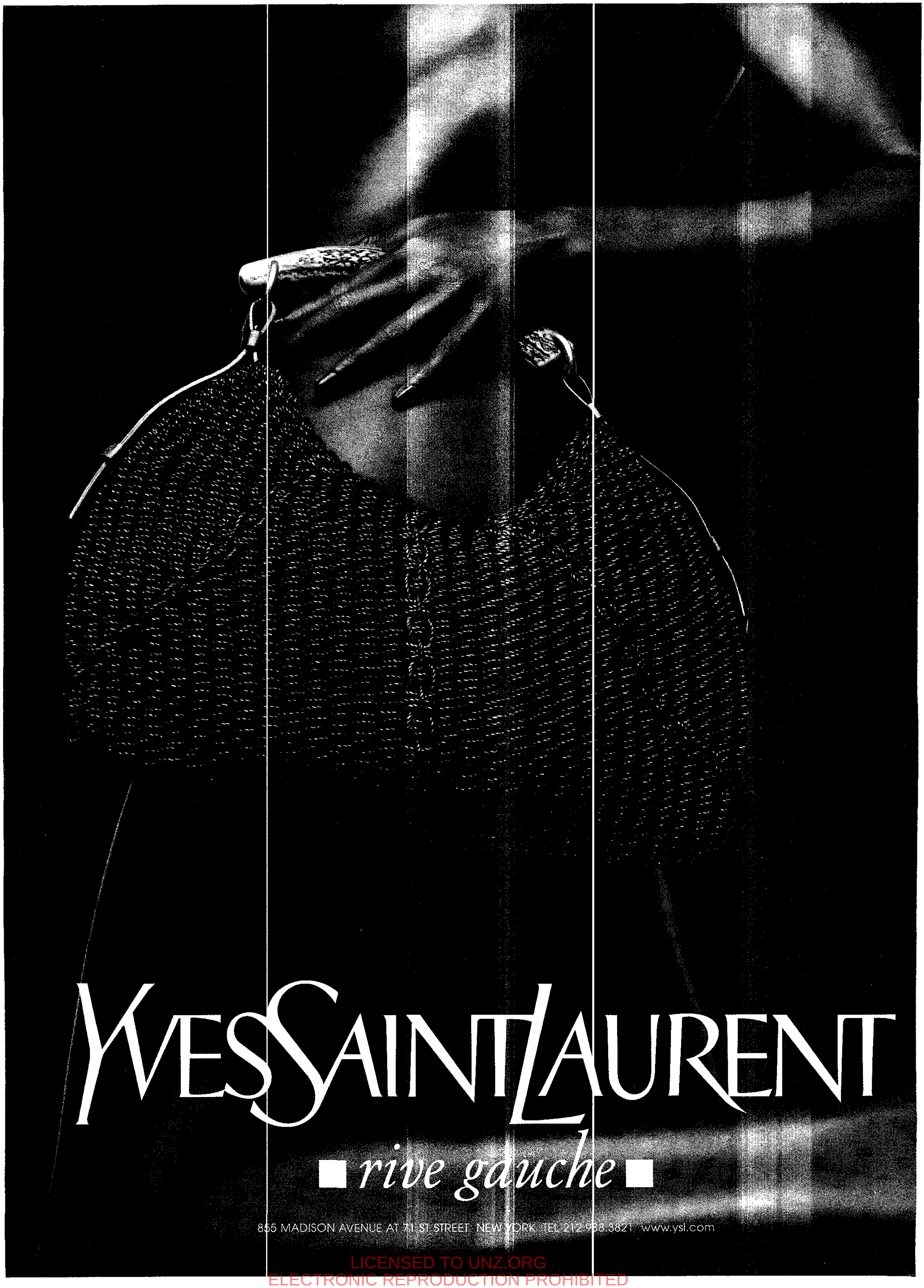
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Intelligencer

By Marc S. Malkin

Connie Chung Joins Jet Set

The Delta Shuttle doesn't have a first-class section, but don't tell **Connie Chung**. On a recent Washington–to–New York flight, the CNN anchor received the kind of special treatment that, according to Delta policy, is usually reserved for diplomats, heads of state, and other high-profile security risks. Attendants informed boarding passengers that they could not sit in any of the first three rows, despite the usual first-come-first-served seating. As the 9:30 P.M. departure time approached, the pilot started getting anxious. "We don't hold this plane for anybody," he was heard to say. "We leave on time!" At the last possible minute, Chung and six others from CNN bounded onto the plane. "With all the fuss, people were expecting to see Bill and Hillary," our source says. "It was pretty disappointing."

Garry Shticks It to Mira

Garry Shandling probably didn't mean to give an impromptu performance at **Carrie Fisher** and **Penny Marshall**'s annual birthday bash at Fisher's Beverly Hills home on October 19, but people certainly started laughing when he tried to flirt with **Mira Sorvino**. A spy tells us that Shandling started chatting up the actress at the star-studded soirée, which was attended by **Nicole Kidman**, **Uma Thurman**, **John Travolta**, **Meg Ryan**, **Tom Hanks**, **Matthew Perry**, and **Courtney Cox-Arquette**. But apparently the comedian—once linked to **Calista Flockhart**—got shot down almost immediately. "He said to her, 'Oohhh, I see. I see how it is,' " our spy reports. "And then she looked at him and said, 'What? You see how what is?' " Fortunately for Sorvino, that's when an old friend—actor **Jay Huguley**—walked up, freeing her from the close encounter with Shandling. The comic continued to linger until Sorvino and Huguley finished catching up. Afterward he turned to Huguley and griped, "Thanks, pal. There goes my chance with Mira!" When Huguley apologized, Shandling tried to deflect his rejection by cracking, "Just kidding—how's my hair?" A rep insists Shandling knows she's in a long-term relationship with French actor **Olivier Martinez**: "He's not that kind of guy. He's always kidding around. That's his shtick."

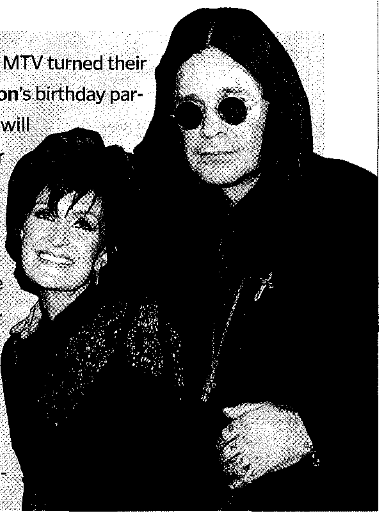
Missy Elliot Makes a Run for It

Earlier this summer, doctors informed Grammy-winning hip-hop artist **Missy Elliot** that she suffers from high blood pressure and should lose some weight. So she took their advice and ran with it. "I go to the gym four or five times a day and I run," she told us at last week's "In Concert" series at Irving Plaza. "I get on the treadmill and do like 45 minutes." As one would expect from such a grueling routine, the formerly rotund rapper has shed major poundage. (She refuses to step on a scale, but her rep told us she's gone from a woman's extra-large to at least a medium.) But don't look for the Miss E diet book anytime soon: "I still eat wrong, but for the most part I spend so much time running that my body's like, *Okay, away goes that steak and cheese, away goes that Twinkie.*" But she is careful to check the clock when she gets the munchies. "I don't eat late," she said. "I probably stop around 8:30, but it should be earlier than that. Sometimes I'll be in the studio late, and it's like, 'Uh, guys, I get a Big Mac or some ice cream or something.' "

HOLLYWOOD NEWS: Tobey Maguire may command $12 million a picture now, but that doesn't mean he's forgotten who his friends are. We hear the *Spider-Man* star recently let his pal **Kevin Connelly** shoot a short film, *Whatever We Do*, in his Hollywood Hills home. "It's a look at life in Hollywood," Maguire's rep told us. "Don't trust anyone, especially around your fiancée." The flick features **Robert Downey Jr.**, **Tim Roth**, **Amanda Peet**, and **Zooey Deschanel**. Maguire isn't in it, but he has a producer credit.

Keeping It in the Family

You'd think the **Osbournes** would have nothing left to hide now that MTV turned their lives into an open book. But you'd be wrong. Everyone working on **Sharon**'s birthday party on New Year's Eve at the Beverly Hills Hotel—where she and **Ozzy** will also celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary by renewing their vows—has been forced to sign a confidentiality agreement. The more-than-two-page agreement forbids talking about the family in any way that "may harm, disparage, demean, or reflect negatively or poorly upon or cause injury to the reputation, character, or career of any of the Osbourne Parties." The penalty for breaking the agreement? One million dollars. And if they do need to take legal action, the contract stipulates that the offender must pay the Osbournes' attorney fees and expenses. A rep for the Osbournes says there are some things the family just wants to keep private and this night is one of them. Well, maybe. There's a chance MTV will be filming the big night: "It all depends on if they have enough in the can for the show."

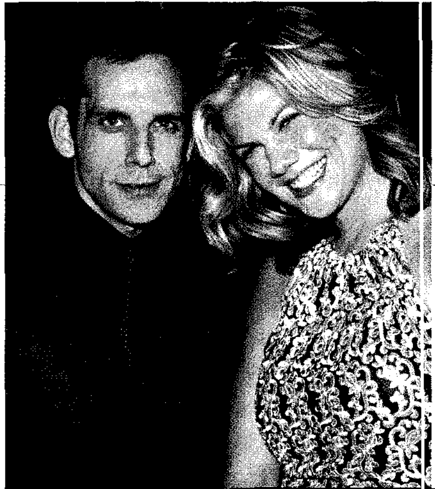


With Catherine Townsend.

Heard any good gossip lately? E-mail us: Intelligencer@NewYorkMag.com

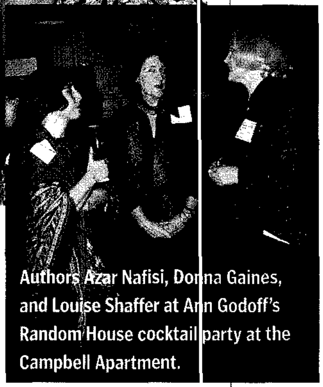
PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, DENNIS VAN TINE/LFI; GILBERT FLORES/CPS/LFI; FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS; JOHN KRONDES/GLOBE PHOTOS.

Scene

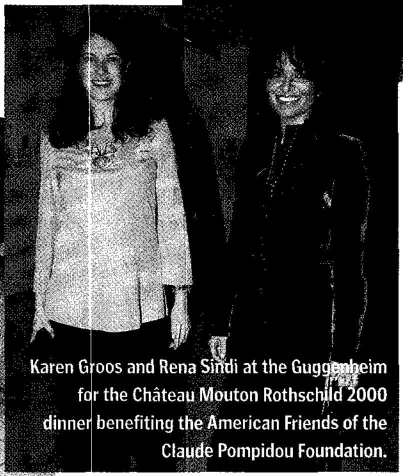


Ben Stiller and Kristen Johnston at the fifth annual Tomorrow Is Tonight gala for Project A.L.S.

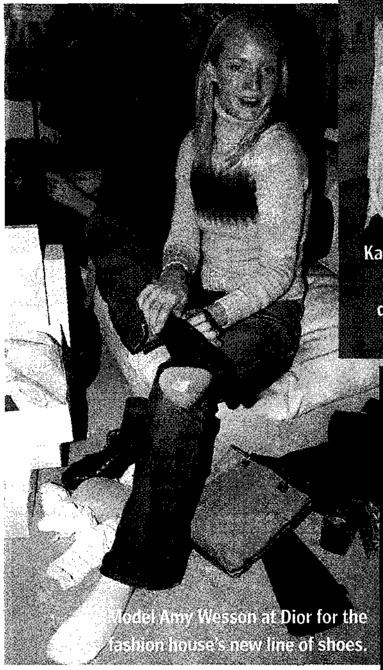
Ted Hartley, Bob Balaban, and Dina Merrill at Nick and Toni's for the premiere party of *Ripley's Game* at the tenth annual Hamptons International Film Festival.



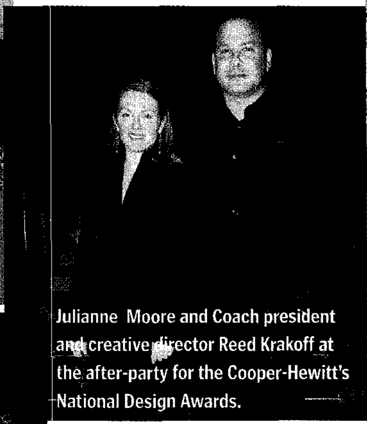
Authors Azar Nafisi, Donna Gaines, and Louise Shaffer at Ann Godoff's Random House cocktail party at the Campbell Apartment.



Karen Groos and Rena Sindi at the Guggenheim for the Château Mouton Rothschild 2000 dinner benefiting the American Friends of the Claude Pompidou Foundation.

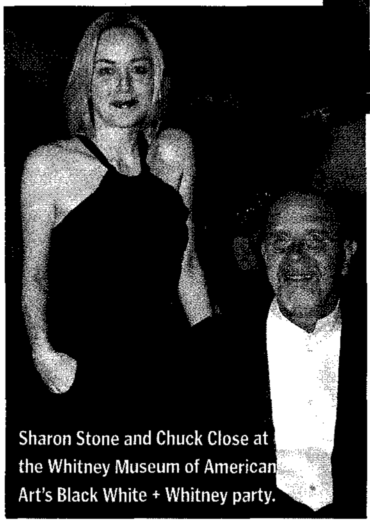


Model Amy Wesson at Dior for the fashion house's new line of shoes.

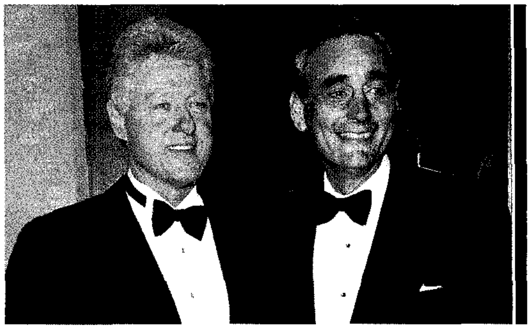


Julianne Moore and Coach president and creative director Reed Krakoff at the after-party for the Cooper-Hewitt's National Design Awards.

Tweet and Donna Summer at the Gap bash at M Studio for the release of *The Blue Jean*, by Alice Harris.



Sharon Stone and Chuck Close at the Whitney Museum of American Art's Black White + Whitney party.



Bill Clinton and Hal Kahn, chairman of Macy's East, at the Marriott Marquis for the National Multiple Sclerosis Society's twenty-sixth annual Dinner of Champions, where they were honored along with NBC's *The West Wing*.

Tall Order

"You're loving this because you're, like, nine feet tall," the diminutive **Ben Stiller** joked to *Third Rock From the Sun* star **Kristen Johnston** while standing on his tippy-toes to pose for photographers at a dinner benefiting Project A.L.S. at Roseland on October 21. After **Tom Cavanagh** read a testimonial by **Lou Gehrig**, **Caroline Rhea** tried to lighten things up. "Have you seen that show *The Bachelor*?" she asked, addressing a crowd that included **Gina Gershon, Michael Bolton, Donna Hanover** (hand-in-hand with her new beau, lawyer **Ed Oster**), and **James Gandolfini.** "It's pathetic. There are 25 girls for one guy—just like in real life here." CATHERINE TOWNSEND

Prima Donna

Across town that same night, **Donna Gaines,** former Barnard College professor and self-described "pill-popping, penis-addicted, workaholic Jew," talked about the movie possibilities of her upcoming memoir, *A Misfit's Manifesto: The Spiritual Journey of a Rock & Roll Heart.* "I keep telling people it will either be **Courtney Love** or **Joan Cusack,**" Gaines said with a laugh at **Ann Godoff**'s annual cocktail party at the Campbell Apartment to celebrate six upcoming Random House books, by Gaines, **Chandler Burr, Elizabeth Cohen, Azar Nafisi, Shoba Narayan,** and **Louise Shaffer.** "But I'd really love to see **Marisa Tomei** play me. She's just so New York." MARC S. MALKIN

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Where no one lives on account of the pace / But seven millions are screaming for space—Betty Comden and Adolph Green

GOTHAM

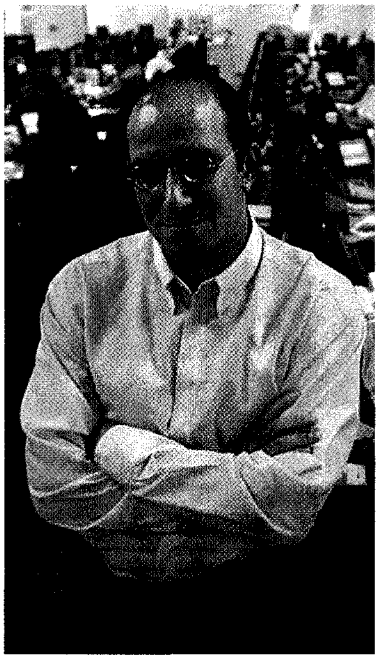
Cantor Fizzle

Howard Lutnick's 9/11 book was going to be this fall's blockbuster. Now it's coming out in January—without his name on it. By Meryl Gordon

It was supposed to be one of the fall's can't-miss blockbusters: Howard Lutnick's dramatic account of life at Cantor Fitzgerald in the aftermath of September 11. But then *On Top of the World*—a HarperCollins book slated to arrive in bookstores on September 17 with a print run of 250,000—mysteriously never materialized.

It turns out that the hard-charging Lutnick withdrew his name as co-author from the project at the last minute. Not, it seems, in the manner of David Geffen, who infamously fell out with his chosen biographer, Tom King, during the reporting process, but *after* a draft of the book had been written. HarperCollins will now publish the book in January, written by Lutnick's co-author and Haverford classmate, novelist Tom Barbash.

Lutnick says he was just too busy to play co-author: "It was intended to be a collaborative thing, but I wasn't able to participate at the level I wanted to. I thought it was fair for it to be Tom's book." Barbash, who's just published a well-reviewed first novel, *The Last Good Chance*, also says cheerfully that the break was not acrimonious. "Howard realized he didn't have the time or energy to write a book. I did."


LUTNICK: He didn't have the time or energy to write.

Still, Lutnick's change of heart seems to have come after an intense series of all-night Diet Coke–fueled editing sessions at his Fifth Avenue apartment in late August. The Cantor CEO apparently began to have second thoughts as he pored over virtually every sentence with Barbash and HarperCollins executive editor David Hirshey. "Howard was so busy with Cantor Fitzgerald business that he wasn't available to work on the book until 10 or 11 P.M.," says Hirshey, adding that some sessions went until 5 A.M. "We ran out of time."

Rumors are swirling that HarperCollins has cut its print run and negotiated a reduction in Lutnick's reputed $1 million advance. Lutnick dodged the money issue, and HarperCollins senior publicity director Patti Kelly said, "We're not announcing our marketing plan or our print run now."

The news will surely disappoint booksellers like Borders, based in Ann Arbor, Michigan. "Howard came to our offices in July, and everyone found him extraordinarily compelling," says spokeswoman Ann Binkley. Borders was expecting Lutnick to plug the book—as Binkley puts it, "Getting Howard out there is important."

While Lutnick indicated he'll help promote the book (his royalties go to the Cantor relief fund), it's unclear if he'll actually hit the road for it. Of course, an unauthorized book has the potential to be much more compelling than the brokered version. And HarperCollins may need all the dramatic intrigue it can get: Most 9/11 books are rapidly dropping off the best-seller list.

HOT PLATE

AIX

Where? 2293 Broadway, corner of West 88th Street.

Ah, two blocks north of Ouest? Indeed. And with Compass now Zagat's Newcomer of the Year, the West Side is the new East Side.

Posh steak-frites, right? *Mais non!* Didier Virot is a Jean-Georges protégé—we're talking venison in cocoa-coffee sauce and tomato dessert!

What about the other diners? Ivana has already presided over an event there, and *three* different publicists are pulling in the in-crowd.

But will they tell us how to *pronounce* the place? As in Provence, stupid.

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Eggers's Slow *Velocity*

He may be a literary rock star, but Dave Eggers is no Eminem. Check out sales of his new book, *You Shall Know Our Velocity*, at indie New York bookstores. Perhaps self-publishing—and forgoing B&N—wasn't such a staggeringly good idea after all? MATT GROSS

St. Mark's	Ordered: 1,000.	Sold (as of 10/24): 250.
Community Bookstore	Ordered: 100.	Sold: 64.
Lenox Hill Bookstore	Ordered: 200.	Sold: 60.
BookCourt	Ordered: 350.	Sold: 96.
Labyrinth	Ordered: 1,000.	Sold: 54.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, BEBETO MATTHEWS/AP PHOTO; BOTTOM, KAREN KUEHN/MATRIX. ILLUSTRATION BY JESSICA KASPER.

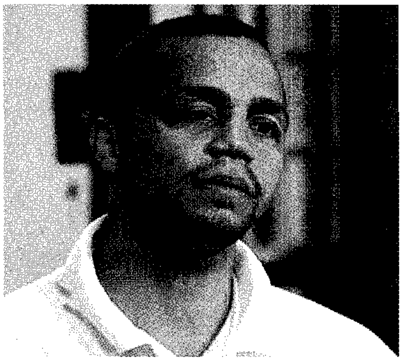
Name to a Face

After Matias Reyes's confession in the Central Park jogger case, one of his earlier victims finally discovers who attacked her. By Chris Smith

It was a hot fall afternoon in 1988, and she had a few extra minutes at lunch, so J. stopped in to pray at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, on Fifth Avenue at 90th Street. The blonde 27-year-old actress was about to leave when a teenage boy came up from behind with a knife and threatened to kill her.

"He dragged me down some stairs, took my jewelry, then went ballistic and strangled me until I passed out for maybe ten seconds," J. says now. The boy repeatedly slammed her head into the concrete floor. Then he demanded that she strip. J. blurted out—falsely, but smartly—that she had a vaginal infection. "He took all my clothes, said he'd kill me if I screamed, and ran away." She was treated for neck and head injuries, filed a police report, and never heard of any arrest. "But I never forgot his face."

Two weeks ago, J. opened a copy of *New York*. In a story called "Central Park Revisited," she saw a photograph of Matias Reyes and began yelling "That's the guy! That's the guy!"



JAIL BREAKS: Matias Reyes has told police about unsolved crimes that never made the papers.

When Reyes confessed to the April 1989 rape and beating of the Central Park jogger, he reignited one of the city's most controversial crime sagas. But Reyes also told investigators of attacks he'd committed that never made the papers. At least four other women are suddenly getting a resolution to their own nightmares.

J. is the ninth known Reyes victim. Her attack, on September 21, 1988, is the earliest Reyes is now believed to have committed in a spree that stretched until his arrest on August 5, 1989. C. Hugh Hildesley was rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest then, and this summer he was puzzled when a detective called, asking about the old incident. "They said a man had told them a lot of stories and they were trying to determine if they were true," Hildesley says. "The police never said this had anything to do with the Central Park jogger case."

J. called the district attorney's office after reading about Reyes and was interviewed by investigators last week. "For me, it's closure," she says. "I'm happy to learn he's in jail."

The news also completed another eerie circle. In 1995, J. was working as a personal trainer, and Salomon Brothers hired her to exercise corporate directors and select employees. One woman J. trained was an investment banker still recovering from grievous injuries: the Central Park jogger. "We talked about how she'd been attacked and so had I," J. says. "It was a bond we had."

LOFTY APPRECIATION: 130 Barrow.

REAL ESTATE DEAL OF THE WEEK

TIMELY DEAL: When Greenthal broker Audrey Nevitsky went to meet the sellers of this big one-bedroom loft at 130 Barrow Street, she got stuck in traffic and was 45 minutes late. "They didn't want to give me the exclusive," she says. "They said, 'Can we trust you?' " Eventually, she persuaded them to stick with her, promising to be prompt in the future—and then raced back to her office to place a Sunday *Times* ad before the deadline. The sellers' faith paid off: Less than 24 hours later, she had two offers. The buyer, an NYU professor represented by Corcoran's Sara Settembrini, ended up paying $770,000 (just below the asking price of $779,000). Not bad, considering that the sellers had paid "something in the low-to-mid-sixes" earlier this year. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Blecch or Treat?

Guiltless gourmand Nigella Lawson recently shocked Anthony Bourdain—known for drinking the blood of cobras—with a tale of having a pig aborted for her in France and devouring the "crispy fetus." We asked foodies: What's the grossest—um, most adventurous—thing *you've* ever eaten? JADA YUAN

Ruth Reichl, editor of *Gourmet*:

"I have happily consumed sea slugs and armadillos. But I had a hard time with the deep-fried worms I once shared with Alice Waters in Tijuana. They had an electric flavor that still sends sparks shooting down my spine."

Christian Delouvrier, Lespinasse:

"When I was in Hong Kong, I ate a soup with 'black chicken.' Later, I was told that in Hong Kong, black chicken is actually bat!"

Mario Batali, Babbo:

"A raw shellfish in Puglia that had this creamy white mucus inside. It was called *fungo del mare*, or sea mushroom. They thought it was a delicacy."

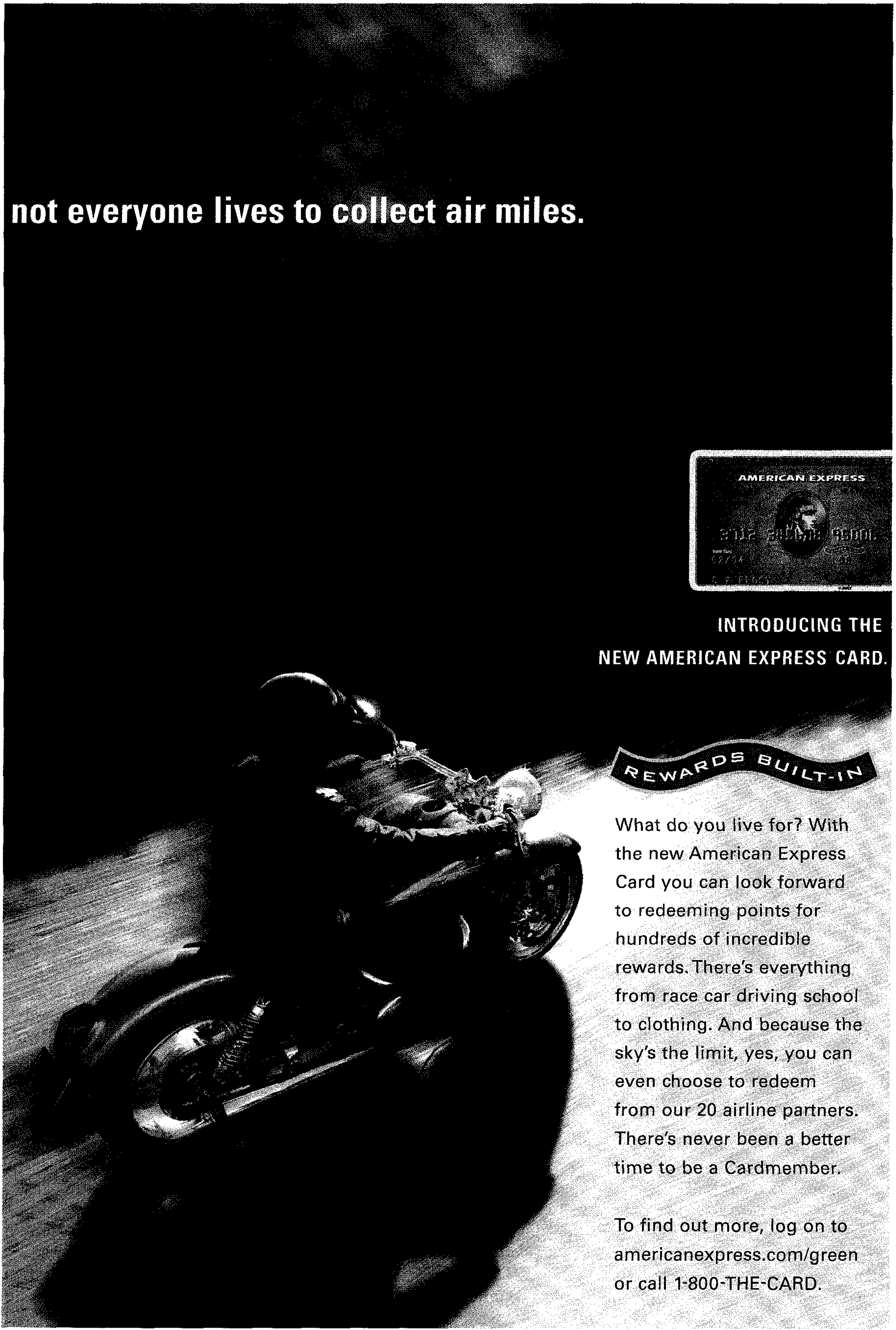
Rocky Aoki, Benihana:

"In Japan, I ate a bowl of 100 live, white, tiny fishes with soy sauce. I could feel them swimming in my mouth."

Zarela Martinez, Zarela:

"Maguey worms—they're an aphrodisiac. When I started out fifteen years ago, I had a meeting with this group of investors and I served a roast pig, and I kept on telling everybody, 'Please try the worm sauce.' Everybody was eating it, and as somebody was leaving, I said, 'So how did you like the worms?' And the guy says, '*Worms*? I thought you said *warm* and you couldn't pronounce it!' "

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM MIDDLE, CORBIS SYGMA; LUKE HOVERMAN; ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES (AOKI).



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MAKE LIFE REWARDING.℠

Michael Wolff THIS MEDIA LIFE

Tina and Sympathy

You were feeling sorry for Tina Brown because *Talk* died? Don't. As a columnist, she's found the best way yet to reward friends, punish enemies, and, yes, keep her buzzy brand alive.

FOUR YEARS AGO, AFTER THE INTERNET BUSINESS I ran collapsed, I became a columnist writing about life in the media world. A few weeks ago, Tina Brown, whose media life I have written about with great interest, started a post-defeat column of her own—also about life in the media. Possibly she admired my style of finessing failure. Of course, there are other models she might have been following. Steve Brill, for instance, went to *Newsweek* to write a column after closing *Brill's Content* and exiting his other enterprises. Or there's Kurt Andersen, who, after his business, Inside.com, folded, started a columnlike show on public radio.

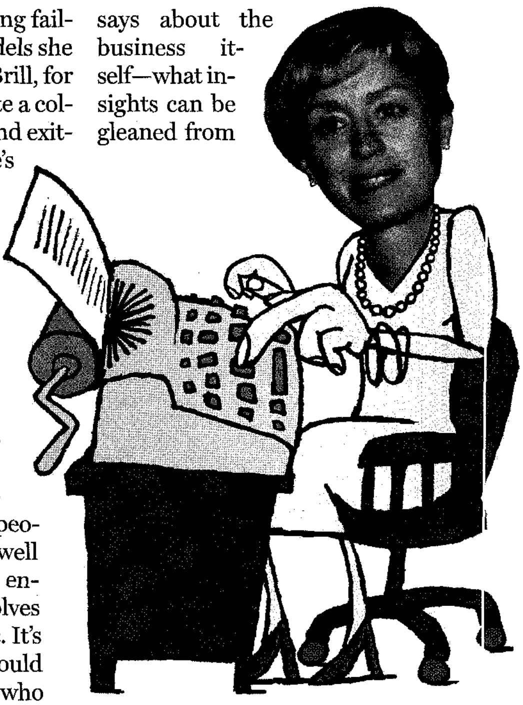
Conversely, there's Bob Greene at the *Tribune*, who fell from grace and lost his column (proving that we can all fall farther still).

What people do when confronted by failure is clearly a large question of the moment, especially for people of the boom—do we struggle or do we retreat? What media people do in the throes of failure may well be of even greater magnitude and entertainment value—because it involves getting back on the horse in public. It's a fight against obscurity. (There could be instances of media narcissists who become merely private people, but, of course, we wouldn't know that—and, at any rate, it's unlikely.)

The most frequently asked question about Tina Brown in the months since her magazine folded has been: "What do you think she will do next?" I've been asked this question on a regular basis by media pros as well as by media passersby (my mother, for one, is very interested).

The assumption here is not only that Tina won't give up and that she will have a second (or third or fourth) act but that she will demonstrate some unique survival skills. She is an operator and will figure out the best way to operate—so we should pay attention.

While I am as interested as anybody in success and failure strategies, what is most curious to me, as a media columnist, about the advent of these columns born of media failure is what it says about the business itself—what insights can be gleaned from the power adjustments and career moves of the permanent media class.



It's like politics, perhaps, and where politicians go when they're thrown out of office and what this says about how power is held and transferred. Is a column the equivalent, say, of a perch in a law firm or investment bank? Or is it like a choice appointive position, one with tons of patronage? (The ability to bestow a kind word in a column is, after all, a kind of patronage.) Or is it a judicial move? (A column is something like a kangaroo-court judgeship.)

Of course, there is here a much larger, nearly existential question about the nature of media success and failure. In no business do we capitalize those words so emphatically as we do in the media business—worshiping Success and demonizing Failure (Jerry Levin, for instance, late of AOL Time Warner, whom Tina has been particularly harsh toward in her column, has been telling people how unfair it is that his entire career is being judged on the basis of one deal). Success and Failure are our ultimate subjects (and nobody has made them more alpha and omega than Tina herself).

What's more, many of us, reaching a post-midlife stage—Tina turns 50 this coming year, as do I—and in the midst of what looks more and more like a long and fearful economic malaise, obviously find a heightened personal resonance in the Success and Failure themes. While there may be more than one act, there aren't endless acts. What we do now might be . . . well . . . We had better get it right.

TINA'S NEW COLUMN, RUNNING WEEKLY IN the *Times* of London, is audacious. Brill's *Newsweek* column, on the other hand, is earnest. It has a quality of good works about it—community service. Andersen's public-radio gig is—public radio. It's nicely self-effacing (and only slightly smug).

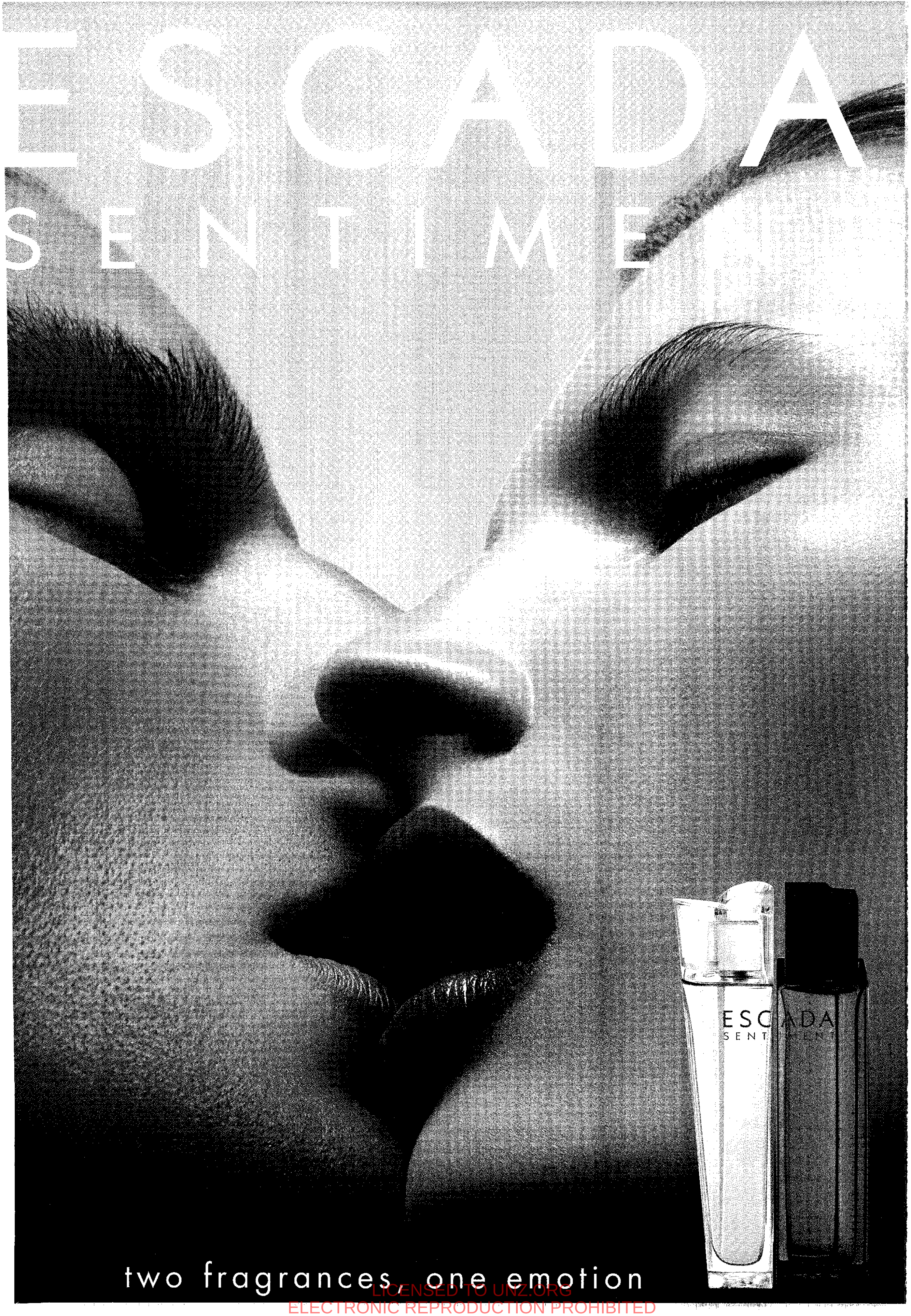
But Tina, with determination, has launched herself back into the fray.

She's using her new column to flip from being a figure of the Zeitgeist—and to some extent its victim—to a definer of it (interestingly, she began as a Zeitgeist definer, realized there was more profit in being a Zeitgeist figure, and now has come back to being a definer again—a much safer place).

Cattiness is her column's métier. She's stylish and crass (always her stock-in-trade).

She is Clare Boothe Luce—a figure of café society as well as one of its representational painters. (Truman Capote once tried, and failed, to assume this role.)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES. ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT MENCHIN.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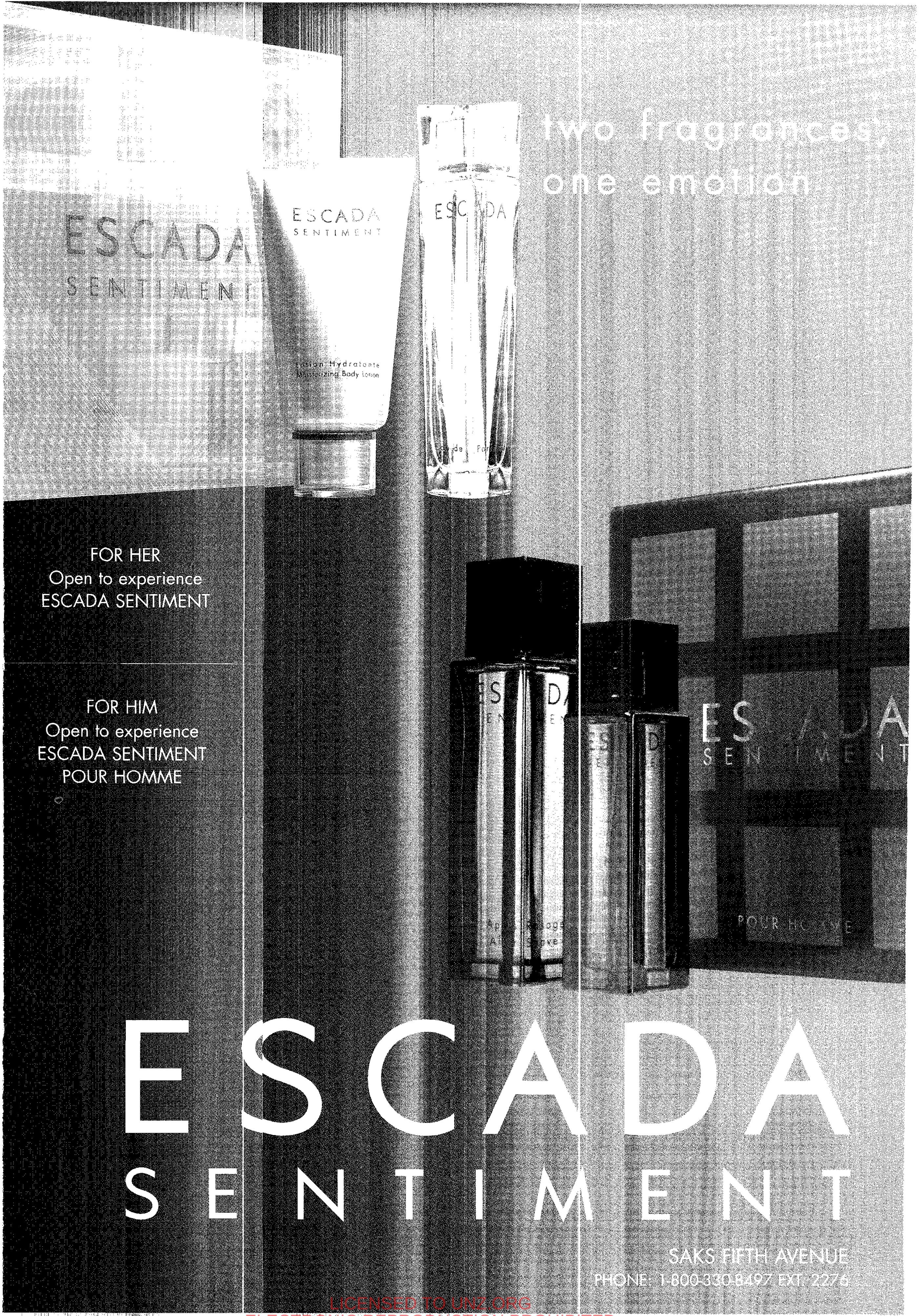
two fragrances, one emotion


two fragrances,
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Open to experience
ESCADA SENTIMENT
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Or, possibly, Tina is Dick Morris (who went on to write a column after he was ejected from the Clinton White House).

She is very much the insider who, with little left to lose, sees clear advantage in being willing to tell—or seeming to tell—all. The betrayals obviously please her—she cackles.

Now, I can't help guiltily wondering if I might have influenced her here, too. In my four years on the media-life beat, I may well have conclusively demonstrated that there's little downside to being mean about media figures—they are so unpopular that for every enemy you make, you gain a thousand friends.

But Tina, in the four columns she has so far written, has gone further than I ever would. She is going after her cohorts, people she's had in her *own home* (I really don't think I could do that—if anyone ever actually came to my house). In her debut column, Tina told the story of poor Martha Stewart, at a party at Tina's house, going "head over heels, legs in the air" into the garden flower patch. "When it happened, I didn't even give that to 'Page Six,' " one of Tina's former publicists told me the other day.

Oddly, or very smartly, Tina's column is appearing in an English paper and is available here principally as an Internet phenomenon. The personal-diary style of the column, a decidedly English form, invites a certain take-no-prisoners quality, a pitiless confiding tone, which is not often evident in American columns—it's Waugh-ish. Witty. Cruel. Snobbish. What's more, it transparently deals in a British system of media awards and punishments—slaps for fools and enemies, praise for friends and prospective allies. There is, too, another, riskier streak (at least insofar as importing the column back into the U.S.), which is, if not racism, then an archness and condescension of an extreme and unconcealed British kind. So far in the column, we have had "small-bottomed Puerto Rican trainers" (at her gym), a "handsome black face" (Carl McCall), and a "rabbinical" Jerry Levin. Of course, the very Englishness that makes the column so naughty and sharp (someone will invariably call it edgy) is the same Englishness that Tina has been selling to America (and especially to New York) for twenty years now.

WHAT I WONDER IS WHETHER THESE COLumns represent a movement back to basics (the writing life is where we all began—if also something we all have tried to escape), a rediscovery of our inner hack, or if this is a publicity strategy—another calculated and adroit way that media pros use the media.

In my experience, writing a column turns out to be a wonderful alternative to dealing with employees and payrolls and investors—it's a fine place to end up. But it is hard to imagine Steve Brill, a bully of vast ambitions, being satisfied with merely a bully pulpit—although I hear he is. Likewise, Kurt Andersen tells me he has never been happier. A Tina confidant has told me she couldn't be any happier, either—that a great burden has been lifted from her.

Still, there is a sense of wilderness years—Tina as Churchill writing a history of civilization, or perhaps, even more accurately, Nixon writing of his personal crises (it's payback time, of course).

There is also a sense of Tina as a backbencher. The fame party she led is out of power. Now she is biding her time with her column and other pursuits. It's an unfocused and yet active period. She's busy trading favors and trying to keep her voice out there, her views known, her presence large.

There is, with Tina, a sense of the wilderness years, of **Tina as Churchill** writing a history of civilization, or perhaps, more accurately, of **Nixon writing of his personal crises** (it's payback time, of course).

She is often quoted, not only the bons mots from her own column passing into other columns but in frequent interviews with media reporters (the other day, the *Wall Street Journal* had her saying that if she was starting a magazine now, she would start it on the Web, perhaps unaware that almost all Web magazines have failed).

She is involved in shepherding the careers of her former staffers, both offering her obviously canny advice and working the phones—this is loyalty, but calculation too. It's how you run a shadow government—you're preparing, always preparing, to come back.

There are also the favors she's calling in, or which are coming back unbidden (as all favors should). Her media friends are widely plugging her column (undoubtedly, it is the most widely read column in America not published in America). Tunku Varadarajan, at the *Wall Street Journal*, who previously worked for the London *Times* and who was taken up by Tina when he arrived in New York—lauded in Tina's *New Yorker* as the most eligible bachelor in town—not only recently proclaimed her column a trenchant and wicked piece of social commentary (a "savory brand of cat-wit" with a "drizzle of insouciance") but then went on to deeply dis the present *New Yorker* without Tina.

And then there's Tea & Sympathy—which goes to show that the wilderness can have a certain style advantage, too. Tea & Sympathy is a kitschy restaurant in the Village that Tina, formerly a doctrinaire patron of the most expensive and tony places in town, has lately made her in-place (although in her column she continues to portray herself as lunching every day at places of fabulous renown). As it happens, Tea & Sympathy, where I've had the misfortune of being taken on several occasions, is almost unbearably hideous—the kind of place that English people, out of a special English masochism, might gravitate to in New York, but that represents many of the reasons they left England in the first place. Ugly service, spectacularly bad food, and a sense of both cultural and actual impoverishment.

But it's not without its celebrity status—Rupert Everett, Kate Moss, and Naomi Campbell are said to show up once in a while. It offers glamour of the reverse-glamour sort (so far out it's in), which is useful to Tina-in-exile, not least of all because the price is right—the new Tina's everyday glamour budget *must* have diminished.

Given such retro-ness, there is, predictably, a book that is soon to be published: *Tea & Sympathy: The Life of an English Tea Shop in New York.*

And, as things have transpired, Tina, who has become chummy with Tea & Sympathy's owner, is throwing the party for the book at her house on East 57th Street (where Martha fell down in the garden). The book's author was delighted to learn she was to be fêted by Tina, and all the author's tea-shop-ish friends were similarly delighted to receive their invitation to Tina's home. But then, a few weeks ago, in a flurry of consternation and embarrassment, things just not coming together the way they should, the calls went out—Tina had taken over the guest list, and the author was being limited to just a few guests of her own.

I'm sure you understand. Terribly unfortunate. But Tina insists on doing it her way.

The buzz lives on. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com.

Michael Tomasky THE CITY POLITIC

Race Against Time

The Democratic Party leadership has all but written off McCall's lackluster run. As funds and hours run out, some pols are already lining up to place the blame on any shoulder but Carl's.

WHAT A DAY OF ALL DAYS FOR DEMOCRATIC National Committee chairman Terry McAuliffe to have a sit-down with reporters and editors of the *Times*. It occurred last Wednesday, and while this may not have made a speck of difference in your life, I promise you it did in Carl McCall's, because the McAuliffe encounter took place concurrently with the candidate's first and much-anticipated appearances on the stump with Bill Clinton.

So while McCall was trying to generate some badly needed heat, McAuliffe was telling the newspaper of record that electing McCall was not among his highest priorities. The *Times* front-paged the McAuliffe interview and folded the Clinton coverage into the body of the story—on the jump, so deep in the B section that Chief Moose might've had trouble finding it.

Okay, McAuliffe didn't exactly have his thinking cap on tight when he decided to say this publicly. When will Democrats figure out that you keep these things private? Maybe they'll start now, since McAuliffe's frankness has cost him $260,000, which he agreed to hand over to McCall after the *Times* story hit. But Republicans almost never do this sort of thing. They live by what I call the Vince Dooley rule. Dooley was the coach of the University of Georgia football team when I was a kid. Dooley's rule coming into a game was: Always make it sound close. If he was playing Nebraska, he'd talk about how raring to go his dawgs were. If it was Northeast Georgia Teachers College for the Blind, he'd talk about how his boys looked overconfident in practice, and by God, they've got a punter over there who just scared the bejeezus out of him.

The Republicans are better Dooleys. If the Detroit *Free Press* asked Republican National Committee chair Marc Racicot how committed he was to the aptly named Dick Posthumus, the gubernatorial candidate in Michigan who's on his way to being terminated by Democrat Jennifer Granholm (they've dubbed him "Dead Man Walking"), Racicot would carry on about how wonderful Posthumus was and how you could *just feel* the excitement on the streets. He wouldn't give Posthumus a dime, of course. But this is how you do these things.

But: Can anyone honestly say that McAuliffe was wrong? No. McAuliffe has a country to think about, and all over that country right now, last-minute money is streaming into races from GOP corporate donors, mostly in close contests, to fund attack ads, most of which are nothing but lies. The Democrats can't match that. McAuliffe has to spend his last-minute money with special care.

THE PARTY'S OVER? McCall, with Hillary Clinton, wife Joyce, and Charles Rangel.

The fact is that the governor's race in Illinois is closer—also those in Tennessee, New Mexico, Arizona, even Ohio, where the Democrat will not beat Republican incumbent Robert Taft but has shown a good deal more pluck, frankly, than McCall has. And then, of course, there's Florida, where taking out pudgy Jebby would prove the existence of a just God (or maybe a vengeful one, better still).

Another point about governorships: The Democrats need to think about 2004, and which governor's mansions it will be especially important for them to control in order to boost their presidential chances. New York is one state a Democratic presidential candidate ought to be able to win. Illinois, Michigan, Pennsylvania—far less clear. Investments in those gubernatorial contests are investments in the presidency in a way that New York is just not.

And I haven't even mentioned the Senate, which is obviously Democratic priority Numero Uno—Missouri, South Dakota, others. There is just no solid, objective reason why the McCall effort—at best eleven points down when McAuliffe spoke to the *Times*, but more likely fourteen or fifteen—should be on McAuliffe's top-ten list.

AND ANYWAY, IT WASN'T MCAULIFFE WHO made this fistfight a public one in the first place. For that distinction, we turn to a man who has shown a flair for taking private fights public. I'm not sure exactly what the New York State Democratic Party needs right now, but I am sure of one thing it doesn't need. It does not need any further moral instruction from Charlie Rangel.

Say this for Charlie, he's a man for all seasons. He spent last winter calumniating Andrew Cuomo for daring to challenge McCall in the Democratic primary. He passed the spring and summer threatening to support George Pataki if Cuomo won. And now, in this autumn of his discontent, he rises like the Great Pumpkin out of his patch to hint to McAuliffe that if McCall loses, the DNC will be blamed.

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.

Why, I asked Rangel, should the DNC send this money to New York when so many other races were so much closer? "I think Carl is a special type of candidate, and New York is a special type of state," he answered. What's special about Carl? "Well, he's a minister, he was on the Board of Education, he's on the stock exchange, he's a former ambassador . . ."

I think we all know what he's saying there without actually saying it. Yes, it would be great if New York were to elect a black governor. But you have to be seeing this contest through a deeply paranoid set of eyes to think that McCall's problems are more a function of race than of his campaign's own lapses. Undoubtedly, race is a factor in everything; it's like molecules of oxygen, everywhere, unnoticed, yet experienced *constantly* by us all (some more than others, of course). But that does not mean that race is the reason McCall is behind.

Rangel is setting up a replay of last year's debacle after the mayoral contest: If McCall loses, the DNC explicitly—and racism implicitly—will be blamed. McAuliffe was scorched last year by Rangel, Roberto Ramirez, Al Sharpton, and Company. True to form, Sharpton called a press conference last Thursday to "put the Democratic National Committee on notice." Terry: How about the DNC putting Sharpton on notice for a change?

In Washington, they're losing patience. It's reached the point, says one Beltway Democratic strategist, that Rangel's "bad-mouthing of the DNC certainly doesn't bode well for New York's chances of getting the convention."

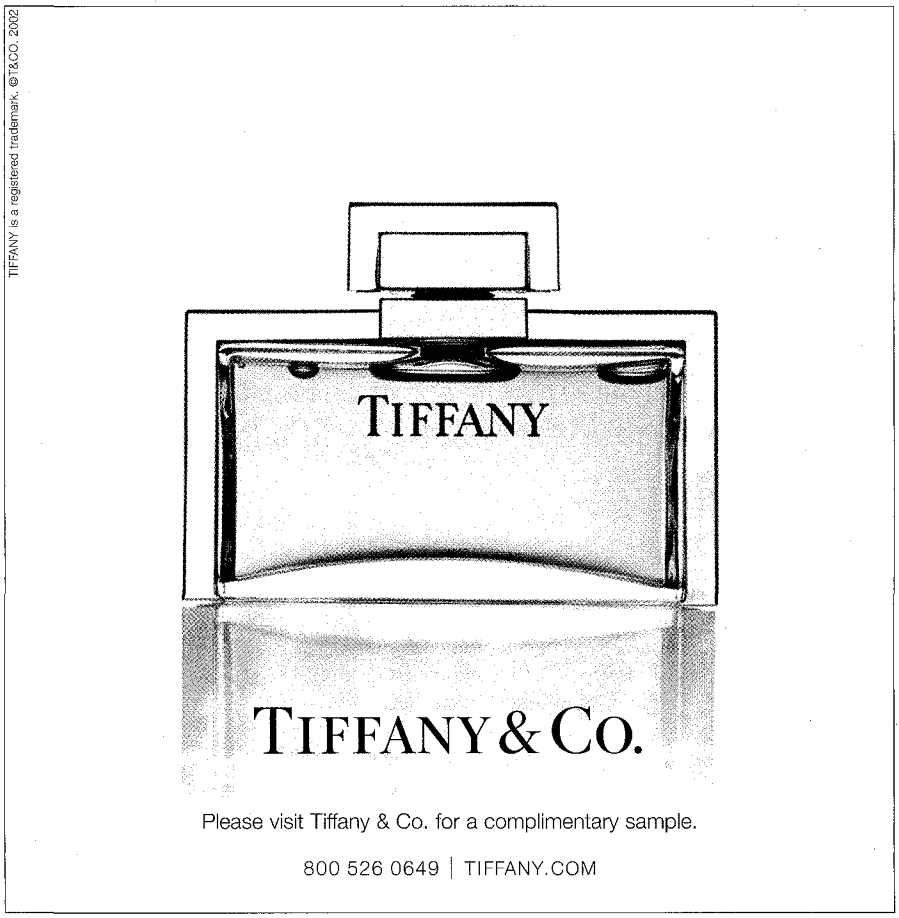
The Clintons and Chuck Schumer are making their last-minute push. It's conceivable McCall could still win. This is an election most folks are just waking up to, and in such situations, you never say never.

But the likelier result is that the Democrats will have some pieces to put back together. More than a dozen Democrats have endorsed Pataki. Another two dozen, including high-profile pols Jerry Nadler, Carolyn Maloney, and Anthony Wiener, are advising supporters to vote for McCall not on the Democratic line but on the Working Families Party line, Row H, so that party, the state's only meaningful progressive organization (please, Greens, no e-mails), can get 50,000 votes, because if it doesn't, it's kaputski. Democrats will need someone of stature to bring the party back to the position of strength it held two years ago, and to offer guidance that offsets Rangel's.

Chuck? Hillary?

Bill? ■

E-mail: tomasky@aol.com. Michael Tomasky's columns can be read online at nymetro.com/archive/tomasky.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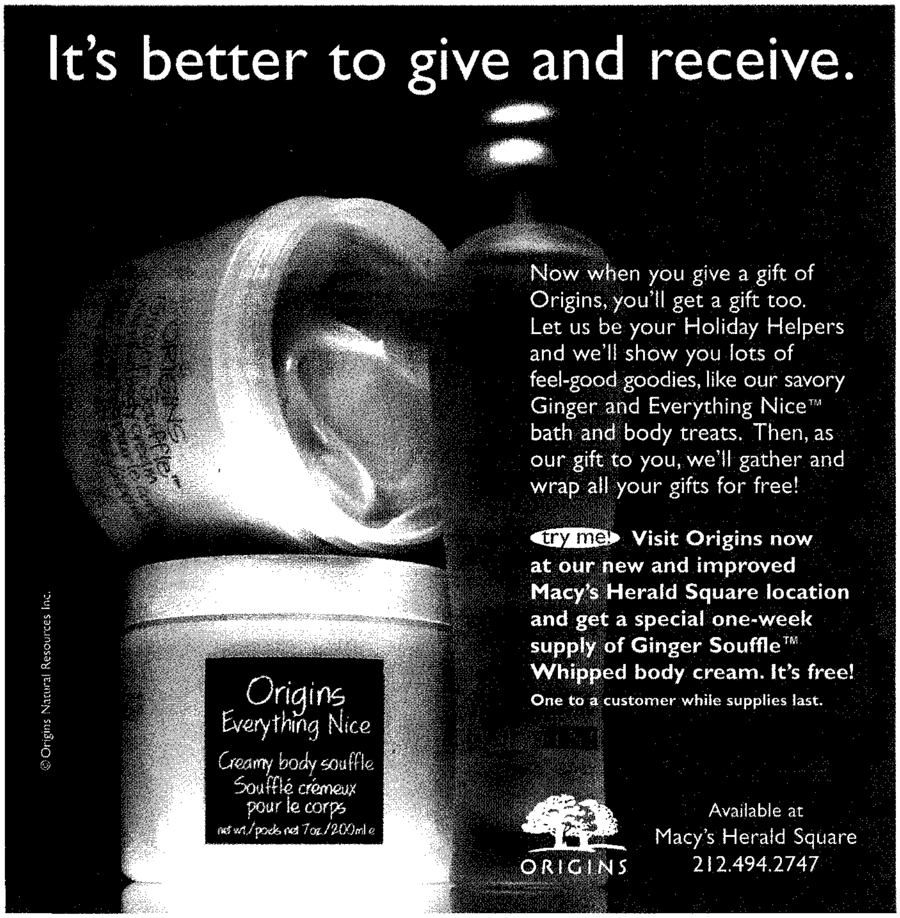
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Anne Thompson HOLLYWOOD

The Id Couple

Scott Rudin and Harvey Weinstein make first-class movies they really care about (as do the grown-ups who see them). So it's not surprising that when they work together, sparks tend to fly.

LIKE POWERFUL MAGNETS THAT ATTRACT AND repulse with equal force, film producer Scott Rudin and Miramax chief Harvey Weinstein keep coming back together to make movies—no matter how many terrible things they've said about each other. Both have stood accused at one time or another of being demanding, cunning, grandiose, ruthless, competitive, manipulative, greedy, explosive, brilliant, aggressive, and bullying. And both are used to getting their way. But while Rudin and Weinstein may loathe one another, they have come, in one of those plot twists screenwriters love, to accept the fact that they can't live without each other.

Think of it as a classic screwball love story—with a little Godzilla-versus-Mothra thrown in. "It's like a Japanese horror movie," says indie producer Dan Lupovitz. "It's fun to watch these two behemoths battle to the death. You don't care who wins."

The field of their latest, and bloodiest, jousting is *The Hours*, an adaptation of Michael Cunningham's Pulitzer Prize–winning novel in which Nicole Kidman plays Virginia Woolf, and Meryl Streep and Julianne Moore play women in later decades influenced by Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway*. Scheduled to open December 27, it's just the kind of project both Rudin and Weinstein are passionate about: a high-profile, literate movie targeted to adult moviegoers. It's also the kind of movie that's tougher than ever to make, because it's expensive—the key reason Rudin and Weinstein keep ending up in bed together—and dependent on good reviews. These films can't just be good to be successful, they have to be great.

That kind of pressure would test the best of relationships, let alone one fraught with power plays. "It's as simple as, there can only be one control freak on a movie," says director Steven Soderbergh, who tangled with Rudin on *A Confederacy of Dunces*, which Weinstein is now making at Miramax.

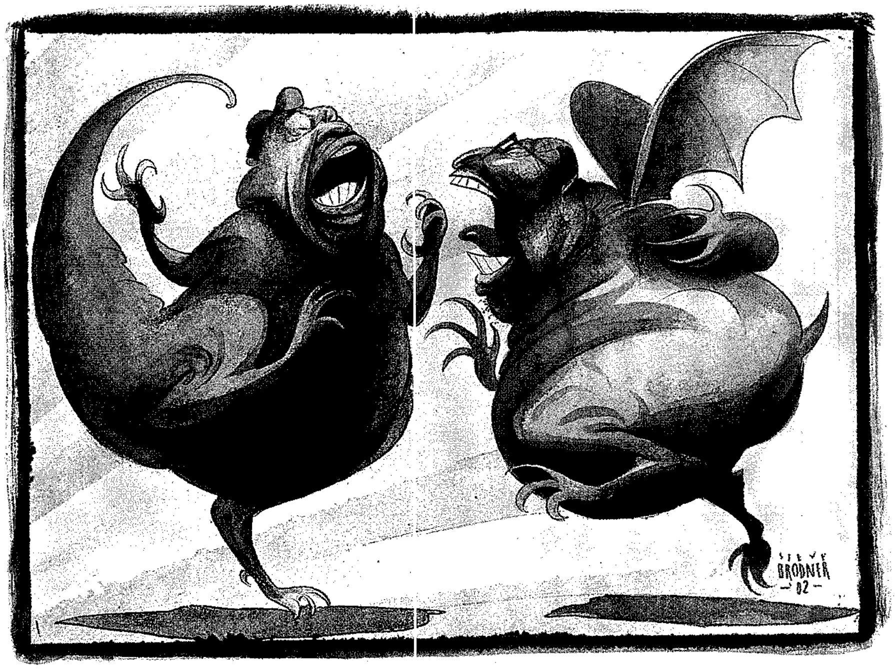
The current war of nerves between Rudin and Weinstein began during the making of *Iris* (their last collaborative effort based on the life of another complicated female writer). Paramount chairman Sherry Lansing pushed Rudin—who has been based at that studio for eleven years—into making the film with Harvey and his brother, Bob. Lansing banks on sure things and shares risk with financial partners. So when she passed on the story of writer Iris Murdoch's descent into Alzheimer's, Rudin turned to Intermedia—and Miramax—to underwrite the film.

Rudin needed not only cash to make *Iris* but Oscar magic to boost its fortunes around the world. Harvey Weinstein has turned Miramax into a virtual Oscar hit factory. Even though he hated *In the Bedroom*, once the drama became Miramax's strongest 2002 Oscar contender, Weinstein backed it all the way to five nominations.

If Rudin needed Harvey's marketing muscle, Weinstein was attracted to Rudin's trunk of Oscar-worthy best-sellers. A prodigious filmmaker, Rudin turns out at least three or four movies a year, from tony adult films like *The Truman Show* and *The Firm* to quality cash cows like the *Sister Act* and *Addams Family* franchises. So far, however, the Holiday Art Film event has eluded him; his *Wonder Boys*, *Searching for Bobby Fischer*, and *Nobody's Fool* earned more critical kudos than Best Picture nominations.

While making *Iris*, Weinstein flirted with backing another Rudin film, *The Duke of Deception*, then withdrew over casting conflicts, leaving Rudin feeling burned. They stopped talking. Rudin also wanted to adapt *The Hours*. He had brought onboard playwright-screenwriter David Hare and director Stephen Daldry (though Daldry's *Billy Elliot* producers passed on the movie).

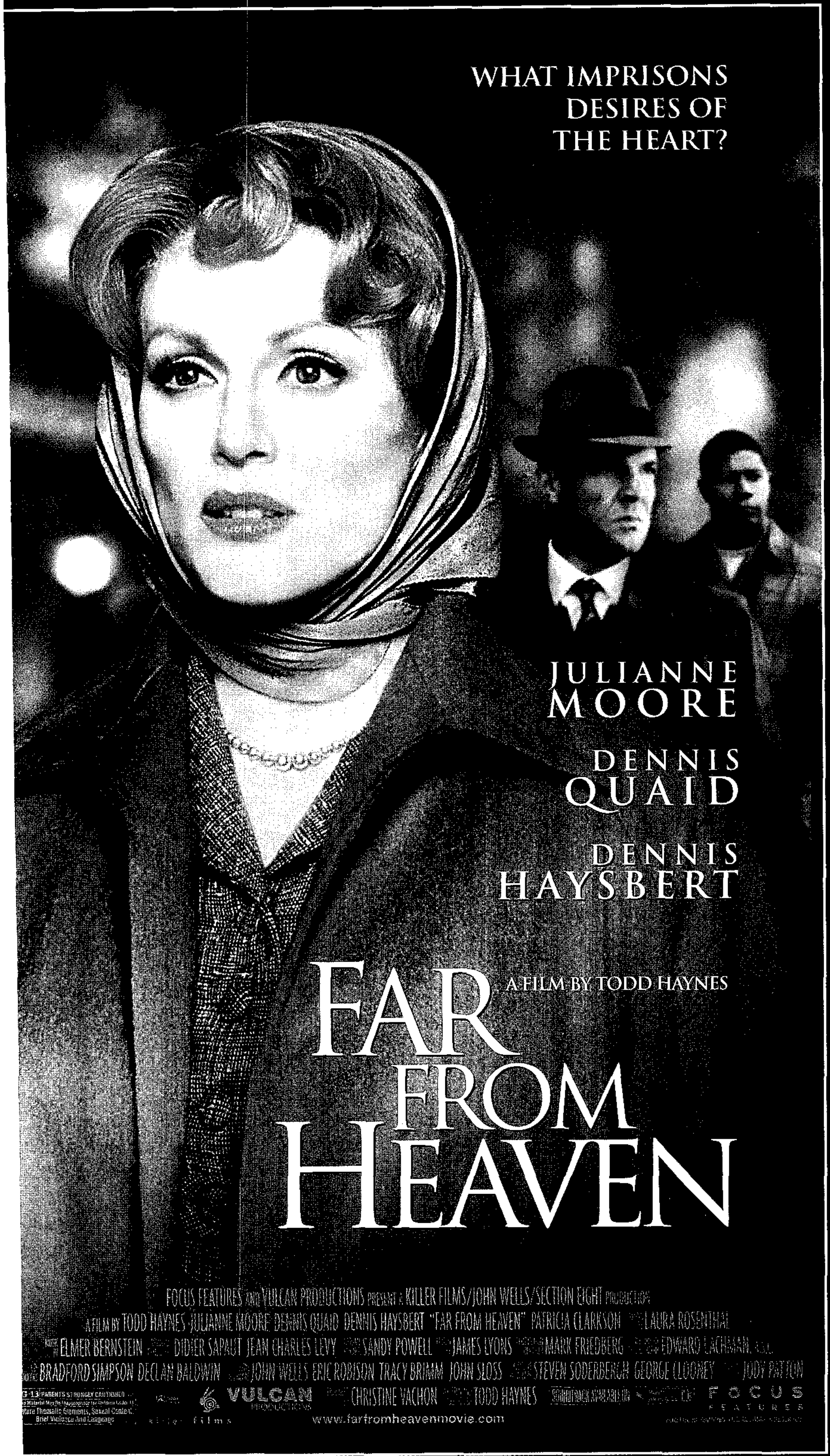
Lansing was only willing to contribute $3.5 million toward *The Hours'* $21 million



MAD ABOUT THE BOY: Miramax chief Harvey Weinstein and producer Scott Rudin tangled on *Iris* and, most recently, *The Hours*.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER.

SPECIAL ADVANCE SCREENING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budget. She sent the script to Weinstein, who loved it and wanted in. Lansing brokered a détente between the two men, and a deal was struck: Paramount and Miramax would split all costs and revenues; for its $3.5 million investment, Miramax got the foreign-distribution rights (and could presell certain territories). But Rudin retained final cut, and Paramount would release the film in North America. "We take creative risks, not financial risks," says Lansing.

All this took place, however, before Rudin and Weinstein went through the torture of releasing *Iris*. In post-production, Weinstein wanted to add a scene that would better explain Murdoch to American audiences; as far as Rudin was concerned, the movie was finished. Rudin, accustomed to top-producer status on the Paramount lot, wanted Weinstein to spend more money.

Though the reviews were better for the actors than for the movie, Miramax backed the downbeat drama to a decent $5.6 million gross, three Oscar nominations, and a Best Supporting Actor win for Jim Broadbent. Still, Rudin accused Weinstein of dumping his movie. "Scott thought it could win Best Picture," Weinstein says. "I try my best to navigate around Scott, who's difficult when he's dealing in the reality of my world, where dollars count."

> "It's the same push-pull relationship," says Rudin. "He'd like to get my movies **without me**, and I'd like to get his talent without him."

AS *THE HOURS* NEARED PRODUCTION, MIRAmax routinely asked to see makeup and hair tests. Rudin refused, but proudly sent Weinstein a photograph of Kidman as Virginia Woolf. According to several sources, Weinstein went ballistic over Kidman's large prosthetic nose. Weinstein denies he had that reaction, insisting, "It makes me sound like a Hollywood studio chief."

The standoff continued as Rudin hired security guards and barred Miramax from the London set. "She's playing Virginia Woolf," Rudin says. "She can't look like Barbarella! I had to safeguard *The Hours* against a thousand opinions I didn't need."

The Hours wasn't going to be ready for the Cannes Film Festival in May, so Rudin sent a print to the Venice Film Festival for September—without consulting Weinstein. When it landed a good slot, *(continued on page 54)*

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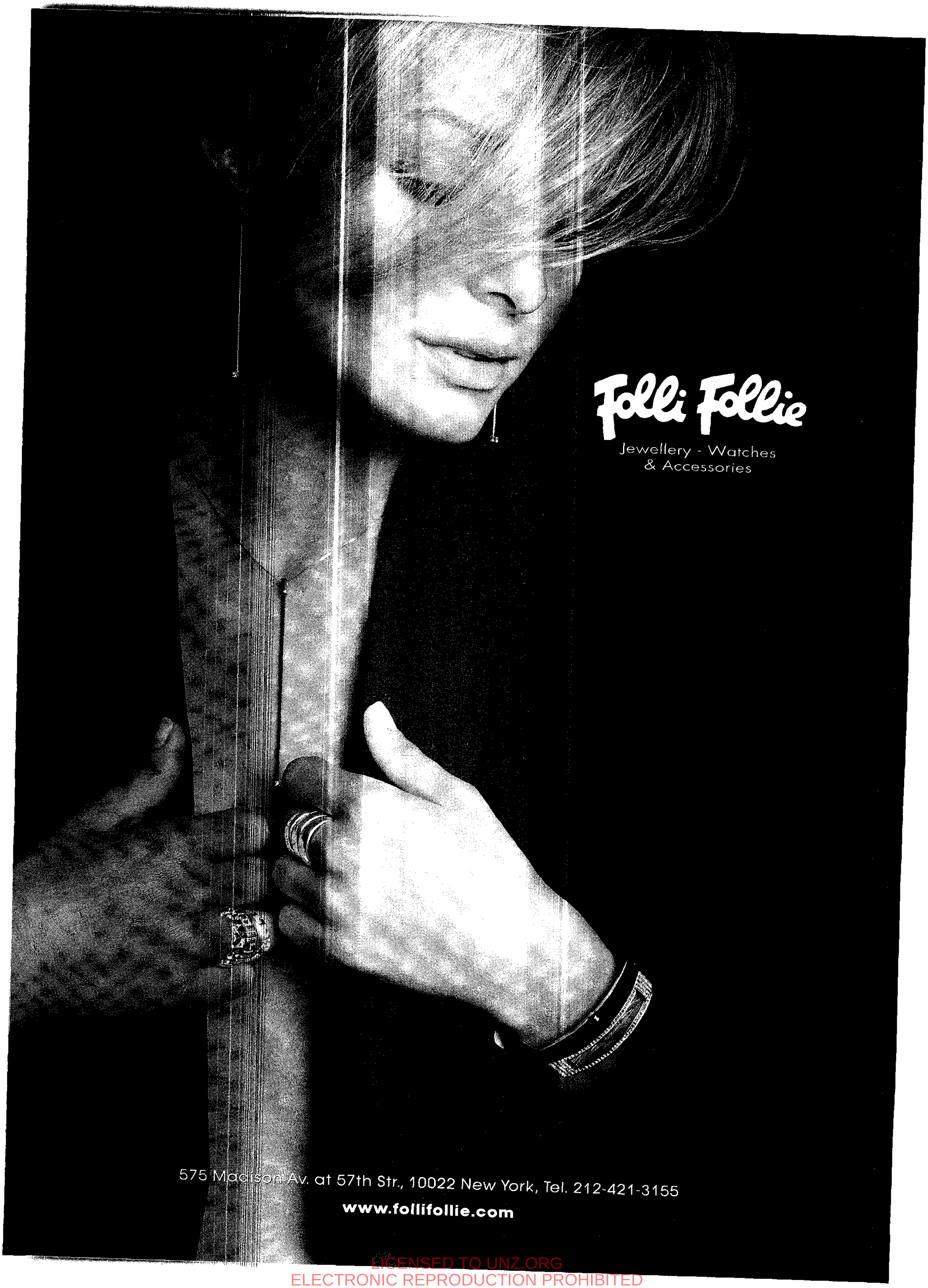
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FINANCIAL

20s STRUGGLING ASSISTANT

NANCY

23, single, B.A. from a midwestern college

JOB: Publishing, $28,000.

RENT: $490 a month for a share in Williamsburg; three roommates.

DEBT: $160 a month on student loans, but saved enough to pay an extra $1,500 of the principal this spring.

CREDIT CARDS: Doesn't touch them.

EXPENSES: $100 a month, at least, at thrift stores; nights out that cost $600 a month (more than her rent).

BUDGET BÊTE NOIRE: "I just hate cabs. I feel like I'm just throwing money away."

PASSAGES

A road map of crises in a New Yorker's financial life—and how your neighbors are dealing with them.

By Robert Kolker

I ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING A WRITER in New York. I never dreamed of being a landlord in New York. Still, here we are, my wife and I, doing one so that we can do the other.

Sobered by a 40 percent rent increase, we scrambled to buy a townhouse—three stories of red brick that, in real-estate parlance, needed TLC. To meet the mortgage, we turned the garden apartment into a rental. A year later, if we squint hard enough, the house seems close enough to the dream that we can graft it onto the dream itself. The street looks a little like Sesame Street (with dumpster pickups in the middle of the night). The rooms have stately marble hearths (all sealed, except the one we dropped three grand to open up). When I'm not stripping varnish from the banister, I imagine we've sort of made it: a home in the city that's big enough for, one day, a kid or two.

Never mind that we're carrying, as my father keeps pointing out, the biggest mortgage in the history of my family (without, I can safely say, the biggest income). Outside of New York, a yuppie-landlording venture like this would be considered lunacy—one of the weird extremes people go to to live here, like sitting in a parking spot for two hours, or lining up at a street-corner cart for breakfast. But our biggest heckler is the future: Since we can just swing the mortgage with a tenant, the tax deduction, and our salaries, what happens if we need day care? We never thought we'd choose private school, but have we priced ourselves out of even the option? And the question that bubbles up at 1 A.M.: If one of us were out of work, could we still keep the dream house?

One night in bed, during what's become a ritual self-immolation, I heard myself mentioning that if things got really tight, we could just sell the place. It felt awkward hearing it, something like a betrayal. Then my wife laughed. She told me the dream house was the best thing we had going. The mortgage is stable; the asset is growing. It's the rest of our lives that aren't quite living up to the dream.

I felt better immediately. Because *that* feeling, such as it is, is familiar: I know barely anyone in New York, at any earning level, who considers life here to be affordable in the long run. It's not just that living the New York fantasy means slamming into expensive reality checks: the $12 mixed drink, the toddler ricocheting off the walls of the one-bedroom apartment, the Case of the Vanishing Bonus (followed by the Mystery of the Missing Job). Sometimes your lifestyle demands an upgrade before you can afford it: You fail to take Broadway by storm, then your rent ex-

30s FAST-TRACK REFUGEES

LAURIE AND CHARLIE

33 and 32, married with a 3-year-old son

JOBS: Lawyers, $200,000 combined salary, left corporate jobs to spend time with their child.

MORTGAGE: $1,900 a month for a two-bedroom in Soho.

CHILD CARE: $18,000 a year for a nanny; $500 a month for part-time preschool.

SAVINGS: None—Charlie's 401(k) vaporized in the market.

DEBT: $110,000, student loans and credit card.

BUDGET CRISIS: "Sending him to private pre-K is one thing. The real issue is what we do in the coming years. Can we justify living here on our salaries?"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MELANIE DUNEA

plodes. Other times, you realize you've been living like a college kid on a salary that a bridge or tunnel away would get you a mansion. (Okay, a McMansion.)

The fact is, there's an element of smoke and mirrors—or blind faith—to any New York financial life. The middle class here follows a somewhat predictable series of financial passages—crossroads where our needs and means diverge, and we have to decide what new tactic we'll embrace to go on living here. Rest easy: Whatever stage you're in, what you have is never enough—although everything you'd ever want is still here in New York.

20s WILL I ALWAYS HAVE A ROOMMATE?

REMEMBER THE FEELING THAT WHAT YOU had was all you'd ever have? For two weeks last summer, Nancy, 23, house-sat for an older friend and came away a little shaken. It's not like the place had Lalique crystal or a lap pool; all it took was a bedroom air-conditioner to start her worrying. "I don't have a window in my bedroom, much less an air-conditioner," she says. "The place just felt more grown-up. I like that feeling. I've never lived alone, and I hate having roommates. And I can't think of a time when I won't have them."

Nancy, to her credit, has a thrift-store wardrobe and a financial plan worthy of Jane Bryant Quinn. She makes $28,000 in publishing but saves enough to have already paid an extra $1,500 of her student-loan principal. She pays $490 for a four-person share in East Williamsburg (plus $160 a month in loans), has a healthy phobia of credit cards, and never spends more than $25 on dinner. Still, when she adds up those $10 cover charges at clubs like Northsix, and the $20 bar tabs that follow, she spends about $150 a week on eating (and drinking) out. That's $600 a month—*$110 more than her rent.* But what can she do? She already brings her lunch to work. A night at the movies is a luxury. "I have one friend who won't go out to dinner at all," she says. "My theory is, if I can afford to have kids here, I'd stay. But I don't know if I'll ever make that much money."

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE AREN'T FREE

SOME MAY SAY A NEW YORK FINANCIAL LIFE begins when you're born or show up here. Actually, it starts the second you notice how many people are richer than you.

Tall and blue-eyed and 24, Liza can be found most weekends at Bungalow 8 or Suite 16 or Lotus, in the company of friends from her Ivy alma mater, many of whom have last names that appear on the sides of tall buildings. She also has $20,000 in student loans and $7,000 in "like, *mad* credit-card debt." Much as her mom would like to help her, she can't. Liza paid her freight in a Hamptons share last summer by bartending; now she's bartending downtown to meet her $1,400 rent in a nearby share. I call and ask her how she does it. She says she pretty much doesn't. "My landlord gave me a grace period until the 10th of the month, so I have till the 13th for the check to clear," she says. "I've bounced it a couple times, but I just make up some excuse."

Liza thought her college friends would stay together forever. Then they went out in the city and split the check. "At school, the beers were all $3, so you didn't notice all the money differences," she tells me. The $30 cover charges, the $300 champagne that's sitting at the table when you get there—lately, Liza's jaw has been dropping from sticker shock. "I literally can't pay my rent," she says, "and Rachel's making, with all her bonuses at Goldman Sachs, over $100,000 a year. There are times when I contribute, but then I have to borrow money for a cab, which kind of sucks."

She's snipped up her credit cards and consolidated the debt into one $200 monthly payment. But that leaves little leeway for a pit stop at Bliss. "Nobody judges me, my friends are my friends, but I put pressure on myself," Liza says. "These girls, you have no idea! They spend thousands of dollars on their appearance, getting their hair blown out every night. I can't afford that."

Liza's learned this town's great twentysomething secret. "Every single one of my friends has parents who are either paying their rent or helping them out significantly," she marvels. "That's the funny thing about New York."

SHOULD I SELL OUT?

THE CITY ATTRACTS PEOPLE WHO DON'T WANT nine-to-five predictability. Even the Wall Streeters are working for the bonus—just like the novelist looking for the big advance. Once the thirties stare us coldly in the eyes, some embrace that predictability in order to stay.

30s IVY LEAGUE UNEMPLOYED

BUDDY

33, single, Ivy law degree

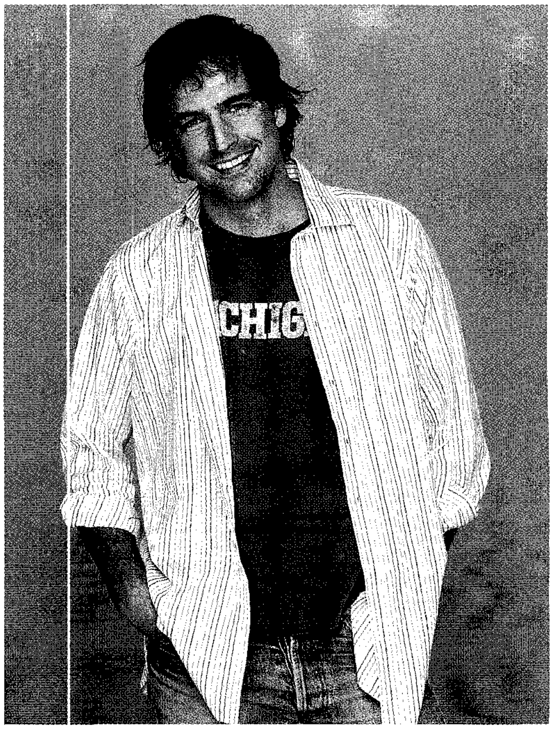
JOB: Laid off in January; unemployment runs out in November.

RENT: $1,620 a month for an Upper West Side studio; stays chummy with the landlady to stave off a rent increase.

SAVINGS: Market socked his retirement accounts; down to just $6,500.

BUDGET HANGOVER: When he had a job, he'd drop $90 to $150 a night at bars.

TODAY? "My cooking's gotten better. But it's hard to convince someone to come home on a first date."



Martine made good use of her twenties—she came out of the closet, went to clubs all night, painted by day, and paid the rent as the manager of a shop in the Village. Well, not so much on that last part. By 27, she had $15,000 in credit-card debt. "The minimums alone were $300," she says. "I was so broke that I was using my credit cards for new socks."

Martine had gone to art school but "realized a fine-arts career wasn't gonna happen." With a hand-me-down computer, she spent six months forgetting her B.F.A. and teaching herself HTML. The dot-com boom was ending, but she got a

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The names in this article have been changed. The photos are of models.

$30,000 systems job at a huge company. In return, she made some changes. "I had to take my nose ring out," she says. "I was really upset about that. If you didn't wear a suit one day, someone would say, 'Oh, *you're* being casual this week.' I wore stockings even in the summer, and I had to accessorize. It felt like a game."

Albeit a game with easy rules. "I liked that if you wanted to get something done, there was a process by which you could do it," she says. "I also was astonished at how incompetent a lot of people were. I think I was so eager to please that I did more than they were expecting." What held her back for so long? "Not working a traditional nine-to-five—I was hung up on that almost for no reason."

A few jobs later, Martine is making $60,000 and living with a partner who has a summer place in New Jersey. Her credit-card balances are holding at $10,000, plus $5,000 in college loans. But her expenses are only growing. The rent is $2,000 and climbing. They're thinking of having a baby. With each insemination costing $700 or more, getting pregnant could cost them thousands of dollars. "Even just reading a donor profile is $10," she says, "and when you look at twenty donors, it gets expensive."

And so Martine can't help but wonder: Did she make such good use of her twenties after all? "I look back," she says, "and think that I'm living with the tangible result of having stuck it out in New York, when maybe I might have been better off if I hadn't."

LOWERING EXPECTATIONS

THE RUSH OF A NEW YORK LIFE is the sense that next year, you could be rich: The market bounces up and down, and so do our expectations. The nadir of the market, of course, is murder. The story of our financial lives now is, often, the story of downgrading from Le Bernardin to Balthazar, or Balthazar to the Bendix Diner.

Alex, a 27-year-old portfolio manager at a top firm, and his wife, Amy, a medical resident, make about $175,000 between them—she makes $40,000; he makes $90,000 plus a 50 percent bonus. But this year, there will probably be no bonus at all. And there's more bad news: His 401(k) once had $80,000; now it's more like $40,000. "I put 100 percent of it into my company stock," he says grimly. And Alex is entering business school part-time soon, which will cost him more than $20,000 each year, even after his employer's contribution. ("Don't get me started on that," he says.) A week at the beach can run them $5,000 including airfare. They do have one sweet asset: a one-bedroom in the Village Alex bought five years ago for $200,000 cash (most of his savings). But Wall Street's slump will keep them there a while. "The things we were hoping to get, like a bigger place, got put on hold a few years," he says. So will starting a family.

30s SPENDING LIKE A GROWN-UP

SOME PEOPLE GAUGE THEIR FINANCIAL STAGE by how much money they take out at the ATM: It starts at $20 in your twenties and creeps its way up. In your thirties, when your futon finally reveals to you its true nature—an uncomfortable couch that unfolds into an uncomfortable bed—your prolonged urban adolescence is over, and a whole new category of expenses unfolds.

"Lynn wants a super-duper design-type coffee table now," explains Darin. "She showed me this one on a Website that's like $3,000. So we'll have a friend make it for about $1,000." Then there's the moldy rug Lynn's had since college, and the pressboard bookshelf they bought when they moved here eight years ago. "We haven't put anything into our apartments," he says. "And you know, if a woman is unhappy with her apartment, it definitely adversely affects your sex life."

He's a 30-year-old insurance-company executive; she's a foreign-exchange trader; kids aren't (yet) in the picture. The two of them now pull down about $250,000 and pay $2,500 a month rent on a one-bedroom in the West Village. Sometimes he feels much richer than people his age who don't live in New York—which puts a damper on the annual ski trip with Darin's old friends. "It's really hard having those conversations with my guy friends, because they'd suddenly look at my wife like she's Yoko."

These friends aren't New Yorkers. They don't have Darin and Lynn's earning power. "But there are trade-offs," Darin points out. "Those friends own a house now, and we don't."

GOOD-BYE, RAT RACE. GOOD-BYE, BANK ACCOUNT.

NEW YORK'S PERKS COME WITH A PRICE—and when that price becomes less bearable, some call it a career crisis. Buddy graduated from an Ivy League law school in 1994 fairly confident that he'd never want for much. His associate job at White & Case vaulted him above the six-figure mark, but he had a hard time seeing past the twenty-hour work days and endless hazing process. "I became so testy and so aggravated," he says. "There's a line the other night from the *Sopranos* that made me think about it: 'The money flows up, and the shit flows down.' "

After taking six years to pay off most of his $100,000 in loans, he quit to try entertainment law, and his salary dropped as low as the sixties. Then, last winter, Buddy was one of the hundreds laid off by Cablevision. He's used last year's tax refund to pay his living expenses while his unemployment check covered his $1,620 rent. Now his unemployment is running out, and he's bracing himself for a huge tax liability next year on his unemployment checks. Luckily, his loans are paid off and he has no cred-

30s AGING RENTER

BARTON

39, married, two kids

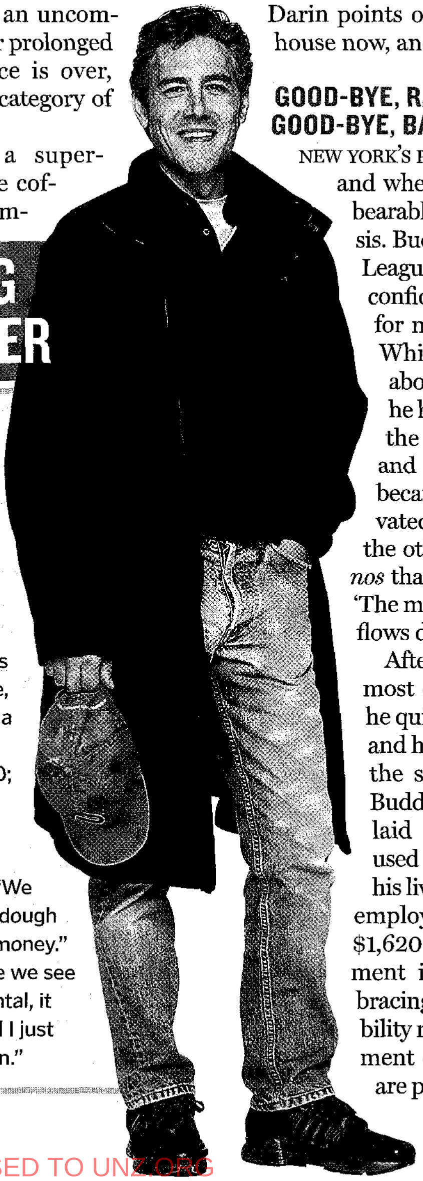
JOB: Screenwriter, $750,000 a year.

RENT: $9,000 a month for an Upper East Side three-bedroom.

SAVINGS: He lost almost $500,000 in the market but has $1 million left. "That's awesome, but you know what? That's like a year and a half for me to live."

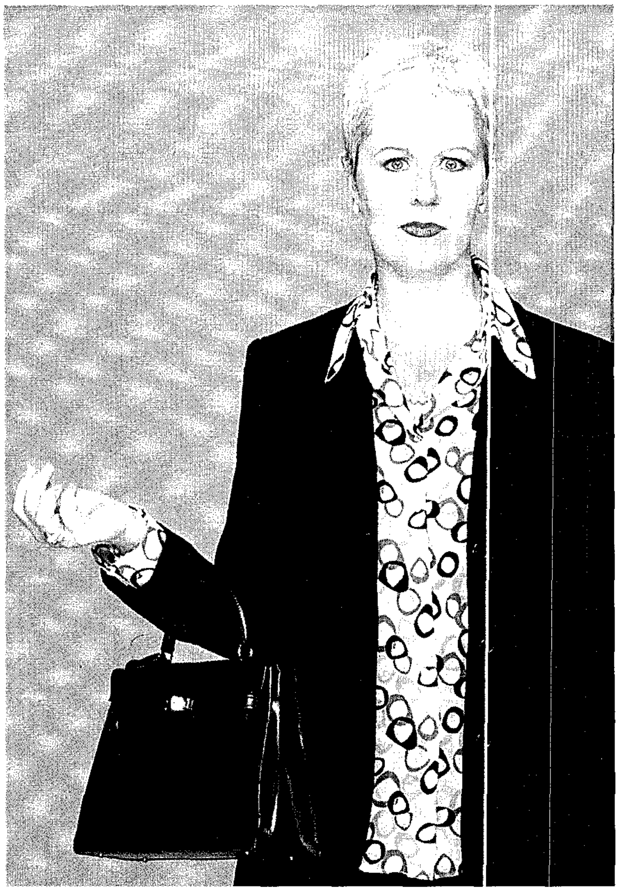
EXPENSES: Garage for car, $400; private school, $20,000 for the 7-year-old, $7,000 for the 2-year-old (two days a week); nanny-housekeeper, $40,000. "We can't believe I make that much dough and everything costs so much money."

WILL HE BUY A PLACE? "Anytime we see an apartment nicer than our rental, it costs more than $2 million. And I just won't put myself in that position."



it-card debt, but he's 33 with $6,500 in retirement savings. The jobs he's scrambling for now pay 10 to 15 percent less than what he started with eight years ago. So he's looking at corporate work again.

But something's changed. At the height of his corporate-law days, he'd drop between $90 and $150 a night at karaoke bars, thinking nothing of buying drinks for good-looking women. Today, he says, "my cooking's gotten better. I like to entertain at home now. But it's very hard to do that on a first date, so I'm meeting fewer women." Sometimes, he feels taken advantage of. "There may be an impression that even a lawyer who's been unemployed most of the year still has a lot of money. I had someone over. We ordered in. Then when it came time to pay, she didn't make a move! It cost me $30 for her to visit me."



40s DOWNWARDLY MOBILE DIVORCÉE

VERONICA

45, divorced, no kids

JOB: Corporate philanthropy adviser, $150,000 a year.

DIVORCE: Cost her $30,000 in legal fees—and the $800,000 Park Avenue apartment.

RENT: Pays $3,400 for a midtown one-bedroom. Most of her things are still in storage.

WHAT SHE MISSES: Can't attend her friends' benefits anymore. "I'm so much poorer than I was four years ago. And my ex-husband is so much richer."

AND BABY-SITTER MAKES FOUR

HERE'S A COUPLE WHO DID EVERYthing right and are still feeling the pinch: Laurie and Charlie, both lawyers, bought a one-bedroom in Soho for $180,000 five years ago, before the market peaked, had a baby, and then bought the adjacent studio for $130,000, knocking down the wall. Their 1,250-square-foot place could now sell for $750,000. "We were in this fantasy world where we'd refinance and buy a place on Fire Island," says Laurie. "But that was just a dream."

Each month, they pay a $1,900 mortgage, $1,000 maintenance, and $800 toward $110,000 in student loans and credit-card debt. They found a deal on a $340-a-week nanny—"unbelievable, on the books and everything"—but then came preschool. "We had enrolled him in a $7,000-a-semester private school," Laurie remembers, "and I went there and all the kids were running around in Tod's shoes. Those cost almost $200. That's just not a reality for him. I wondered if we'd come to feel, totally unjustifiably, that we weren't giving him everything we should be." They chose a part-time cooperative pre-K instead, costing $500 a month.

Their income has also taken a hit, by their own design: Because of the baby, they quit their corporate-law jobs and got in-house-counsel jobs with better hours. Now in their early thirties, they make about $200,000 between them. Which means they haven't furnished the place the way they'd planned. "Other people throw parties at FAO Schwarz," says Laurie. "We're having his for the third year in a row at a sandbox in Washington Square Park."

What astounds Laurie the most is her Catch-22: Staying here gives you access to jobs she and Charlie would never have . . . but with expenses the jobs can barely cover. "I travel to Shanghai, Bucharest, London, L.A.," she says. "Charlie's doing all this investment in the former Soviet republics. We both know that we wouldn't be doing this if we were anywhere else. But if Charlie had stuck it out at his firm now, he'd be up for partner, making $750,000-plus. That would have been interesting."

(PRIVATE) SCHOOL DAZE

WHEN KIDS COME ALONG, SO DOES the classic upper-middle-class New York dilemma: Do you pay for a bigger place or private school? Meg, 32, is a corporate lawyer in the middle of her second pregnancy, getting reacquainted with her midwife at the same time that she's shopping for nursery schools for her 2-year-old. Oh, and she's also working—part-time at a top white-shoe firm, on a 65 percent schedule that's really turning out to be about 95 percent. "Today is the first day I decided to work at home and have Annie's nanny come," she tells me when I call. How much work did she get done? "Um, I found my cell phone, and I found my keys, which had been missing for ten days. I went through the last two weeks' mail. Look, it's not like I even said, 'Okay, today I'll decide if I'm putting money into Annie's state college fund or her Roth IRA,' because I feel like I don't even have the time or space to breathe."

She and her husband, Mark, expect to make at least $300,000 this year. Their $2,475-a-month Upper East Side one-bedroom is getting a lot of use: Mark, 38, left a health-care-administration job to start his own business and is working at home while their $20,000-a-year nanny looks after their daughter in the living room. "We know we're gonna have to move," Meg says. "But having a baby in New York is excellent. I rarely have to put Annie into her car seat. I love that she plays with so many different kids on the playground. I love that she knows how to use the MetroCard on the bus. It's so cool! When she gets tired, she looks at me and says, 'Take a taxicab?' " Does she worry about paying for that? "It makes my life so much easier," she says. "Then I worry it's short-term of me—that if I'd stayed at home and cooked instead of ordering out, I would be able to buy a better apartment."

There's a solution, of course. "If I went back full-time, it would be easy," Meg says. "But I have no interest in heading back full-time. Though as Mark likes to point out, I *am* back full-time."

RENT CONTROL'S FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

AS THE REST OF US GROW OLDER, PHIL'S apartment has kept him young. In cheerful defiance of the rent laws, his $1,100 Murray Hill two-bedroom has been handed around his circle of friends for years. It's in such gloriously terrible neglect that most of his friends love dropping by to use it as a big ashtray. He's gay, and his roommate is straight; they're living an updated version of *The Odd Couple*, only both of them are Oscar.

In 1995, the year he won the middle-class-housing lottery, Phil was making $33,000 in health-care PR. By 2000, he was making $125,000. When he was laid off in 2001, Phil was thrilled to discover his unemployment was covering his rent—so thrilled that he dropped $3,500 on a summer rental on Fire Island and piled on $4,000 in credit-card debt. Now he has no savings. His new job pays $80,000, but he has to pay his own health benefits. "You do feel sometimes that you have to apologize to your landlord just for living there," he says. "But then in '97, I was completely freaking out when Joe Bruno was threatening to blow away the rent laws. I have friends who are renting for about $3,500 a month."

Boyfriends and jobs come and go, but the apartment is forever. "Part of me wants to move to Seattle," he says. "But part of me wants to hang on to it for my niece for when she graduates college."

When will that be?

"In eight years," he says.

40s TO BUY OR NOT TO BUY

NEW YORKERS, UNLIKE people from everywhere else, seemingly have no problem paying rent forever. But for most of us, renter culture is an outmoded *Annie Hall*–era stereotype—an urban legend born during a rent-control era that's now mostly over. In its place is a harsh reality: The longer we stay here, the harder it becomes to get out from under our rent.

Wendy, a 41-year-old financial consultant, and Howard, 52, a PR maven, make $400,000 between them—"although we're not rich or anything," Wendy says. "Isn't that a crass thing to say?" She doesn't know where her money goes. "Our lives are about eating out, rent, theater, and getting out of New York on the weekends. We don't own a car. We don't have kids. I don't spend a lot on clothes—I wear black, I've worn black, and I'll continue to wear black. Neither of us has a coke problem."

The culprit is rent: $5,500 a month for their midtown two-bedroom. Even in this market, negotiating it down takes nerves of steel. "My landlord is just a jerk, and you can print that," Wendy says. "They know what a pain in the ass it is to move in New York, and they don't talk to you until a few days are left in your lease and they assume you just won't leave. We definitely won't pay an increase. We're gonna have to be ready to move."

Even if they had more money, they'd feel the same pressure. Barton, 39, is a screenwriter who lives with his wife, Emily, and two kids in a three-bedroom on the Upper East Side that runs them $9,000 a month. In a good year, when he gets a surprise one-week script-doctoring job on a big studio film for $150,000, he can make $750,000. Barton lost almost a third of his savings in the market, but he still has $1 million. A down payment on even a $1.6 million place would cut that stake in half. And then who knows what the market will do—or if he'll get any more movies made? "I have, like, a million bucks, and that's awesome!" he says. "But you know what? That's like a year and a half for me to live." That includes rent, plus $400 a month to garage his car, plus private school—$20,000 for the 7-year-old, $7,000 for the 2-year-old (two days a week)—and the $40,000 nanny-housekeeper ("She's great with the kids"), and soccer league and the piano and basketball lessons ("Okay, the piano is our thing, but the rest he wants").

"Almost every day, my wife and I talk about this," Barton says. "We talk about leaving the city, but I can take my kids to the park and the Met, both before lunch."

AFFORDING YOUR DIVORCE

NEW YORK IS THE LAND OF NO NO-FAULT DIVORCE, making breaking up harder to do here than practically anywhere else. Real-estate values muddle things even more. When Veronica, a 45-year-old in corporate philanthropy, divorced her M.D. husband after ten years, she fought for custody not of kids (they're childless) but of their two-bedroom Park Avenue apartment with Central Park views. She lost. Looking back, she thinks the death knell sounded when the court ruled that he didn't have to help with her legal fees. "He could always outspend me," she says. "And he said, 'I'll spend whatever it takes to get that apartment away from you.'" She'd already spent $30,000 in legal fees. "To go to trial meant another $50,000."

Desperate to upgrade her salary, Veronica left her job at a non-profit and entered the corporate world, jumping from $100,000 to $150,000. She got a monthly payment of $2,800 from her ex for two years, most of which went to pay her legal bills. But thanks to high Manhattan rents, she still hasn't saved a dime since the divorce. Her savings linger at less than $1 million. She's found a rental in mid-town for about $1,000 more than the $2,400 mortgage and maintenance on the Park Av-

(continued on page 59)

50s THE UNRETIRED

DAVID

52, married, two adult sons

INCOME: $300,000, doctor in private practice.

HOMES: Park Slope townhouse, upstate seven-acre farm—both fully paid for.

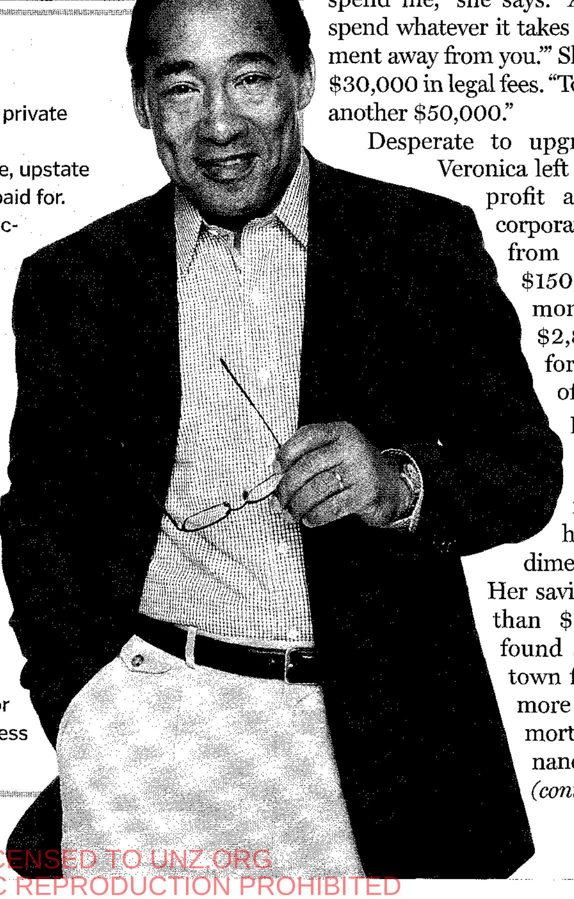
EXPENSES: $16,000 in malpractice insurance; $300 to garage car; support for 20-year-old son who quit college.

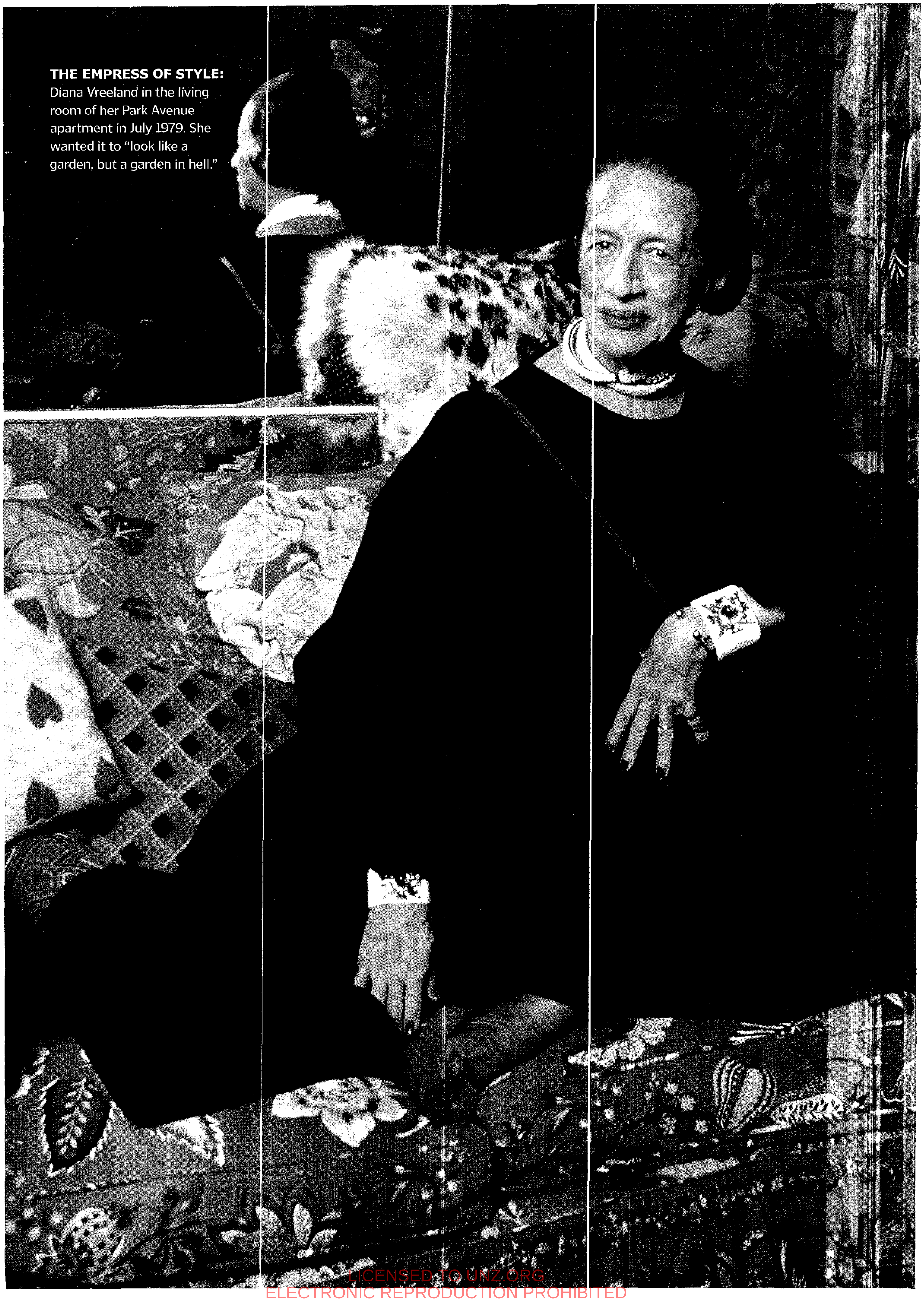
DEBT: None.

SAVINGS: $1.2 million ($1.6 million pre-bear market)

RETIREMENT? Not as long as his son is living at home. He quit college to become a jazz musician. "We were empty-nesters, and now we're not." If this goes on, "I'd think about charging him rent."

POSSIBLE WINDFALL: Park Slope townhouse could sell for $1.5 million. In 1982, he paid less than $200,000.





THE EMPRESS OF STYLE: Diana Vreeland in the living room of her Park Avenue apartment in July 1979. She wanted it to "look like a garden, but a garden in hell."

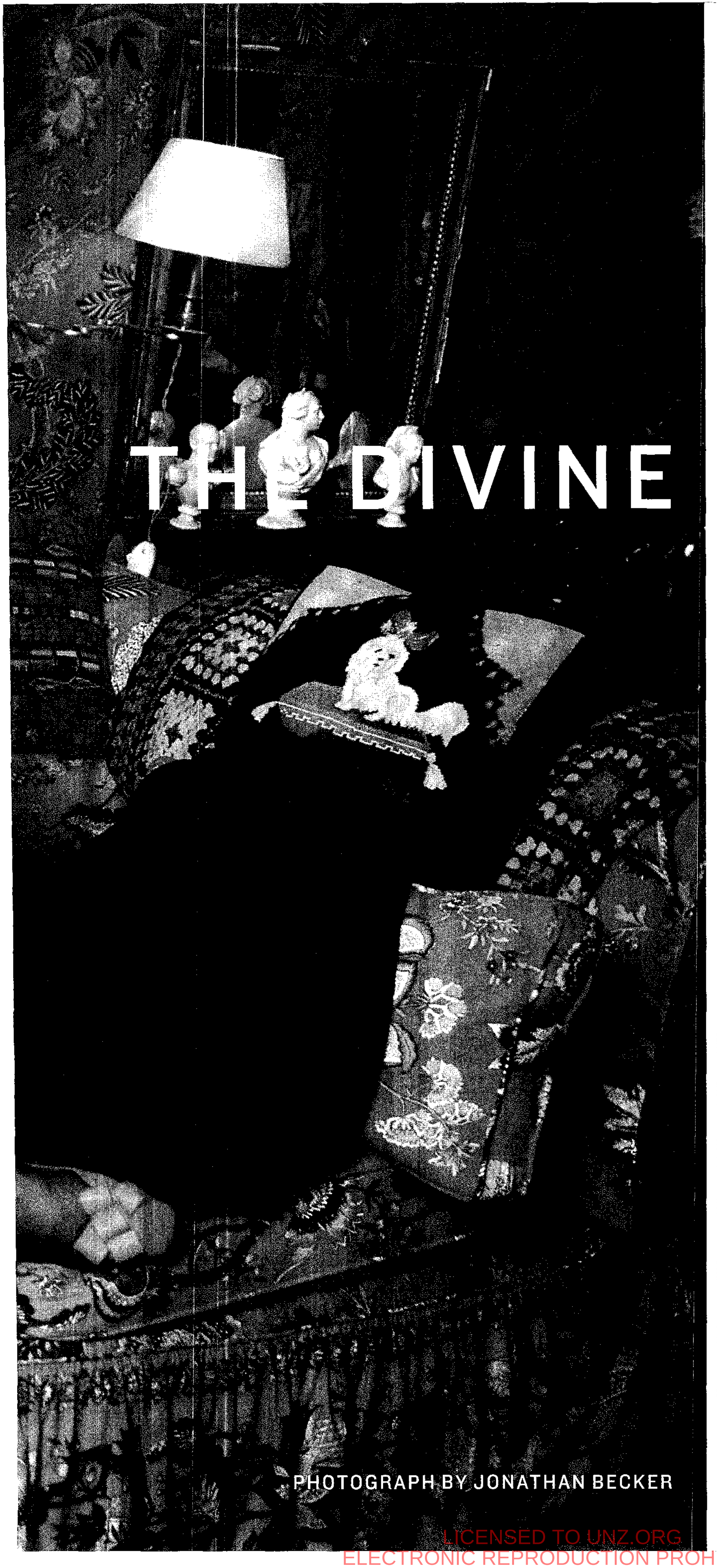
THE DIVINE MRS. V

Diana Vreeland—tastemaker, magazine editor, Costume Institute institution—was perhaps the city's most recognizable fashion icon. A look at a life of high style—and high drama.

BY ELEANOR DWIGHT

IN THE EARLY SPRING OF 1936, CARMEL Snow, the legendary editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* watched as a young, dark-haired woman glided across the dance floor at the St. Regis hotel. She wore a white Chanel lace dress with a bolero and roses in her jet-black hair; her high cheekbones were heavily rouged. Snow was entranced and offered the woman—a wife and mother of two just returned with her husband from six years abroad—a job. And the rest is fashion history.

"I'd only been here for six months," Diana Vreeland later recalled. Though her husband, Reed, had been working at a bank, she also needed a job, badly. "I was going through money like one goes through . . . a bottle of scotch, I suppose, if you're an alcoholic." Thus began a tenure at *Bazaar* that would last 26 years, launching



PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER

STEP LIVELY: An image of Vreeland that appeared in *Harper's Bazaar* in 1936. She had just begun her 26-year reign at the magazine.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTIN MUNKACSI, © JOAN MUNKACSI/DIANA VREELAND ARCHIVES.

OFFICE POLITICS: Vreeland and Carmel Snow, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, reviewing magazine layouts in December 1952. "I know what they're going to wear before they wear it," Vreeland said of her readers.

Vreeland as an American fashion icon.

She stood out from the start. Readers were introduced to her signature epigrammatic style with the typically colorful "Why Don't You?" column, which she began writing in August of 1936. "Why don't you . . . Turn your child into an Infanta for a fancy-dress party?" she asked readers. "Why don't you own, as does one extremely smart woman, twelve diamond roses of all sizes?" The theme repeated over and over in Vreeland's column was a personal credo: Don't just be your ordinary dull self. *Why don't you* be ingenious and make yourself into something else?

This maxim had served her well in the past. Raised in New York by her American mother, Emily Key Hoffman, and English father, Frederick Young Dalziel, little Diana—with her dark, curly hair, deep-set eyes, and aquiline nose—had to contend with being the plain girl in a family of beauties. Her mother, a free-spirited socialite who ran with a bohemian crowd, was dubbed the "Society Carmencita" after John Singer Sargent's popular painting of a Spanish dancer; her younger sister, Alexandra, was blonde and angelic. As a child, Diana was told by her mother, "It's too bad that you have such a beautiful sister and that you are so extremely ugly and so terribly jealous of her. This, of course, is why you are so impossible to deal with." Vreeland later summed up, with her typical aplomb: "Parents, you know, can be *terrible*."

IN VOGUE "A limousine would arrive, the door would snap open, and she would step out. Waiting at the curb, there would always be one assistant. We'd hear the clicking of feet and her loud voice over her shoulder dictating memos at a mile a minute."

For her part, Vreeland found her mother's flamboyance embarrassing. She claimed Emily came to Mother's Day at Brearley in "a *bright* green tweed suit and a little golden-yellow Tyrolean fedora with a little black feather, gilt at the end, that was short but sharp—I'm talking *sharp*—and she was very made up." In her teenage journal, she confided that "Mother and I agree on practically nothing." Instead, Diana emulated her classmates in how to dress; she worked on becoming tidy, enlarging her vocabulary, improving her manners. For the rest of her life, Vreeland would refine this ability to reinvent herself. "For years I am and always have been looking out for girls to idealize because they are things to look up to, because they are perfect," she wrote in her diary. But since she had never discovered "that girl or that woman," she announced, "*I shall be that girl.*"

AT *BAZAAR*, VREELAND SET ABOUT REINVENTING the job of fashion editor. She chose the American clothes to be featured in the magazine, oversaw the photography, and worked with the models. "I know what they're going to wear before they wear it, what they're going to eat before they eat it," she announced. "I know where they're going before it's even there!"

Photographer Richard Avedon credits Vreeland with starting "a totally new profession." Before her, the fashion editor was a society lady putting hats on other society ladies. Vreeland, on the other hand, felt that "to-day only personality counts . . . I do not believe we should put in [the magazine] so-called society, as it is démodé and practically doesn't exist . . . but ravishing personalities are the most riveting things in the world—conversation, people's interests, the atmosphere that they create

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From the book **Diana Vreeland** *by Eleanor Dwight, published this month by William Morrow, an imprint of HarperCollins Publishers, Inc. Copyright @ 2002 by Eleanor Dwight.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER SANDERS/TIMEPIX.

round them—these are the things that I feel are worth putting in any issue.”

When Avedon first met Vreeland, he was standing at the doorway of her long, narrow office, at the far end of which stood a model in a stiff wedding dress. “Mrs. Vreeland never looked at me. She cried, ‘Baron!’ Beside her stood Baron de Gunzburg, the only male fashion editor in the world, a pincushion hanging like a Croix de Guerre from a ribbon at his throat, and she cried, ‘Baron! Baron, the pins!’ She took one pin and walked swinging her hips down to the end of the office. She stuck the pin not only into the dress but into the girl, who let out a little scream. Vreeland returned to her desk, looked up at me for the first time and said, ‘Aberdeen, Aberdeen, doesn’t it make you want to cry?’ Well, it did. I went back to Carmel Snow and said, ‘I can’t work with that woman. She calls me Aberdeen.’ And Carmel Snow said, ‘You’re going to work with her.’ And I did, to my enormous benefit, for almost 40 years.”

VREELAND’S HOME LIFE was just as dramatic. When the war began in Europe in 1939, Reed moved to Canada, while Diana stayed in New York in order to keep her job at *Bazaar*. “Reed was living in Montreal through the war, working for British interests,” Vreeland wrote in her memoir, *DV*. “It was a very vivid period in my life. For seven years, I was by myself.” She was devoted to her dashing husband, whom she had met in 1923 and married the following year; she was so smitten, on their first meeting, that when he asked her to play golf, she jumped at the chance, although she barely knew how to play. She showed up at the first tee with a bandaged arm and announced that she could only walk around the course with him.

And yet the relationship was far from perfect. There had always been rumors about Reed’s liaisons, but Diana had looked the other way. Now people said that Reed had left his wife and was living in Canada with another woman. It was even rumored that Diana went to Montreal and confronted his girlfriend. She sat her down in front of a mirror and said, “Look at you, you are young and beautiful, and you have everything ahead of you. I am getting older and I have only my wonderful husband.”

After the war, Reed returned to Manhattan, and the couple resumed a schedule filled with chic parties animated by their coterie of society friends—C. Z. Guest, Cecil Beaton, Cole Porter. By 1955 the crowd was dining at the Vreelands’ new apartment at 550 Park Avenue. The living room was bloodred; as Diana announced: “I want this place to look like a garden, but a garden in hell.” Scarlet chintz covered with brilliant Persian flowers cloaked the room. Red carpeting spread over the floors of the living room and hallway. As Vreeland pointed out, “Red is the great clarifier—bright and revealing. I can’t imagine becoming bored with red—it would be like becoming bored with the person you love.”

To 21-year-old Ali McGraw, the apartment represented a world filled with enticing possibilities. In 1960, McGraw, a recent Wellesley graduate, was Vreeland’s assistant. Picking up her boss’s portfolio every morning, she was greeted by the scent of Rigaud candles, good oatmeal, and bath soap: “I would drink in the sight of things, the Persian miniatures, the photographs of everyone I had ever heard of, the Scottish snuff horns.” She realized, she says, that she “had everything to learn.”

STYLISH PAIR: Diana and Reed Vreeland—her stylish, urbane husband with whom she had two sons, and whose death in 1966 devastated her—on the steps of the Southampton Bathing Corporation in the late forties.

BY THE END OF THE FIFTIES, VREELAND herself was itching to take on new challenges. As Carmel Snow prepared to resign her post at *Harper’s Bazaar*, Vreeland was keen to get her job. Hearst executives had other ideas. According to Adrian Allen, art director Alexey Brodovitch’s assistant, Snow warned *Bazaar’s* higher-ups that Vreeland “was a brilliant fashion editor who should never, *ever*, be editor-in-chief of a magazine.” In late 1957, they chose to bring in Nancy White, Carmel Snow’s niece. When Vreeland learned of White’s appointment, she said, “We needed an artist and they sent us a house-painter.”

Though she stuck it out for four more years, by early March 1962, the rumor began circulating that Diana Vreeland was leaving *Bazaar*. Sam Newhouse had bought Condé Nast, and, as one story has it, he hired Vreeland as a present to his wife, who wanted the best editor in the business for *Vogue*. In January 1963, Vreeland became *Vogue’s* editor-in-chief.

Vreeland’s humor and enthusiasm for the job immediately filled the nineteenth floor of the Graybar Building. According to former accessories editor Nuala Boylan, “A limousine would arrive, in the late morning or at lunchtime, and the door would snap open, and she would step out dressed in her usual head-to-foot black—cashmere sweater, black wrap skirt, the pointed shoes, now famous, that were polished on the bottoms. The hands were beautifully manicured, the hair just so. It was a helmet—once when her maid bumped into it by mistake with a tray, it clinked. And waiting at the curb, there would always be one assistant. . . . We would hear the clicking of feet and her loud voice over her shoulder dictating memos at a mile a minute.”

Her secretary from 1964 to 1969, Felicity Clark, remembers an urgent memo, “a two-liner saying, ‘Bring me shoes with chains on them.’ Someone would come in swearing, saying, ‘What’s she on about now? There’s no such thing as a shoe with a chain on it!’ But you know, in six months’ time everybody was wearing a shoe with a chain on it!” Another of Vreeland’s memos stated that the *Vogue* staff should all wear bells at the office, according to fashion editor Carrie Donovan: “You know the sort of bells. Bells little kittens wear so they don’t get lost in closets.” So all the young women bought little bells, draping them around their necks and waists. “By the time she came in, we were all walking

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRAGOFF CANTOR, DIANA VREELAND ARCHIVES.

around with bells on. She pretended she didn't notice anything."

Donovan was always impressed with the abundance of Vreeland's ideas, and the intuitive sense she had for her readers. When Donovan planned to do a presentation using long skirts, which she had just seen in the French ready-to-wear, Vreeland admonished her. "'Oh, no, Carrie, modern women aren't going to go for that. They have to drive kids to school.' She never went anywhere except in a chauffeur-driven car; still, she understood all that."

Vreeland loved the sixties; her eclectic style fit right in with the times. "The idea of beauty was changing," she said. "If you had a bump on your nose, it made no difference so long as you had a marvelous body and good carriage. You held your head high, and you were a beauty. . . . You knew how to water-ski, and how to take a jet plane fast in the morning, arrive anywhere, and be anyone when you got off."

Vreeland's enthusiasm about the jet plane propelled her into producing fantastic, far-flung—and wildly expensive—fashion stories. Photographers went with models to Asia, Africa, the Middle East. But Vreeland, a perfectionist, was not always happy with the results. Model Penelope Tree remembers: "In England one time, David Bailey and I worked really hard on some photographs—three days and three nights. We flew to America and triumphantly slapped them down on her desk. She got out her white gloves and she looked through the light box.

" 'Bailey, they're great!' Then there was a long pause. 'But we can't use them.'

" 'You fucking old bag! Why not?'

FASHION LESSON **"The trouble with this country is they want to give the public what it wants," said Vreeland. "The public wants what it can't get, and it's up to us to *teach* them what to want."**

" 'There's no languor in the lips!' "

"We were furious, but we had to laugh," continues Tree. "She rather liked being called an old bag by Bailey."

One inspired shoot was Vreeland's assignment for Norman Parkinson in Tahiti in 1965. With a team of two models and 200 pounds of gold and silver Dynel—false plastic hair—Parkinson was sent off with the boss's instructions: "I wish you to select the finest Arab stallion that you can find in Tahiti—check with some Veterinarian—and caparison him in the manner of the Grand Epoch. I want to see an illustration, as this one here, where the horse's mane and tail are plaited to the ground. Use all the Dynel you want—you don't have to bring it back." As Parkinson later remarked, "Mrs. Vreeland was always in there punching for the impossible and the unattainable. When her ideas succeeded, they were triumphant." If not, "there were no postmortems."

THE SIXTIES ALSO BROUGHT UNWELcome change. On June 6, 1966, Reed checked into New York Hospital, and the doctors discovered that he had cancer of the esophagus. Diana didn't discuss her husband's illness with anyone. When he died on August 3, 1966, at the age of 67, she was devastated. She drew a little heart in her date book with an arrow through it.

WARHOL PRINCE: Fred Hughes and Vreeland at a party at the Museum of American Folk Art, September 1977. After Reed died, Vreeland doted on the dapper Hughes, a member of Andy Warhol's circle.

Susan Train, then a fashion editor at *Vogue*, remembers seeing Vreeland when she came to Paris for the collections the following January. "She adored him, and she grieved deeply. We were at one of the couture houses. She always ordered herself two or three things. She found an evening dress she liked. The vendeuse said, 'Do you want it in black?' 'Certainly not. In red. I don't want to remind anyone that I'm in mourning. That's my business.' Although she loved black, that winter she did not have anything in black."

After Reed's death, young men like photographer David Bailey and jewelry designer Kenneth Jay Lane filled the void in Vreeland's life. Lane met Vreeland when he first came to New York in the mid-fifties. Lane remembers: "She made me realize the importance of positive thinking. She would say, 'Don't look back. Just go ahead. Give ideas away. Under every idea there's a new idea waiting to be born.' " Lane accompanied Vreeland to movies and parties. Vreeland, he says, "wanted youthful energy—Halston, occasionally Jack Nicholson. She didn't want to go to Brooke Astor's dinners anymore."

Soon, there was more bad news. By the end of the sixties, the powers at *Vogue* were becoming more critical of Vreeland's performance. When Carrie Donovan tried to warn her boss that the businessmen at Condé Nast were finding Vreeland's editorial style too costly and her message out of touch with the times, the older editor replied, "'Oh, I'm used to it. . . . I know how to handle those men. When they get this way, you just give it to them back.'" She was wrong. In the spring of 1971, Vreeland was fired.

When they realized Vreeland was leaving, her devoted editors were distraught. Polly Mellen hid in the bathroom, weeping. "Her office had always been wonderful. When you came in to see her, there she was in the bright red office with the leopard-skin rug. . . The next morning the office was beige, the rug was beige, and *Vogue* was beige."

Vreeland began a frantic trip around Europe. One night, Kenny Lane joined her in the dining room at the Ritz in Madrid. As the orchestra played "Fascination," "she started to bawl," Lane recalls. "She couldn't stop. It all came out. No Reed, no job."

Money had always been a problem. After her marriage, Diana became the parent whose income could be depended on. Although Reed always worked—in banking, in investments, for Rigaud candles, for Pucci—his jobs didn't bring in much money. By keeping up appearances—she clothed by Paris couturiers, Reed in Bond Street apparel, each smoking cigarettes, both using a holder—they managed to hide their financial situation from all but their closest friends. Now Vreeland dealt with this latest financial crisis by using her ingenuity once again.

IN THE SPRING OF '72, VREELAND'S LAWYER, Peter Tufo, approached Ashton Hawkins, counsel to the Metropolitan Museum, about her working with the Costume Institute. When curator Ted Rousseau met with C. Z. Guest to discuss improvements at the Institute, he asked, "What do you think about Diana Vreeland?" She replied, "Well,

PHOTOGRAPH BY RON GALELLA.

if you don't have her, don't bother to open it. Nobody else can even do it." At 69, Vreeland was about to begin the most successful act of her career.

Ostensibly, Vreeland had been hired to persuade people to give their high-fashion wardrobes to the museum: She could get, the reasoning went, a lot of people to open their trunks. It soon became clear, however, that she would also orchestrate the exhibitions in a whole new way. She once said, "The trouble with this country [is that] they want to give the public what it wants. Well, the public wants what it can't get, and it's up to the museum to *teach* them what to want."

While the staff members wanted the costumes to appear as they would have in the time period they represented, Vreeland wanted the clothes to look *now*. When a mannequin was being dressed for a historical show, Vreeland might say, "Oh, no, those shoes are wrong," and insist on better-looking shoes. The curator would reply that "these" shoes hadn't existed then. Mrs. Vreeland would say, "Well, if this woman looked like this mannequin . . . she would have thought of them."

In her off hours, Vreeland was living very much in the present. Although she had a string of male companions to escort her around town, she was particularly fond of Fred Hughes, a prominent member of Andy Warhol's crowd whom Warhol described as "one of the only young people around who insisted on Savile Row suits."

When Fred had flings with young women, Vreeland became jealous. Warhol, too, felt some jealousy; he complained that when Fred was drunk, he would "talk like Mrs. Vreeland." In 1986, long after Vreeland and Andy had stopped seeing each other regularly, Warhol wrote in his diary: "I told Fred that the kitchen was dirty and he looked at me and said, 'Well, *I'm* not going to do the dishes.' Diana Vreeland has been a really bad influence on him. I should've broken that up."

Although Vreeland enjoyed the Studio 54 culture, she didn't become part of it. As art critic John Richardson recalls, "Diana drank quite a bit" and preferred vodka and scotch to drugs. One night, while having dinner at his house on 38th Street, Kenny Lane said to her, "You're always talking about mara-juwanna"—which was how she pronounced it—"I think it's about time you smoke some." He gave her a "joint," and she lit up. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, and then she became trancelike. "Mmmmmm. Ohhh. Ohhh. I feel so strange, so wonderful." And, as Lane remembered, "she finished the performance and I said, 'Darling, I'm afraid it's not marijuana. It's a joint made with regular tobacco put back in.' 'Oh, no! How could you have done this to me?' "

Vreeland's nonstop social life included older friends as well. As fashion executive Boaz Mazor remembers, there were two places you wanted to go in the seventies: the parties of "the Paleys and the de la Rentas, and Vreeland was always there, naturally."

In the winter of 1976, Vreeland visited her old friend Kitty Miller in Palm Beach. Her friend Lou Gartner remembers sitting with Vreeland at a large party. When dinner was over, at about 10:30, guests started to get up. Vreeland said, "What the hell is this, Scarsdale?" She said, "I want to go dancing." Gartner took her to a club in West Palm Beach. Gartner recalls, "I was talking to her and this shadow came across the table. And I looked up and there was the biggest black man I have ever seen in my life and he said, 'Do you want to dance?' Vreeland looked up and smiled at him, and he said, 'Not you, him.' And I said, 'I don't dance, but she's wild, she's great.' " Diana got up and, Gartner continues, "I've never seen anything like the two of them on the dance floor. I mean, you talk about dirty dancing, it was unreal." When she finally sat down, Vreeland said, " 'He's the most marvelous man. He's just out of prison. He needs help and support.' I said, 'We're going home.' "

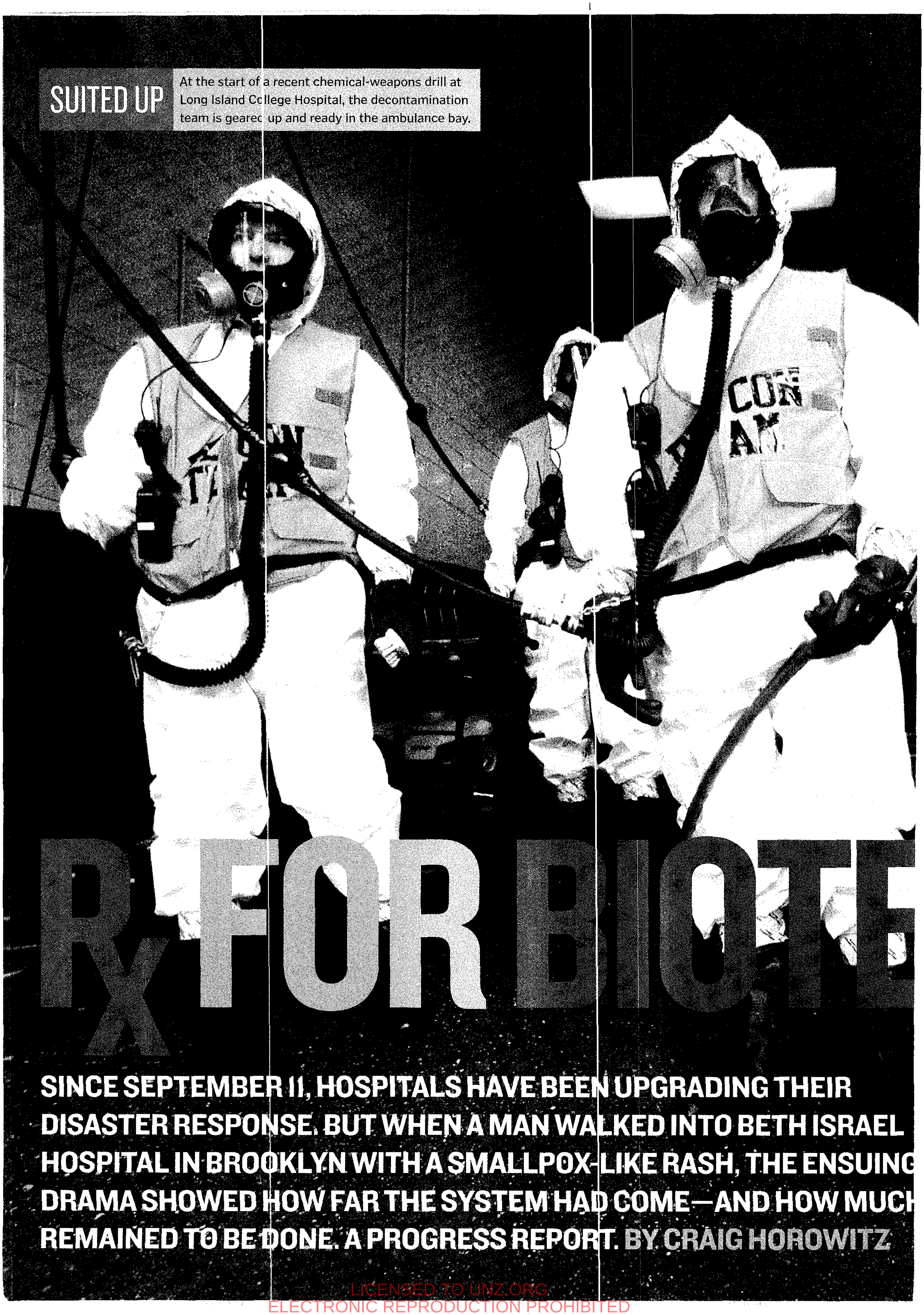
After 1984, Vreeland started coming to the museum less and less, and as the eighties wore on, her health forced her to retire to the privacy of her red Park Avenue apartment, where she received only family and very close friends. Although she had a good salary from the Met and a pension from Condé Nast, Vreeland's expenses still exceeded her income. In 1987, she decided to sell some of her costume jewelry and called Kenny Lane to ask what her "junk" jewels might bring at auction. He replied, "More than they're worth. Thirty or forty thousand dollars." Astonished, she replied, "That much? My God!" Vreeland's friends and acolytes packed themselves into Sotheby's for the event. The sale of the jewelry brought in $167,000, well over Lane's estimate. As he recalled, "When I told D.V. over the phone what the results were, she said, 'Is that all?' And I said, 'Well, I'm glad *I'm* sitting down.' "

As her emphysema worsened, Vreeland secluded herself in her bedroom and refused to let anyone see her. When she invited people to dinner, she'd call her guests on the telephone in the dining room, where the meal was served, and conversation would proceed over the wire. Very good friends, like Lane, Oscar de la Renta, André Leon Talley, and Jacqueline Onassis, would come and read to her.

Several times an ambulance was called for her, only to have Vreeland revive—once, famously, she shot straight up on the stretcher and ordered herself returned. In Vreeland's last hours, her household manager remembered, "she was hallucinating, talking to her mother. From what she was saying now, she was young again, dancing at a party, enjoying herself." Suddenly she cried out in her strong voice, speaking to the bandleader, "Don't stop the music or I'll tell my father!" These were her last words. She sank into a coma and did not revive again. Diana Vreeland died on August 2, 1989, in the New York Hospital. At the apartment, in the nurses' register, the last entry read "Mrs. Onassis called." ■

METROPOLITAN TOUCH: Vreeland circa 1975 at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute, which she joined three years earlier. "If you don't have her, don't bother to open it," C. Z. Guest told curators at the Met.

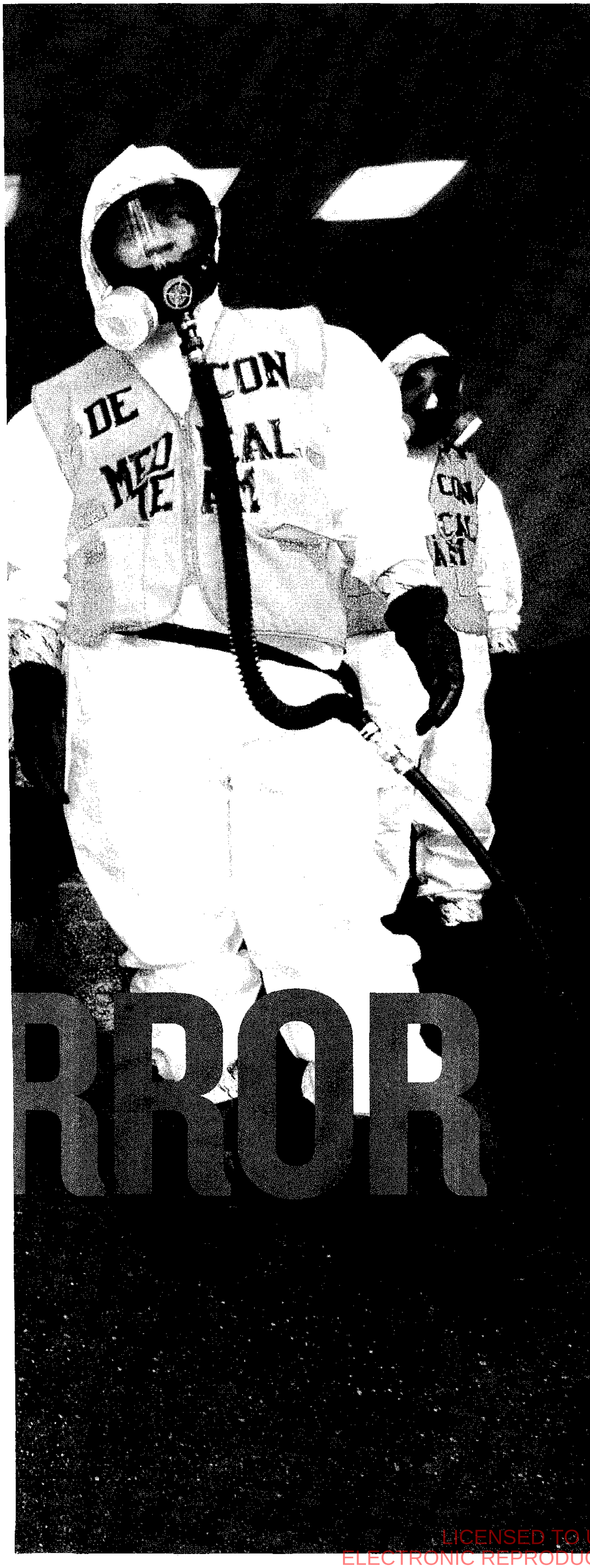
PHOTOGRAPH BY SARA KRULWICH/NEW YORK TIMES CO./GETTY IMAGES.



SUITED UP At the start of a recent chemical-weapons drill at Long Island College Hospital, the decontamination team is geared up and ready in the ambulance bay.

R$_x$ FOR BIOTE

SINCE SEPTEMBER 11, HOSPITALS HAVE BEEN UPGRADING THEIR DISASTER RESPONSE. BUT WHEN A MAN WALKED INTO BETH ISRAEL HOSPITAL IN BROOKLYN WITH A SMALLPOX-LIKE RASH, THE ENSUING DRAMA SHOWED HOW FAR THE SYSTEM HAD COME—AND HOW MUCH REMAINED TO BE DONE. A PROGRESS REPORT. BY CRAIG HOROWITZ



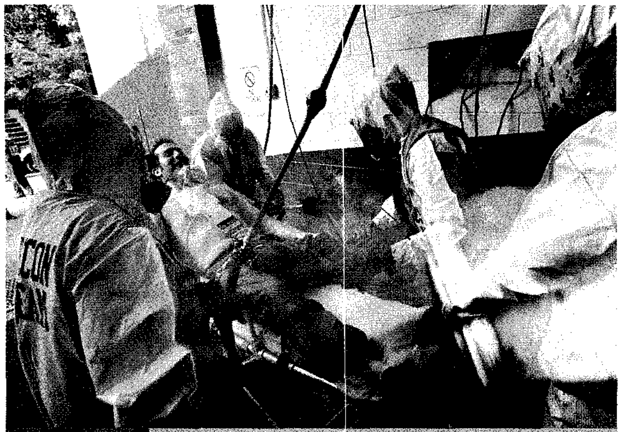
RROR

Television season finales are infamous for their dramatic excesses. So it wasn't hard to guess what was afoot in the final episode of *ER* last May, when an American foreign-service officer and his wife, just back from a stay in Africa, brought their two young children to the hospital feverish and covered with spots that looked suspiciously like smallpox. Because the kids were wrapped in blankets, the family was left sitting in the crowded waiting area for several hours until a harried physician—Noah Wyle—finally got a good look at them. He rushed the family into an exam room, alerted the hospital, and the crowded ER was immediately locked down. This being television, a great deal of panic, confusion, insurrection, and personal discovery ensued. • Sensational as it seemed in May, this scenario is being taken more and more seriously in recent months. While the federal government, which controls America's entire stock of smallpox vaccine, tries to hash out a comprehensive policy, New York doctors and health-care workers who are the first line of defense in emergencies have been training for just such an event. • Consider an episode (life imitating art) that occurred in the city

CODE-D When the call comes in that there's been an explosion, Dr. Tucker Woods directs the hospital staff to go to disaster mode.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEN SCHLES

on a steamy Sunday in August when a 21-year-old Nigerian man walked calmly into the emergency room at Beth Israel Medical Center on Kings Highway in Brooklyn. It was a little past noon. The ER, which serves a large community of elderly Jews, was unusually quiet, and the Nigerian man was seen within minutes. Though he had been in the U.S. for just five days, this was his second trip to a doctor—earlier in the week, the same ugly skin condition had sent him to a walk-in clinic.



DECON To keep from contaminating the hospital's ventilation system, patients go through decon showers outdoors. Each can handle ten patients an hour.

This time, however, the triage nurse, who'd been told over and over in recent months, like most of the city's health-care community, to be vigilant to the point of paranoia about potentially contagious ailments, took a look at the rash on the man's face and immediately put him into isolation. A doctor examined the man about fifteen minutes later.

What she saw was someone who'd just arrived from overseas with an unusual, aggressive-looking skin rash and a fever. In the highly sensitized post-9/11 environment, her first thought was smallpox. She called in several specialists to have a look.

In the meantime, word began to spread both inside and outside the 200-bed community hospital that Beth Israel's Kings Highway ER had a case of smallpox.

When the news went out over EMS radios, a decision was made to divert ambulance traffic to other facilities. Walk-in patients were also turned away, and the ER was closed completely. Calls were made to the Office of Emergency Management and the city and state health departments. Police commissioner Ray Kelly and fire commissioner Nicholas Scoppetta were both given regular updates.

Like most other New York hospitals, Beth Israel is part of a large health-care network, and various company executives were urgently pulled away from the beach, summer barbecues, and a Mets game. The mayor, of course, was also notified. Chatter over the emergency radio frequencies alerted the media, and reporters began calling and showing up at the hospital; the scene was beginning to take on a frightening resemblance to the episode of *ER*.

SHORTLY BEFORE EVENTS BEGAN TO UNFOLD in Brooklyn that Sunday, Dr. Marcelle Layton, one of the city's deputy health commissioners, arrived at her office on Worth Street in lower Manhattan. Layton, a small, soft-spoken woman, is a communicable-disease detective—there are stacks of boxes in her office with labels like ANTHRAX FORMS and WEST NILE QUESTIONNAIRES.

Layton had just gotten back from vacation and intended to take advantage of a quiet weekend afternoon to catch up. But as she began answering some of the hundreds of e-mails that had stacked up in her computer, near-simultaneous calls came in from the attending ER doctor out in Brooklyn and from the Office of Emergency Management.

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INCOMING Doctors get an infant's vitals from an EMS worker, who should be wearing protective gear. A hot zone would be defined around the explosion, with ambulance drivers kept outside the perimeter to protect them.

The Beth Israel doctor detailed the case for Layton and her colleague Dr. Joel Ackelsberg, medical director of the health department's emergency-readiness-and-response unit. (Since the hospital didn't have a digital camera, the doctor couldn't e-mail photos of the patient—a digital camera is now an essential piece of ER equipment.)

As the symptoms were ticked off, the two began to relax—this almost certainly wasn't smallpox. But the situation at Beth Israel had continued to escalate. Shortly after 2 P.M., an announcement was made asking all visitors to leave the building. The doors were then locked, trapping those who took their time or missed the announcement. Tempers frayed. Full-scale panic was a distinct possibility.

So Layton and Ackelsberg decided to go to the scene. "Because the ER had been closed and word had gotten out and the media were involved," says Layton, "we decided the best way to defuse the situation was to go there."

The two also thought that seeing the hospital in the throes of a full-scale smallpox scare would be a valuable education—a real-time simulation of one of the most dangerous threats the health-care system faces. "One thing was, how do you make sure the situation doesn't get out of control unnecessarily in the future?" says Layton. "Also, while the notification tree within the government agencies worked well, the chain of command was muddled, and this was a problem."

Diverting ambulance traffic and closing the ER were very significant decisions, and it was not at all clear the right people made them, let alone whether they were the right things to do.

On the drive out to Brooklyn, with a full lights-and-sirens escort, Layton worked the phones, telling the ER doctor to keep track of everyone who'd been exposed to the patient and also sharing information with the Centers for Disease Control. At the scene, Layton and Ackelsberg interviewed the various participants and took some photos. They put on protective gear and examined the patient—it wasn't smallpox, but dermatitis. By 3:30, the ER was reopened and the hospital was back to normal operation.

"Clinically, we responded correctly from the time the guy walked in the door," says Gail Donovan, the chief operating officer of Continuum Health Partners, Beth Israel's corporate parent. "He was seen and isolated quickly so the staff and the other patients were protected. Could we have been a little sharper in some other areas? Sure. But every experience we have with a different type of event provides the opportunity to learn and adapt."

EXPOSED When the new hot-water decon showers were used in the drill, they created so much steam, no one could see. Exhaust fans had to be installed.

INTAKE Patient information will go into a citywide database to avoid a repeat of 9/11, when families wandered from hospital to hospital in search of the missing.

THE SCARE ON KINGS HIGHWAY AND THE SEries of decisions that ensued raises the critical issue: Is the city's health-care system prepared to handle a nuclear, chemical, or biological attack? A single suspected case of smallpox is one thing—but what if there were ten cases or a hundred or even thousands?

In the thirteen months since September 11, the city's hospitals have spent enormous amounts of time, energy, and money to get themselves in shape for the new reality. Doctors and other health-care workers are being drilled in what to look for, how to react, and what their responsibilities would be. They're learning new skills, like how to quickly put on protective gear, set up quarantines, and handle once-unfamiliar supplies like nerve-gas antidotes and chemical-weapons detectors.

Hospitals have also begun upgrading their physical capabilities, making sure they have things like isolation rooms with their own air supplies, and working decontamination facilities. Communication, which was a serious problem on September 11, has also been addressed. Using the Internet and 900-megahertz two-way radios, the hospitals have set up a system that will keep them connected in a crisis not only within their own network but with other hospitals and city agencies as well. They've also put in place a master citywide patient directory that will, they believe, avoid a repeat of the nightmarish 9/11 scenario in which families were forced to wander from hospital to hospital looking for information about missing loved ones.

"The key is really going to be early recognition," says David Goldschmitt, head of emergency medicine at NYU Downtown Hospital, which, only a few blocks from the World Trade Center site, treated more than 1,200 people in the first hours after the attack.

"If you don't pick up on it early, you will end up watching the first wave die, and that's what'll tell you there's a problem. Then you work on saving the second wave. With smallpox, there is literally a patient zero. That one person can pass it on to ten people, who pass it to ten other people, and it spreads exponentially. You can potentially contaminate an entire population with one person."

Recognition is such a difficult problem that hospitals are preparing for the possibility that the first cases will be misdiagnosed. "We did a drill where we sent a smallpox patient home, which is a possibility since it doesn't look like smallpox until the patient's pretty sick," says Lewis Kohl, head of emergency medicine at Long Island College Hospital in Brooklyn.

The city Health Department has begun its own version of Compstat—they call it syndromic surveillance. While the NYPD collects daily crime data from the precincts, the Health Department has started collecting data from emergency rooms, ambulance services, 911 calls, and now even pharmacies. It is looking for clusters of people with flulike symptoms, unexplained fevers, outbreaks of diarrhea, or any unusual increases in a particular area of certain symptoms.

At the core of hospital planning is a framework for disaster response called the Hospital Emergency Incident Command System (HEICS)—an organizational table that lays out titles, jobs, and responsibilities for everyone in the hospital. The terminology is recognized by the Fire Department, the EMS, and other agencies, enabling everyone to speak the same language. (Some hospitals use basically the same program with a different acronym.)

HEICS breaks all hospital functions into five uniformly structured groups: command, operations, logistics, planning, and administration. The operations group, for example, which is in charge of the emergency depart-

"IF YOU DON'T PICK UP ON IT EARLY, YOU WILL END UP WATCHING THE FIRST WAVE DIE, AND THAT'S WHAT'LL TELL YOU THERE'S A PROBLEM. THEN YOU WORK ON SAVING THE SECOND WAVE."

ment, has a decontamination team, a triage team, a medical team, a supply team, a nursing team, and so on. And each team is directed by a predetermined leader.

"In the past, when a disaster happened, everybody wanted to help, so they all responded to the ER—surgeons, EMS workers, transporters, housekeeping staff," says Dan Wiener, head of emergency medicine at St. Luke's–Roosevelt. "Now we want everyone to report to staffing areas. Post-9/11, we realized that with the nuclear, chemical, and biological threat, this could potentially expose a lot of people to whatever was coming in our door. So we need to control the flow of people, and securing the emergency department is critical. This is a major change in the response culture."

TREATMENT Once inside, a patient receives copious attention. The city's big hospitals are now stocked to handle the unexpected with antibiotics, chemical-weapons antidotes, and Geiger counters.

AS DEVASTATING AS THE 9/11 ATTACK WAS, IT was still what disaster experts refer to as a traditional explosive event—albeit on an enormous scale. "We could see the towers falling, and we thought we knew what we were facing," says Donovan. "Then came the anthrax incidents a few weeks later, and with anthrax, you didn't even know what you were looking for."

Recognizing there was a new reality, Donovan got on the phone within 48 hours of the Trade Center attack with Susan Waltman, one of the leaders of the Greater New York Hospital Association, a nonprofit industry-advocacy group: "I pushed her to think about how we could work on comprehensive regional disaster planning."

The result was that several weeks later, a group that included area hospitals, the city and state health departments, OEM, the NYPD, and the FDNY began to meet almost weekly to share information and work on disaster preparedness. Their first order of business was to go over what they learned on 9/11: which long-held assumptions were completely wrong, what kinds of things were never anticipated, and, moving forward, what they needed to do, given the momentum that was there, to get their institutions in shape.

"A CHEMICAL OR BIOLOGICAL ATTACK IS FRIGHTENING. BUT WHEN YOU LOOK AT THE POSSIBILITIES AND HOW WE'RE PREPARED, YOU START TO FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS."

"I remember on a Friday night last October, after anthrax had been found at NBC," says Rich Westfal, associate director of emergency medicine at St. Vincent's. "We had 400 people from the community who had head colds or allergies who came into the hospital terrified. We put on extra doctors to explain the situation to these folks and to reassure them. That really lit the fire under all of us. We knew it was up to us to get organized. We knew we couldn't wait for the federal government."

Routine hospital purchases now include once-exotic items like Geiger counters, chemical-weapons detectors, HAZMAT suits, nerve-gas and chemical-weapons antidote kits, and, yes, digital cameras.

Most institutions have also updated, replaced, or expanded their decontamination facilities. Once little more than some PVC piping buried in a hospital utility closet, decon showers are now often permanent fixtures that require only minutes to become fully operational. Some, like the six new ones installed at Long Island College Hospital, even have hot water (not insignificant considering people have to strip naked and shower outside even if it's February). The showers have to be outside so that whatever contaminant people have been exposed to is not brought into the hospital. (Contaminants can range from anthrax spores to nerve gas to chemical weapons to radioactive particles.)

Smaller hospitals that have little room for decon facilities have to improvise. To understand the level of seriousness about this, consider NYU Downtown's crisis decon plan. Since it has room for only one decontamination shower—one shower can handle about ten people an hour—it has made arrangements with the Fire Department to hook up soaker hoses on a rooftop above its ambulance bay. In an emergency, it will simply hose people down as necessary.

For the hospitals, decontamination is also part of the larger issue of making sure that in a nuclear, chemical, or biological incident, their facilities are not compromised. "We've focused on our physical capabilities," says Donovan, "because we realized it would be very easy to get shut down if you exposed your staff or your air-handling system to a dangerous substance."

All of which means hospitals must be able to control who gets inside. "Especially at the hospitals close to ground zero, there was a rush of people on 9/11," says Donovan. "It wasn't an orderly thing. We need to be able to keep the people out who need to stay out."

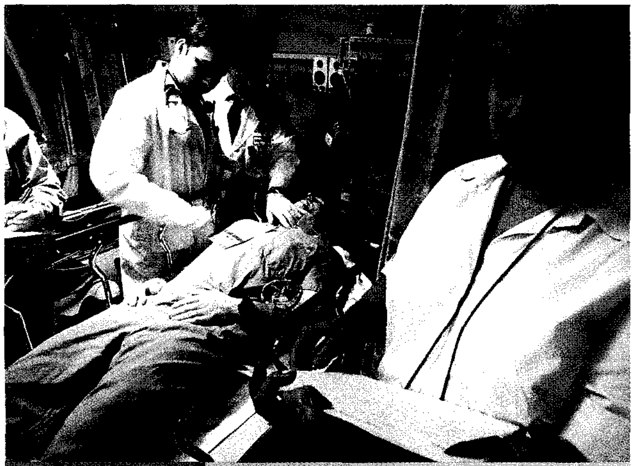
Many hospitals have already installed security gates or garage-type doors to shut down access to ambulance bays and emergency departments. "We're trying to get the staff used to this idea," says St. Vincent's Westfal. "It's going to be a real challenge if the staff has to stay inside the building and others have to stay outside."

A massive education program has also been undertaken by the city's hospitals. Continuum, for example, has schooled 800 of its employees as trainers, able to teach their 16,000 co-workers. At St. Vincent's, they've put together an intensive four-hour seminar for staff that covers the symptoms to look out for, decontamination skills, how to handle and administer antidotes, and putting on protective gear.

And the education efforts are not just

for medical staff. "People are beginning to realize the importance of training nonmedical staff in the hospital, particularly in areas like recognizing a contaminated person," says NYU Downtown's Goldschmitt. "Because once someone reaches a doctor, they've already contaminated people inside the building. Security people, housekeeping, volunteers at the desk, all have to be prepared."

Another key issue is making sure that hospital staff feel comfortable and protected coming to work in an environment where exposure to a deadly, contagious disease like smallpox or Ebola is possible. Even small, everyday responsibilities become an issue. Health-care workers facing a potential hospital lockdown have to have a plan in place to handle things like child care in their absence.



CASUALTY Disaster plans now spell out specific responsibilities for everyone, and only those assigned to the ER will be allowed inside.

"We're doing lots of things we've never done before, and we're doing some of them without any practical, hands-on experience," says Wiener at St. Luke's–Roosevelt. "But keep one thing in mind: Disasters come into the ER every day. Contagious people, people exposed to hazardous materials. So it's not like it's all new to us."

As part of the HEICS plan, managers are required to do a psychological evaluation of staff members to make judgments about who might be a problem. "Our preparation does have to account for unanticipated human response," Wiener says. "But we've been through fear with health-care workers before, with AIDS. And once people were educated, the anxiety went way down. A chemical or a biological attack is unquestionably very frightening. But when you break it down and look at the individual possibilities and how we're prepared, you start to feel more comfortable that you can handle this."

EVERYONE NOW KNOWS FROM EXPERIENCE, however, that in the frenzy of a crisis, even the simplest things can become difficult. "We've learned that nothing works the way it works in theory," says NYU Downtown's Goldschmitt. Goldschmitt says his ER treated more than 1,200 people in the first hours on September 11 but managed to record barely 375 names. Even the standard triage tags became a problem.

When an ambulance first rolls up to a hospital, the ER doctor or nurse is handed a tag with a little string on the end and a place to write the patient's name. The tag has a colored tear-off strip. On bottom is green, which means treating the person is not urgent. If the green is torn off, there's yellow, then red, and then black, which indicates the person is either dead or beyond saving. The string is used to tie the tag on the person's finger or toe.

"This is as simple as it gets," Goldschmitt says. "It takes only a few seconds. But when we were outside triaging patients, people didn't have time to do it. We were getting ambulances that had ten and twelve people each."

A pesticide-contamination drill conducted ten months ago by Long Island College Hospital showed that the problems in controlling a fast-moving situation persist. "Anxiety was actually pretty high," says Kohl. "Pesticides are just like chemical weapons. Nerve agents in particular. Even the antidotes are the same. We learned a lot."

The drill began when the ER got the call that victims were on the way in. As the alarm was sounded and the staff rushed to get into their protective gear, their boots began ripping. Not only was the material too flimsy, the boots were too small. The plan was to suit up inside the hospital, then go to the ambulance bay and get the decon facilities ready. But the first ambulance came screaming up to the hospital while the staff was still dressing.

The warm-water decon showers worked nicely. But they didn't two days earlier when they were tested for the first time. It was a cold day, and as soon as the showers were turned on, the ambulance bay filled with steam. The doctors and nurses couldn't see a thing. Exhaust fans were quickly installed before the drill.

It is this chaos factor that has fueled the argument over whether an emergency department would have to be locked down if a patient came in with smallpox or some other highly contagious killer. The rationalist view holds that as long as those infected are moved quickly into isolation, there's no reason to close an ER.

Many doctors hold this view. They point out that with smallpox, there is a three-day window in which you can be vaccinated after initial exposure. So the worst case is, you make sure to get contact information for everyone in the ER at the time, so you can have these people come back to be vaccinated if necessary.

"It's difficult to imagine it's going to be nice and clean like that," says St. Vincent's Westfal. "Let's say just one person had unprotected contact with the victim and they panic. They sneak out of the hospital and go home and no one sees them. Over the next month, while they're developing the disease, they're contaminating family and friends and everyone else they come into contact with. That's the fear, and that's the reason you need to lock the hospital down."

Westfal worries about someone coming into the country infected with smallpox and spending several days sitting in Grand Central exposing untold numbers of people: the bioterrorism equivalent of a suicide bomber. "If there's actually an incident," he says, "I really think you can forget all this talk about keeping hospitals open and letting people come and go. In truth, I think it's gonna be a bit of a pseudo-military state."

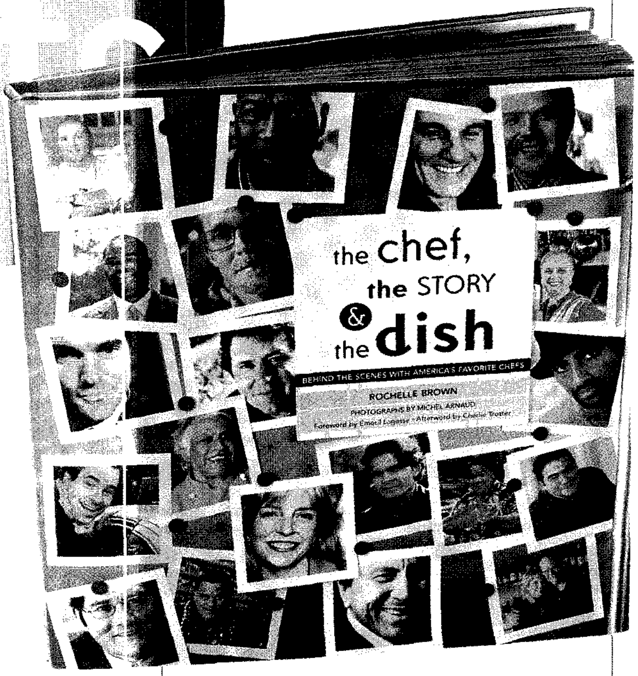
Goldschmitt's nightmare is even worse. He worries about the Ebola virus or one of the other hemorrhagic fevers. Their mortality rate is about 90 percent, more than twice that of smallpox; they're highly contagious; and there is no known treatment. "The best hope if this happens is quarantine," he says. "And the really distasteful thing is, we'll even have to quarantine people who are only suspected of having been exposed."

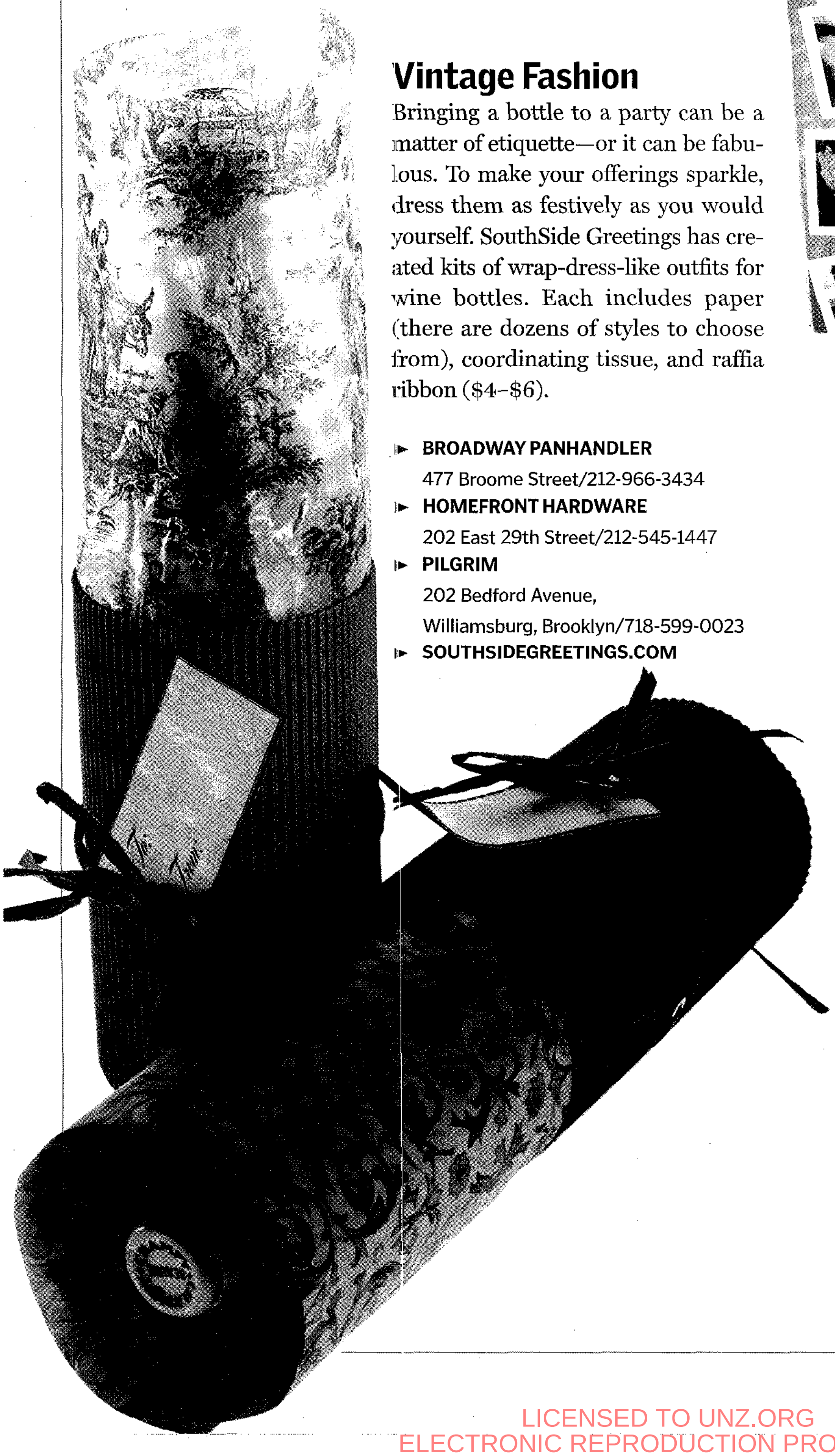
Though all of the ER doctors can conjure unimaginably horrible scenarios ("If you really want to hurt a lot of people," Kohl says, "release mustard gas in the subways"), cognitive dissonance seems to be an attribute of the breed. Despite the chilling stories, they are all more or less sanguine about the future. They know how much preparation has been done, and they have hard-core, almost jocklike confidence in their own abilities.

"I actually feel pretty good right now," Kohl says as he shows me a $10,000 chemical-weapons detector the hospital recently purchased. "We've put a huge amount of work into this. In an overwhelming situation, are we going to do everything great? No. But the key is that everyone get good care. And that I'm sure we can do." ■

Best Bets

RIMA SUQI


the chef, the STORY & the dish
BEHIND THE SCENES WITH AMERICA'S FAVORITE CHEFS
ROCHELLE BROWN



Vintage Fashion

Bringing a bottle to a party can be a matter of etiquette—or it can be fabulous. To make your offerings sparkle, dress them as festively as you would yourself. SouthSide Greetings has created kits of wrap-dress-like outfits for wine bottles. Each includes paper (there are dozens of styles to choose from), coordinating tissue, and raffia ribbon ($4–$6).

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Chef Special

In her new book, *The Chef, the Story & the Dish: Behind the Scenes With America's Favorite Chefs* ($24.95; Stewart, Tabori & Chang), spunky Food Network producer Rochelle Brown gives the scoop on some of the country's best chefs. Did you know that Daniel Boulud loves Krispy Kreme doughnuts? That tomato juice makes Rick Bayliss (Frontera Grill and Topolobampo) gag? That Marcus Samuelsson (Aquavit) was born in Ethiopia and adopted by a Swedish couple at the age of 3? All this plus 25 recipes and 30 photos make for a great read.

- **MANHATTAN FRUIT EXCHANGE**
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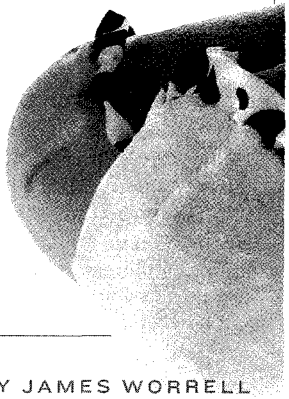

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES WORRELL

Get Stuck

The recent discovery of duct tape's dermatological benefits may seem a bit icky, but the sturdy silver stuff can also be made surprisingly chic—just check out this "barhopper" wallet. It's one of many duct-tape products (mostly wallets) from the aptly named Ducti company. All are handmade using a special kind of duct tape that won't lift, peel, or get sticky ($14.50–$16).

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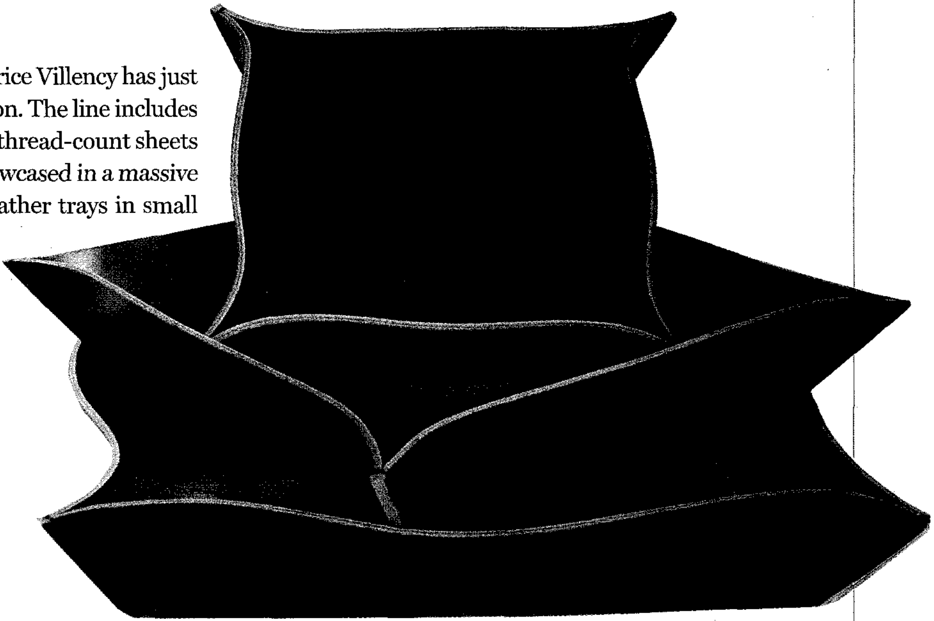
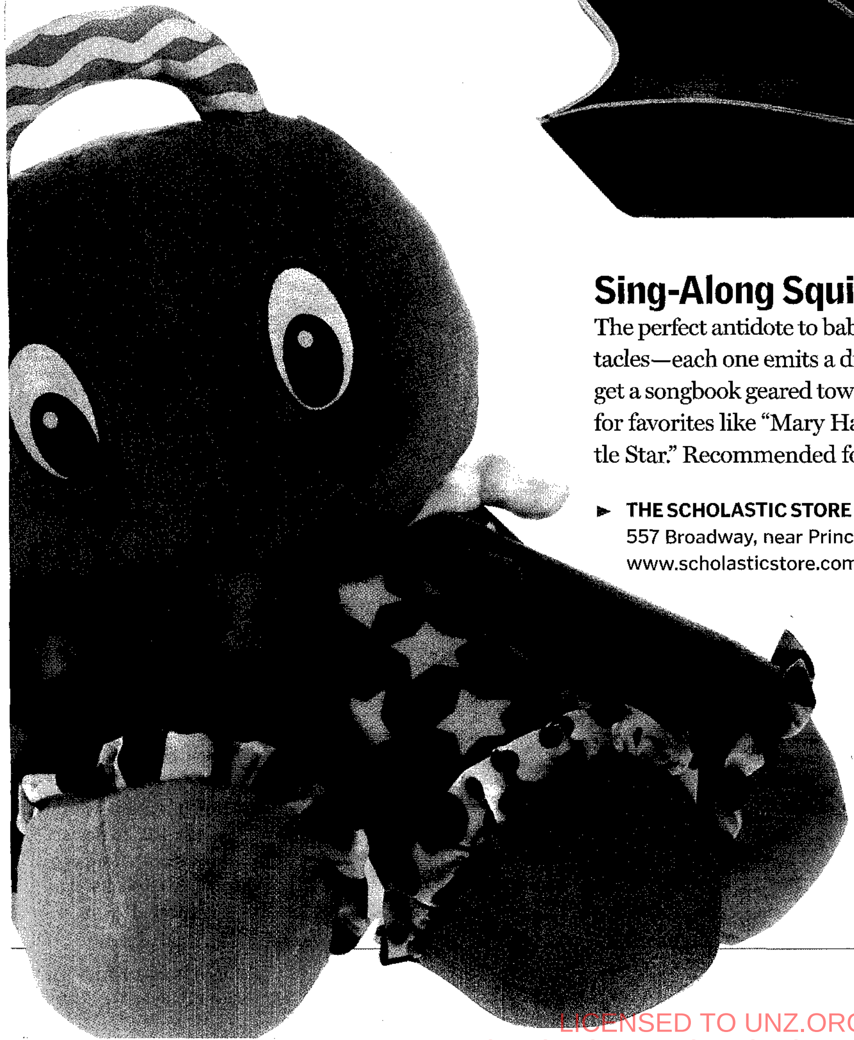
► **WWW.DUCTI.COM**

Nesting Instinct

After 70 years in the furniture business, Maurice Villency has just introduced its first home-accessories collection. The line includes everything from pillows, throws, and 1,000-thread-count sheets to tabletop items and beautiful *objets*, all showcased in a massive new showroom. Standouts include these leather trays in small ($35), medium ($45), and large ($55).

► **MAURICE VILLENCY**
200 East 57th Street/212-725-4840





Sing-Along Squid

The perfect antidote to baby boredom, this cute octopus has musical tentacles—each one emits a different note when you squeeze it. With it, you get a songbook geared toward preliterate players, with color-coded notes for favorites like "Mary Had a Little Lamb" and "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star." Recommended for kids up to age 2 ($24.99).

► **THE SCHOLASTIC STORE**
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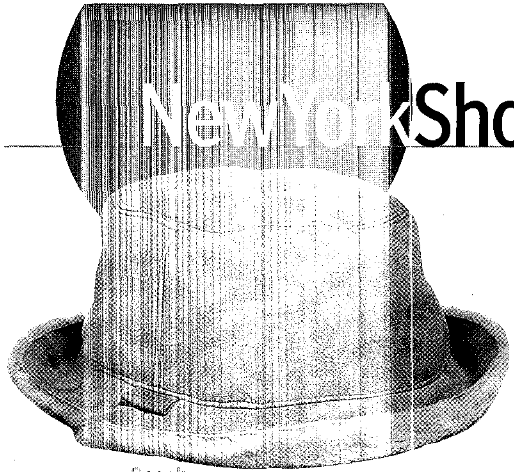
New York
SHOPS

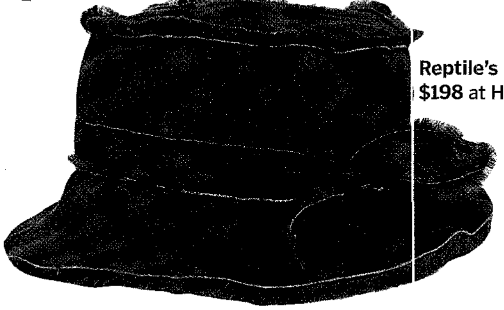
Check out the fall 2002 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a six-month roundup of "Best Bets." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

NewYorkShops

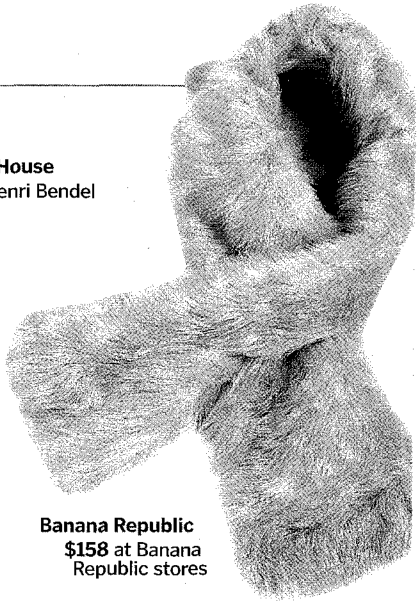
SHYAMA PATEL



Coach
$188 at Coach stores



Reptile's House
$198 at Henri Bendel

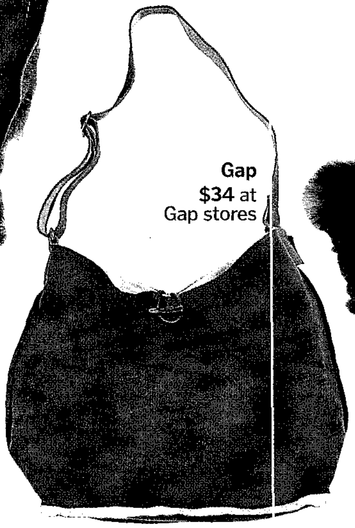


Banana Republic
$158 at Banana Republic stores

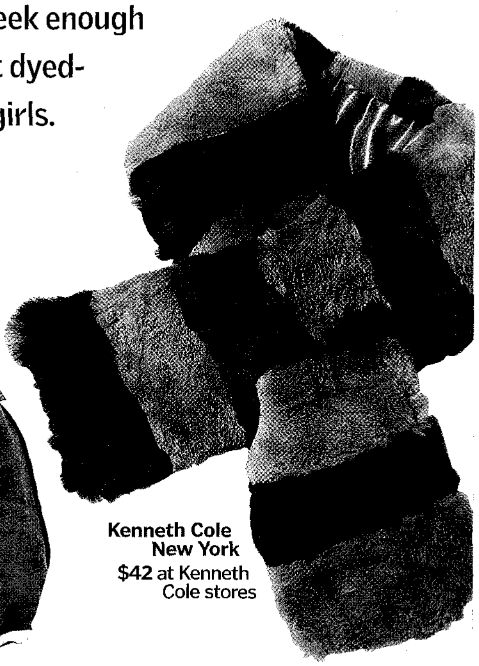
Shear Bliss

This season's hot shearling accessories are sleek enough to tempt even the most dyed-in-the-wool cowgirls.

Kelle Pollock
$335 at Fragments, NYC (107 Greene St.; 888-6-FRAGMENTS)



Gap
$34 at Gap stores



Kenneth Cole New York
$42 at Kenneth Cole stores

Fashion Editor: Monica Schweiger

October 30–November 5

Sales & Bargains

MaxMara's stylish eveningwear, sportswear, and suits are $75 to $1,500 (usually $220 to $3,500). 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St., second fl. (718-747-1656); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/4–11/6 (9–6:30); 11/7 (9–5).

Aeffe USA, showroom for Moschino, Jean Paul Gaultier, Alberta Ferretti, and Narciso Rodriguez, is clearing samples at 60 percent off; a Philosophy skirt is $120. 30 W. 56th St. (212-632-9300); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/5–11/7 (10–6).

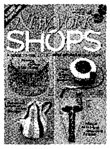
Andrew Marc's classic leather, suede, and shearling are up to half off. Hotel Pennsylvania, 401 Seventh Ave., at 33rd St. (888-424-MARC); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/3–11/9 (Mon.-Fri. 8–7; Sat. and Sun. 10–6).

Vakko is offering up to 60 percent off all its sleek basics; pants are $99 to $200. 261 W. 36th St., second fl. (212-947-8748); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/4, 11/6, 11/8 (10–6); 11/5 and 11/7 (10–7).

Carlos Falchi and several other designers are slashing prices on all their trendy clothing and accessories ($30 to $2,500). 20 W. 57th St., sixth fl. (877-579-0222); A.E., M.C., V.; 10/30–11/1 (9:30–6:30); 11/2 (10–4).

Property's seriously hip contemporary European furniture and accessories are 30 to 60 percent off at the store's clearance sale. 26–28 Wooster St. (917-237-0123); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/1–11/10 (Mon.–Fri. 10–6; Sat. and Sun. noon–6).

Henri Bendel's classic cashmere sweaters are on sale for $99 to $139. 712 Fifth Ave., near 56th St. (212-247-1100); A.E., M.C., V.; 11/3–12/1 (Mon.-Sat. 10–7; Thurs. 10–8; Sun. noon–6). ■



Check out the fall 2002 issue of **New York Shops**, our guide to the city's best stores, including a year's worth of "Sales & Bargains." On sale at newsstands now. To order a copy, call 800-496-7833 ($4.99 plus $2 shipping and handling).

With Aja Mangum

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AIMÉE HERRING.

A WEEKLY GUIDE TO CULTURE AND UPCOMING EVENTS • Edited by Christopher Bonanos

MOVIES

The Weight of Water

If we ignore the blatant Oscar bid of *Sam I Am,* Sean Penn continues to justify that best-actor-of-his-generation label. In this film, he's a poet whose journalist wife (Catherine McCormack) is caught up in solving a 100-year-old crime as their marriage splinters. Elizabeth Hurley and Josh Lucas co-star. **(Opens November 1; see listing, page 48.)**

THEATER

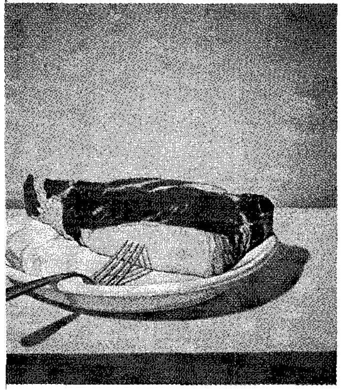
Ghosts

Lanford Wilson's busy year continues, as Amy Irving stars in his new translation of the Ibsen drama produced by Classic Stage Company. **(See interview, page 58.)**

ART

The Affordable Art Fair

The art world isn't all about pedigree—especially for those who can't bring home a Renoir on a whim. At this show of under-$5,000 works, your choices can be made for love, not money. ***(October 31 through November 3; see page 63.)***



SMALL-STAKES STEAK: *Meat,* by Tom Gregg (2001), at the Affordable Art Fair.

MODEL PERFORMANCE: Liz Hurley and Josh Lucas in *The Weight of Water.*

NIGHTLIFE

The CMJ Festival

Back for the twenty-second year, *College Music Journal's* festival has become the premier showcase for independent bands. A thousand performances at 50 venues, plus panels, films, and much more. **(October 30 through November 2; for our editors' picks, see page 72.)**

BOOKS

The Skeptic: A Life of H. L. Mencken

Mencken was the original political pundit—and he'd doubtless be able to dismiss today's Sunday-morning bozos with one wicked epithet. Terry Teachout evokes the fierce Baltimore newspaperman who infuriated presidents and mocked everyone else. **(HarperCollins; $29.95; in bookstores November 5.)**

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Woyzeck

No, Tom Waits doesn't croak out the Berg opera. But his compositions (with Kathleen Brennan) are the backbone of BAM's new version of the original play, directed by Robert Wilson. **(See listings for performances, page 71, and for a Q&A with Robert Wilson, page 74.)**

Best of the Week

RESTAURANTS

Halloween at the Gowanus Yacht Club

Before Alan Harding's Carroll Gardens franks-and-beers hangout closes for the winter, he'll be hosting a Halloween bash: apple-cider punch, food, bands. The cover's $5 if you show up in costume, $10 in civilian clothes, and gets you one free drink and a raffle ticket. Says Harding, "It'll go from 8 P.M. till the neighbors hunt us down and kill us." **(323 Smith Street; no phone.)**

TOP five

Halloween Movies

Drunken bridge-and-tunnel kids at the Halloween Parade aren't the only scary thing in town this weekend. Here, five cinematic frights, from classy to camp.

1. The Silence of the Lambs

The Landmark Sunshine shows Jonathan Demme's five-time Oscar winner—still the best in the Hannibal series—at midnight. **(139–143 East Houston Street; 212-358-0573.)**

2. The Fall of the House of Usher

The French surrealist Jean Epstein's adaptation of the Poe story plays in a double feature with Luis Buñuel's *Eating Sea Urchins,* a sure deterrent to candy-corn bingeing. **(Gramercy Theater, 127 East 23rd Street; 212-777-4900.)**

3. The Bad Seed

Mervyn LeRoy, who produced *The Wizard of Oz,* was also a prolific director, and his 1956 nightmare about a demonic first-grader influenced everything from *The Exorcist* to *The Sixth Sense.* **(Clearview's Chelsea, 260 West 23rd Street; 212-777-FILM#597.)**

4. Death Line

More frightening than any possible MTA fare hike is the cannibal (Hugh Armstrong) who haunts the London Underground in Gary Sherman's early-seventies gem. ***(Film Society of Lincoln Center, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza; 212-875-5600.)***

5. The Evil Dead 2

Back in Sam Raimi's pre-*Spider-Man* days, he made films like this Bruce Campbell gross-out classic, a yell-at-the-screen splatterfest that will benefit greatly from its midnight start. **(The Screening Room, 54 Varick Street; 212-334-2100.)** BEN KAPLAN

Is Halloween sneaking up on you?
Our guide to costume shops, spooky activities, the Village parade, and much more is all treats and no tricks. Visit NewYorkMetro.com/halloween.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, JOHN SHERLOCK; BOTTOM, COURTESY OF GEORGE BILLIS GALLERY.

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Sorry Charlie

In *The Truth About Charlie,* Jonathan Demme inexplicably tries to improve on the Audrey Hepburn classic *Charade;* the result is another charmless Hollywood thriller.

IF YOU'VE SEEN STANLEY DONEN'S *Charade,* starring Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, you probably won't like **The Truth About Charlie**, Jonathan Demme's free-form remake starring Mark Wahlberg and Thandie Newton. On the other hand, if you *haven't* seen *Charade*, you probably won't like the remake, either. It's the kind of movie usually described as a director's holiday. Demme was obviously trying to loosen up with this film after a string of heavy-going and, for the most part, classically structured movies like *The Silence of the Lambs, Philadelphia,* and *Beloved.* In theory, at least, it's a step in the right direction; I was beginning to think that the director of such innovative and marvelously alive movies as *Citizen's Band, Melvin and Howard, Stop Making Sense,* and *Something Wild* had undergone what James Agee once termed rigor artis. Demme began his career making exploitation schlock for Roger Corman—*Caged Heat* is his signature picture from that era—and he clearly still loves the reckless, on-the-fly freedom of those microbudget days; equally, he adores the French New Wave movies that transformed his generation of moviemakers. (He includes cameos from such icons as Anna Karina and Charles Aznavour.) Both of these loves are on display in *The Truth About Charlie,* but the ardor never escalates into anything we can truly share. The trouble with directors' holidays is that too often only the directors are enjoying the holiday.

CLOAK AND DAGGER: Mark Wahlberg and Thandie Newton star in *The Truth About Charlie,* a thriller set in Paris.

The main reason to sit through Demme's latest is for the way he shows off modern-day Paris in all its buzzing multi-ethnicity—a rarity in Hollywood movies—and for Thandie Newton, who has the Audrey Hepburn role and shares Hepburn's impossibly delicate, alert beauty. Newton's Regina Lampert is a wonderfully woozy creation; her sensuality makes her appear slightly blurred, as if even the camera were too intoxicated by her to focus. Regina's rich, philandering husband of three months, whom she was planning to divorce, has been murdered, and initially the police suspect her. She's just returned from a solo vacation in Martinique; by contrast, the Paris she reenters is perpetually overcast—another attempt by Demme to undercut City of Light clichés. Soon a swirl of crooks and confidants is bearing down on Regina in search of the millions her husband stole. Unnerved by the threats and attention, she's also rather pleased—it's nice to be wanted. Prominent in the swirl is Joshua Peters (Wahlberg), whom she met casually in Martinique and who now, playing her protector, seems understandably smitten. Tim Robbins also turns up as a covert American embassy official, though his dimples suggest something more sinister. None of their machinations and subterfuges are meant to carry much weight, or logic.

The Truth About Charlie
Directed by Jonathan Demme; starring Thandie Newton and Mark Wahlberg

Daughter From Danang
Directed by Gail Dolgin and Vicente Franco.
See Movies listings for more details.

Nor do they carry much charm. *Charade* didn't make a whole lot of sense either, but with Grant and Hepburn and Peter Stone's deluxe dialogue, it didn't much matter. I realize that Mark Wahlberg is not Cary Grant, but shouldn't there be some compensating reason for his presence in this movie? He's too vapid and callow. Demme has made Wahlberg into the anti–Cary Grant without giving him anything distinctively his own to play. When Regina says to Joshua, "You know what's wrong with you?" and answers herself by saying, "Nothing," the line falls flatter than a crêpe. That's the kind of compliment that should only be given to, well, Cary Grant.

IN BRIEF: *Daughter From Danang,* A DOCumentary by Gail Dolgin and Vicente Franco, is about the reunion in Vietnam 22 years later of an Amerasian daughter who was brought to America when she was 7 and her Vietnamese mother and extended family. This may sound like an *Oprah* episode, but the outcome is far from predictable and carries the force of a tragedy in which everyone, and no one, is to blame. ■

Before you head for the theater, find out what **Peter Rainer** recommends at newyorkmetro.com/movies/rainer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5.

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Twyla Zone

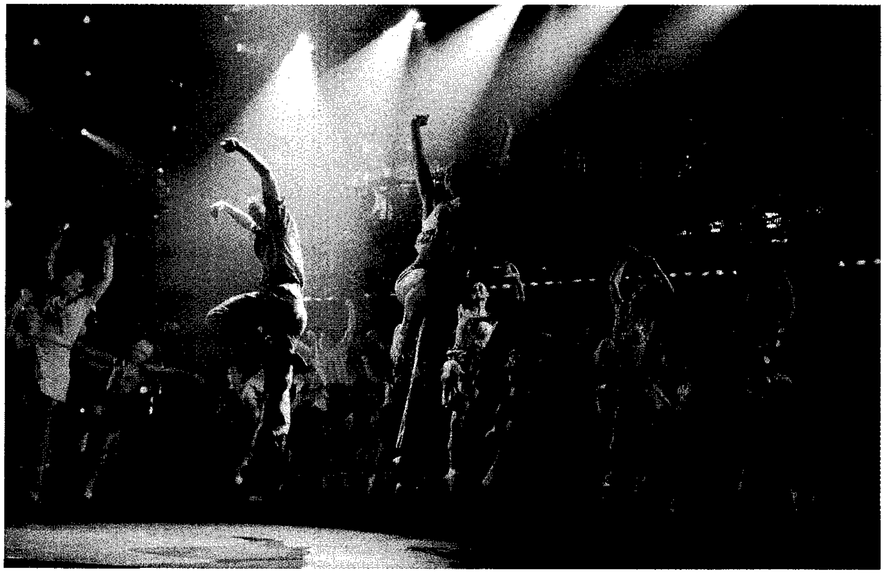
Movin' Out is such a muddle that it never makes the case for either Twyla Tharp or the Piano Man on Broadway. *Amour*'s charms are limited; Al Pacino's histrionics in *Arturo Ui* aren't.

TWYLA THARP'S SECOND TRY AT a Broadway musical is worse than her first, *Singin' in the Rain*, in 1985. It would, of course, help if **Movin' Out** were set to music rather than to Billy Joel, but we are used to street noise and can tune out this tuneless stuff without too much effort. As for the words, they largely get lost on their own, and can be dismissed as dialogue snippets overheard on the subway. That leaves the dancing, which, if we are to believe the program, tells a story, something Tharp apparently cannot do. When, afterward, I read in the synopsis something about Long Islanders during the Vietnam era, this came as news to me. If you had told me it was about Carnaby Street during the Mod heyday, I would have believed it just as much.

In Act One, the choreography is very tired indeed, rehashing not only Tharp's clichés but also some other people's. Still, resist the urge to flee, because Act Two is better, at moments even quite good: Finally, there is some invention here, though more for the men than for the women, whose chief function is to be tossed about. The dancers are on target: The fetching Elizabeth Parkinson is wonderfully various, Ashley Tuttle a dream on pointe, and John Selya simply overwhelming; only Keith Roberts rather annoys.

Working on a shoestring, Santo Loquasto (set) and Suzy Benzinger (costumes) did not knock themselves out. Donald Holder tried harder on the lighting, to no avail. If you have foreign visitors who speak no English, this is the show for them.

YOUR REACTION TO THE MUSICAL **Amour**, a French import, will depend largely on your feelings about Michel Legrand and terminal cutes. To my mind, Legrand has always been a serviceable hack whose through-composed movie musicals struck me as excruciating (and worse, as when, like *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*, they were staged). *Amour* is Legrand through and through.



GOTTA DANCE: *Movin' Out* sets 29 Billy Joel songs to a Vietnam-era tale told through Tharp's choreography.

Movin' Out
Musical drawn from the Billy Joel songbook; staged by Twyla Tharp.

Amour
Adaptation by Jeremy Sams of the French show with music by Michel Legrand; staged by James Lapine and starring Malcolm Gets and Melissa Errico.

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui
Revival of the Bertolt Brecht play, starring Al Pacino.
See Theater listings for details.

Since it is a sung-through opera bouffe, the musical numbers have no individual titles, but the bouncy one about taking a plunge is pleasant enough, and a bedroom duet for the lovers, Dusoleil and Isabelle, is an ingratiating waltz. The rest, even while the scenery keeps rising from the floor or descending from the flies, remains unremittingly flat. The English lyrics, by Jeremy Sams, are clever and often saucy, as in a whore's "Better a blow job / Than no job at all," or in the heroine's reading in a fan magazine about "other people's sin: / Why does David Niven live with Errol Flynn?" They do strain, though, as when someone photographed with Himmler "should be sent to the guillotine or something sim'lar," and when Montmartre hopes to rhyme with coup de théâtre.

The book, as developed from Marcel Aymé's 1943 novella *Le Passe-muraille* by the currently acclaimed novelist Didier van Cauwalaert, and as Englished by Sams, moves along chipperly. It is the story of the nerdy clerk Dusoleil who discovers that he can walk through walls and puts this to various romantic and practical uses, whether he is pursuing the young, unhappily married Isabelle, or simply escaping from jail. This conceit had particular relevance for the French during the Occupation, but set in 1946 and seen today, it doesn't resonate. The technical aspects of wall-traversing are ably handled by Scott Pask's scenery and Jules Fisher and Peggy Eisenhauer's lighting; Donna Granata gets added laughs with her costumes.

Malcolm Gets, hair moussed into a finger-in-the-socket spike, is a wonderfully dorky Dusoleil, whether losing his door key or screwing up his courage to the stalking point. As Isabelle, Melissa Errico shuttles deliciously between the demurely woebegone and the joyously sexy. There is good support from the small ensemble, which,

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through versatile doubling, manage to convey le tout Paris. James Lapine has directed mischievously, and Jane Comfort has provided amiably goofy dances. I just wish I had had as much fun as the cast.

ONE OF BERTOLT BRECHT'S BEST POEMS RUNS: "I sit on the road's edge. / The driver is changing the wheel. / I don't like where I come from. / I don't like where I'm going. / Why do I watch the wheel change / With impatience?" The National Actors Theatre production of Brecht's 1941 **The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui** features placards in the lobby with quotations, among them this poem, wrongly translated: "Why, with importance [*sic*] do I wait . . . " This kills the meaning: restlessness and malaise.

So the play is not only a warning about Hitler and the Nazis that translates them into Al Capone and American gangsterdom, but is also about Brecht's impatience with a world where everyone is stupid or evil or both. Arturo's rise is *ir*resistible (Brecht dropped "resistible" from the final version), because no real force for good exists.

What works about the NAT production is that it can afford a large cast, that it has some big-name actors in it, and that it moves, unencumbered by scenery, with a speed that conveys both chaos and inevitability. But the director, Simon McBurney, of the overrated Théâtre de Complicité, overtaxes his staging otherwise. There are nonstop rear projections by way of décor, sometimes apt, sometimes overdone and confusing, and detracting with their redundancy from the narrative line.

Exaggeration thrives in other ways too. We get the Valentine's Day Massacre not once but in triplicate. Dullfeet (Dollfuss), meant to be boyishly small, is turned into a ludicrous dwarf, laughable rather than ineffectual. Some excessive amplification obscures the text. Costumes overdo the outlandishness. Worst, Al Pacino is not content to make Ui into a nasty little man who transforms himself into a monstrous big man. His Ui is part animal (a man-size, creepy-crawly bug), part grandiose horror-movie protagonist (Lon Chaney Sr. and Jr. rolled into one), and rather too much of a bad thing. Many of the supporting players do handsomely; I must mention at least Billy Crudup, William Sadler, and Steve Buscemi.

You may watch this production, as Brecht did that wheel change, with impatience, but even though this is one of his poorest plays, further impaired by George Tabori's heavy-handed translation, it is still a showcase for histrionic talent. ■

John Simon's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/simon.

NEW YORK Happenings

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NY SHOPS

On Tuesday, October 18, NEW YORK Magazine, NEWYORKMETRO.com and MetroTV gathered more than 35 boutiques and unique retailers under one roof for a one-stop amazing night of shopping, music, prizes and fun. Shoppers sipped refreshing Vitamin Water and delicious cocktails by Frangelico and Lillet. Presenting sponsor Women & Co. was on hand to offer financial advice while official sponsor Atzen Clinical Spa provided on-site relaxation treatments.

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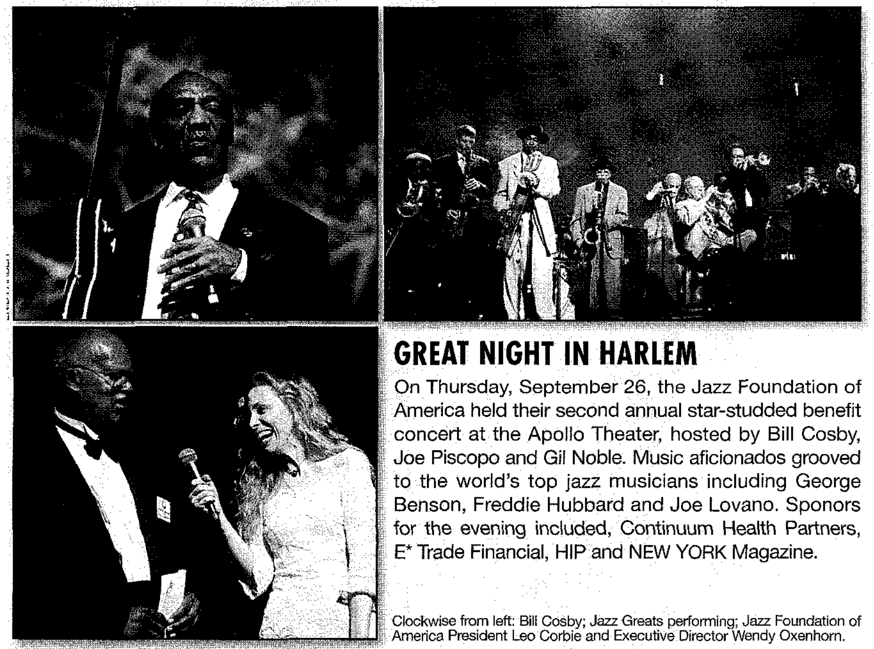
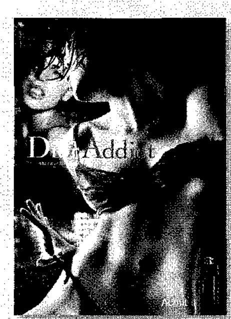


GREAT NIGHT IN HARLEM

On Thursday, September 26, the Jazz Foundation of America held their second annual star-studded benefit concert at the Apollo Theater, hosted by Bill Cosby, Joe Piscopo and Gil Noble. Music aficionados grooved to the world's top jazz musicians including George Benson, Freddie Hubbard and Joe Lovano. Sponsors for the evening included, Continuum Health Partners, E* Trade Financial, HIP and NEW YORK Magazine.

Clockwise from left: Bill Cosby; Jazz Greats performing; Jazz Foundation of America President Leo Corbie and Executive Director Wendy Oxenhorn.



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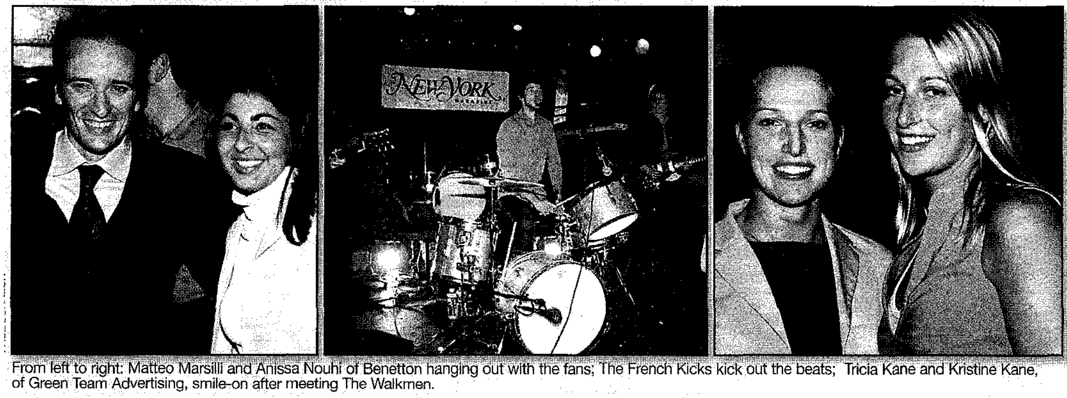


From left to right: Matteo Marsilli and Anissa Nouhi of Benetton hanging out with the fans; The French Kicks kick out the beats; Tricia Kane and Kristine Kane, of Green Team Advertising, smile-on after meeting The Walkmen.

MUSIC ISSUE PARTY

NEW YORK Magazine turned up the amps and brought the annual "Music Issue" to life for more than 400 devoted fans on Wednesday, September 25 at Don Hill's. The pumped-up crowed rock-'n-rolled to the red-hot sounds of some of the coolest NYC-based bands around, including The Walkmen, The French Kicks, members of the Moldy Peaches and DJ Junior Sanchez. Everyone went home with ringing ears and grins!

BOOKS JOHN HOMANS

Money Talks

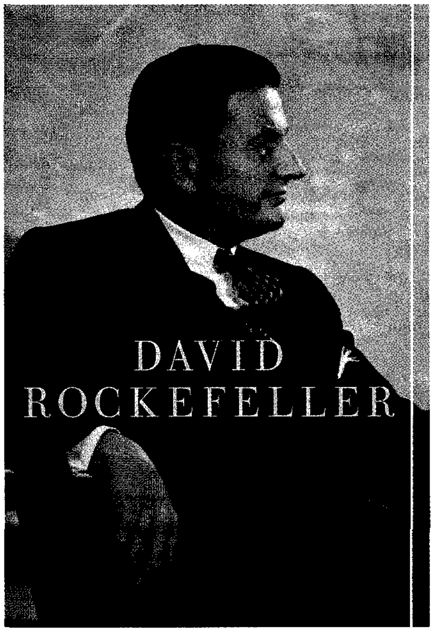
Managing a great fortune is a moral challenge. And David Rockefeller—whatever you think of his accomplishments—rose to it.

THE ROCKEFELLER FAMILY seems to possess a gene for a highly developed moral imagination—which is not the same thing, obviously, as being exceptionally moral. John D. Rockefeller's Protestant virtue only amplified his rapaciousness. But when the bare-knuckled Hyde of the oil fields decided to become Dr. Jekyll, he repurposed his principles, became a philanthropist, and hired a PR man to publicize his good works. His son, John D. Rockefeller Jr., quaked beneath the weight of the matchless American fortune with which he was entrusted, as if only the most humorless sense of duty could manage it. He had a breakdown in his early thirties, after which he devoted himself entirely to philanthropy. While not every member of the next generation shared this affliction, the only one who seemed entirely comfortable with the name and its burdens is David—his grandfather's favorite, as he says early in his *Memoirs*.

David Rockefeller's occasional obliviousness to the elephant in the room—in fact, he rode in on the elephant—was undoubtedly an essential defense mechanism, but it also provides some inadvertent comedy. From his stint as an intelligence officer in World War II onward, David Everyman keeps meeting the most interesting people! He's Zelig, in a private plane.

The struggle to live within his means is played out on an Olympian scale. He titles a section "Making Ends Meet," and writes that "Peggy found a house on East 65th Street that fit our needs perfectly," as if it were a little cabin in the woods. Impeccable taste arrives along with some guests for tea when Mrs. Alfred Barr criticizes the old masters they've hung and Alfred Barr himself—David's mother plucked him from a Wellesley College professorship when she helped found the Museum of Modern Art—steps in. Soon, David and Peggy are in possession of a spectacular Renoir.

Memoirs
By David Rockefeller.
Random House;
517 pages; $35.



DAVID GOLIATH: Sheer size made him a target.

As chairman of Chase Manhattan Bank, he virtually invented the idea of international businessman as rock star—he blazed the trail for Bono—and launched a thousand study groups. He refutes the charge that he was trying to create world government—*black helicopters, Li'l Ole David?*—though given our current travails, one has to think: Maybe that's what he should have been trying to do. In the name of "constructive engagement," his compulsive road-tripping brought him into contact with a murderer's row of dictators (the Shah, Castro, even Saddam Hussein). And when he enumerates the problems that almost cost him the Chase chairmanship in 1974, one wonders whether his travel was as much a vanity as, say, Nelson's presidential ambitions.

The Rockefellers' moral gene produced its most unusual flowers in the sixties, as the younger generation searched for ways of renewing the Rockefeller commitment to public service that made sense in the new culture. Abby, his second-eldest, was the poster child for these generational ills. Briefly a Fidel Castro disciple and a member of the Socialist Workers Party, she then became a radical feminist, swearing off dresses and preaching sexual segregation, before settling down to start a company to manufacture a Swedish composting toilet known as the *clivus multrum*—a highly interesting way of laundering the family fortune.

On the first page of this memoir, describing a family photograph, David notes that Nelson "had managed to situate himself at the exact center of the picture" while he himself lurks off at the side. It's a potent image for David, who politely picks at Nelson throughout the book. Nelson achieves his fullest dramatic stature when, having been kicked off the presidential ticket by Gerald Ford, he brings his vast, thwarted ambition back to Rockefeller Center's Room 5600 and attempts to assert his will on this smaller stage. His last days might make a great movie, if Coppola or Scorsese did Protestants—though of course there are reasons why they don't. (Ever the gentleman, David can't bring himself to mention openly Nelson's flagrante delicto demise, though he suggests—ever the optimist—that the world has largely forgotten this indiscretion.)

The idea of stewardship, and David Rockefeller's competent modesty, can bring to mind the butler in Kazuo Ishiguro's novel *The Remains of the Day*. There are, of course, many who've accused him of being manservant to a wrongheaded and malevolent historical force. (Some of those destroyed a couple of towers he and brother Nelson built.) But David Rockefeller's great gift, everywhere visible in this earnest memoir, was that with all that power and money, he could ask himself whether he was doing right in the world (and you have to give him credit for asking it and taking it seriously—even if you think he may be more than a tad self-justifying), put his head on the pillow, and drift off to an untroubled sleep. ■

More book reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/books.

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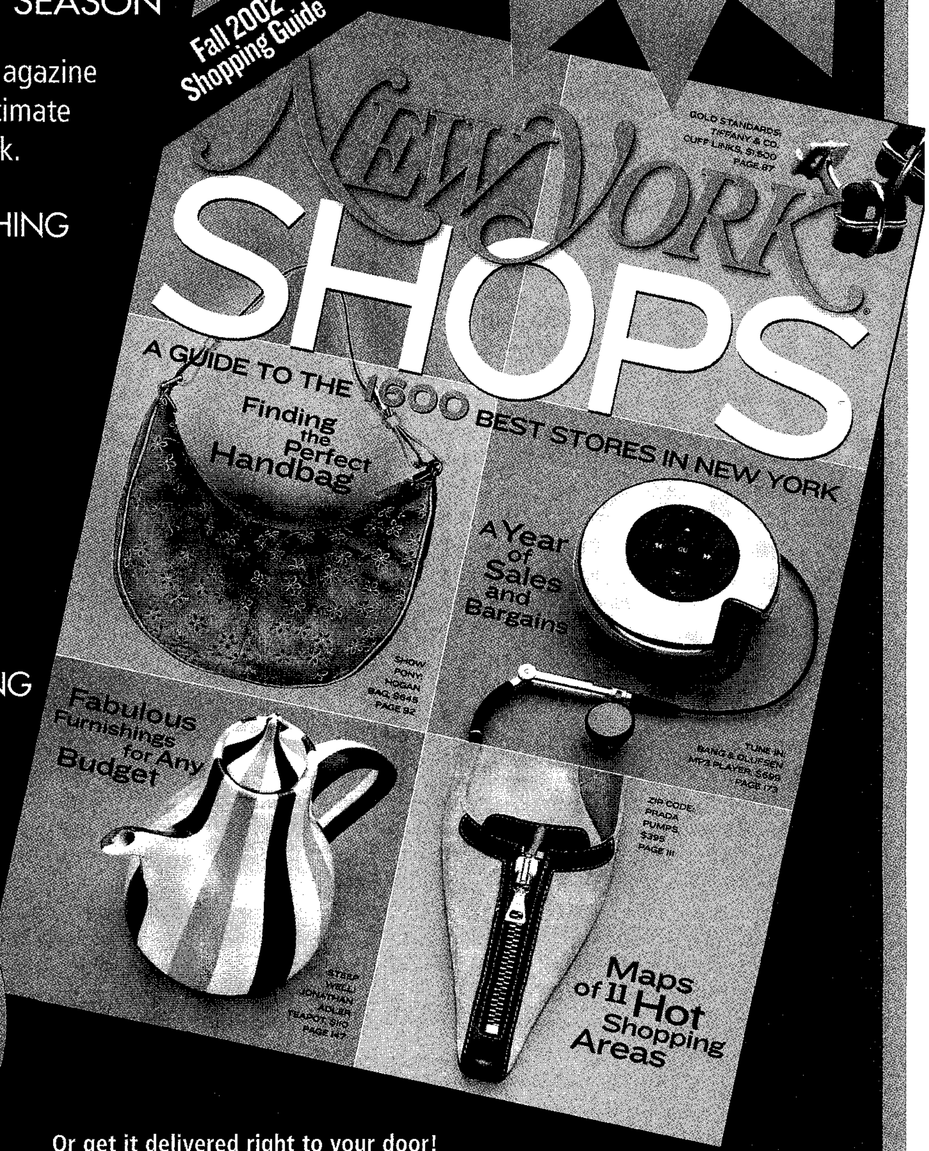
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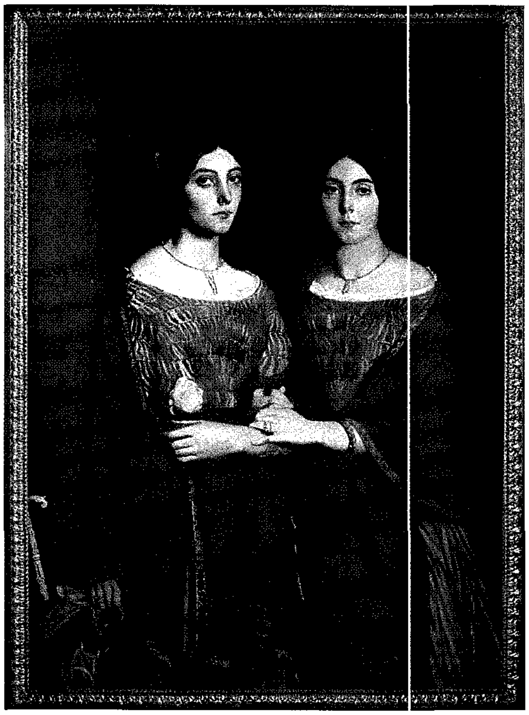
ART **MARK STEVENS**

The In-Betweenies

Two retrospectives argue that the painters Chassériau and Gottlieb—often forgotten because neither fits neatly into any single movement—are worth a second look.

'THERE HAVE BEEN MANY artists greater than Chassériau," acknowledge the curators of **Théodore Chassériau: The Unknown Romantic** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "but few who have produced a body of such consistently beautiful work." Their distinction is an important one. Many painters who never develop a markedly original style still make significant pictures. And too often, modern scholars—intent upon the milestones of art history—treat these secondary artists with condescension. Poor Chassériau (1819–56) not only died at 37, before he could complete a full lifetime of work, but also was deeply influenced by both the "classical" Ingres and the "romantic" Delacroix. As a result, critics have traditionally faulted him for failing to resolve or transcend the different approaches to art represented by those two painters. To which the current show responds with an elegant Gallic shrug, as if to say, *Why not enjoy?*



I'LL BE YOUR MIRROR: Chassériau's *Two Sisters* (1843), at the Met.

Extraordinarily precocious, Chassériau became a student of Ingres's at the age of 12 and painted several great portraits while still in his early twenties. In *The Two Sisters,* he presents his sisters as near-twins, each of whom nonetheless retains her own particularity. Their closeness conveys a subtle but profound intimacy, as if each found her reflection in the mirror of the other's soul. Having made Ingres's sinuous, elongated line his own, Chassériau went on to create many remarkable portraits and drawings largely in his master's style. As a young man on the make, moreover, he vigorously competed for commissions—including religious ones—and took up the fashionable romantic enthusiasms of the day. He charged his forms with the heated color of Delacroix, turned his eye toward exotic scenes from the Orient, and painted a number of lush nudes. (As an adolescent, Philippe de Montebello, the director of the Met, slept with a reproduction of *The Toilette of Esther* under his pillow. The consequences are a source of ongoing speculation.) The artist's most penetrating work remained in portraiture, however, where he brought warmth and a respect for human variety to Ingres's sometimes chilly classicism. Americans should take a special interest in Chassériau's painting of Alexis de Tocqueville (1805–59), the author of *Democracy in America.* Chassériau depicted Tocqueville as a betwixt-and-between man—at once aristocratic and democratic, introspective and observant, serious and wry. A man of exacting tensions, like America itself, like Chassériau himself.

Théodore Chassériau: The Unknown Romantic
At the Metropolitan Museum of Art;
through 1/5/03.

Adolph Gottlieb
At the Jewish Museum;
through 3/2/03.
See Art listings for details.

ANOTHER SECONDARY ARTIST OFTEN treated with unfair condescension is **Adolph Gottlieb** (1903–74), the Abstract Expressionist who is now the subject of a small retrospective at the Jewish Museum. Like Chassériau, Gottlieb moved between two powerful spheres of influence, in his case geometric abstraction, which is sometimes regarded as a form of classicism, and biomorphic surrealism, which is sometimes viewed as a late efflorescence of romanticism. And like Chassériau, Gottlieb dreamed of a sublime art that could reach the deepest springs of human feeling. Gottlieb's version of the exotic sublime was the Jungian landscape of the unconscious. In the forties, he began to make "pictographs," paintings based upon a compartmentalized grid that contained loosely evocative forms and symbols.

"I'm involved primarily in polarities," Gottlieb said. "The happy and the sad, the good and the evil, the sick and the well, pleasure and pain." Throughout the fifties and sixties, he explored various ways of bringing such polarities together. One series was named "Unstill Lifes," another "Imaginary Landscapes." His best-known group, however, was the "Burst" paintings. Here, he would float a luminous orb of color above more turbulent forms or, sometimes, a series of geometric shapes. In one of his strongest works, *Icon,* a reddish sun glows above three vertical lines of orange, black, and yellow. The picture seems to embrace differences, promising an answer just beyond the edge of conventional meaning. Gottlieb would have agreed with Whitman's famous declaration "Do I contradict myself? / Very well then I contradict myself, / (I am large, I contain multitudes)." ■

Mark Stevens's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/stevens.

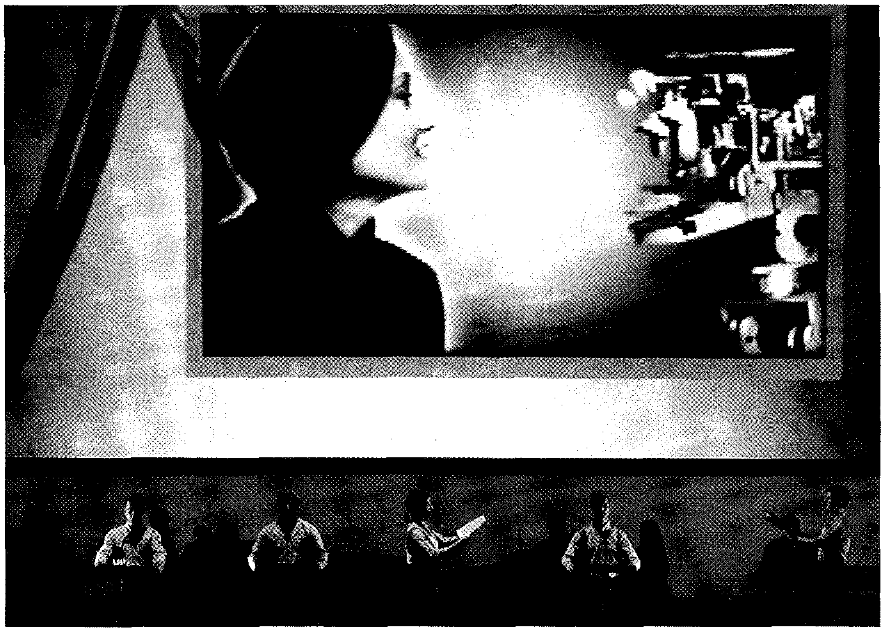
PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART.

PETER G. DAVIS

Technical Difficulties

Video-opera *Three Tales* warns of the perils of technology—but might do well to heed its own lesson; András Schiff would make Bach proud; a young Russian tenor flunks Bizet.

STEVE REICH AND HIS WIFE, video artist Beryl Korot, have finally completed their latest documentary video opera, **Three Tales**, now on a world tour that recently included a stop at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Ever the musical moralist, Reich has looked back on a trio of cautionary historical events that he and Korot believe are emblematic of how powerfully technology can affect and possibly imperil civilization. First there is the *Hindenburg* disaster in 1937, an instance of a spectacularly failed technology. Part two deals with the Bikini Atoll atom-bomb tests, which proved our ability to destroy the entire planet. And the finale introduces us to Dolly, the famous sheep of 1997, and the hot-button issue of cloning that continues to raise troubling moral questions.



DOLLY, IS THAT REALLY EWE? Steve Reich and Beryl Korot's *Three Tales*, seen here at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, uses gadgetry to take on technology, from the atom bomb to cloned sheep.

A great composer can hear music in anything, I suppose, and when interviewed about *Three Tales*, Reich repeatedly insists that here he followed the old Italian operatic dictum of *prima la musica*—musical concerns would come first, more so than in his earlier documentary music dramas, which were largely driven by words and speech patterns. Unless I'm mistaken, the *Hindenburg* sequence has been trimmed and revised since it was shown at BAM in 1998, and now the musical element definitely seems more prominent. The techniques that blend live vocals and instrumentals with electronic sound remain much the same—the rhythmic phasing, sonic loops, repetitive embellishments—but the effect is less scrappy and more smoothly integrated. Ironically, the latest advances in sophisticated computer technology have surely helped make the improvements possible.

That said, the overall effect of *Three Tales* is still pretty tepid. Reich's compositional techniques may be more virtuosic than ever, but his basic musical materials are not especially interesting or dramatically arresting. Even Korot's video is too abrupt and elliptical to register vividly, despite some clever strokes—the final sight of the Bikini Atoll quietly frying in a sickly yellow wash says infinitely more than the usual mushroom cloud. I also wonder how the scientists and geneticists in the Dolly sequence feel about having their comments wrenched out of context and so shamelessly manipulated, not to mention seeing themselves so unflatteringly photographed. The Reichs have created a serious piece of work, but predictions that such plodding video documentaries give us a glimpse of what opera will be like as the twenty-first century progresses seem increasingly far-fetched.

Three Tales
An opera by Steve Reich and Beryl Korot at BAM

Bach Concertos
András Schiff and Orpheus at Avery Fisher Hall.

Les Pêcheurs de Perles
By Bizet; Opera Orchestra of New York, conducted by Eve Queler at Carnegie Hall.

FOR MUSICIANS ABLE TO GRASP the structural logic and musical intelligence that animate the notes, Bach's music works nicely in just about any instrumental context, from kazoo band to the most rigorously authentic reconstruction. Perhaps the composer could never have imagined his keyboard concertos performed on a sleek Steinway grand piano backed by a contemporary chamber orchestra, but he would surely have given his blessing to **András Schiff** and the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra's performances of Concertos Nos. 1 and 3 in Avery Fisher Hall, the opening concert of Lincoln Center's Great Performers series. Setting the tone at the piano, Schiff gave us a Bach who is supremely civilized and quietly challenging, with an uncanny ability to bring a sense of order and comfort to a troubled world.

Schiff was already a fully formed Bach interpreter when he played an ambitious series of concerts devoted to the composer during the Bach tercentennial seventeen years ago. Now as then, the sheer beauty and clarity of his piano tone is what first strikes the ear, a deep-centered, warmly

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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rounded solidity that never permits the slightest suggestion of a forced or unmusical sound. Schiff draws on all the resources of a modern grand, making his points with a wide range of coloristic, rhythmic, and articulative gestures that always establish the equilibrium that makes Bach's world turn so flawlessly. Orpheus framed these deeply satisfying performances with Mozart's Impresario Overture and Beethoven's First Symphony. Some may have missed a strong leader's point of view in these conductorless interpretations, but in the face of such trim and invigorating playing I'm not inclined to complain.

EVE QUELER'S **Opera Orchestra of New York** serves two useful purposes: performing unusual works that our two big companies are unlikely to mount and giving us an opportunity to assess promising singers long before the Met gets around to hiring them. It was OONY functioning in the latter capacity that made the recent concert performance in Carnegie Hall of Bizet's *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* of interest. Most of the attention centered on Daniil Shtoda, a Russian tenor still in his mid-twenties who has lately stirred up much excited chatter in the British musical press. The curious were especially eager to hear him sing the role of Nadir, an ideal part for any young lyric tenor with the tonal sweetness and technical facility to spin out the opera's many seductive hit tunes.

Shtoda's attractively textured voice certainly possesses all the basic qualities for Bizet's romantic young fisherman, and in time he may well get it all together. Right now, though, his singing lacks both technical polish and musical refinement—this was frankly not much more than a decent student effort not yet ready for prime-time exposure. Shtoda should stick to his studies and listen to a few recordings to get a better idea of how this music should be sung—he could find no better role models than Leonid Sobinov, Dmitri Smirnov, and Sergei Lemeshev, three of his distinguished predecessors back in the days when *The Pearl Fishers* was wildly popular in Russia. Also making New York debuts were Darina Takova, a Bulgarian soprano who chirped out Leïla's music with faceless efficiency, and Jean-Luc Chaignaud, a rather throttled French baritone as Zurga, all under Mme. Queler's enthusiastic if somewhat stodgy musical direction. Not, on the whole, one of OONY's more impressive evenings. ■

Peter G. Davis's reviews can be read at nymetro.com/archive/davis.

IN BRIEF

Television | John Leonard

- **Galileo's Battle for the Heavens** (OCTOBER 29; 8 TO 10 P.M.; Channel 13), adapted from Dava Sobel's enthralling book *Galileo's Daughter*, stars Simon Callow as the sixteenth-century astronomer whose difficulties with the Roman Catholic Church were complicated by the fact that his illegitimate daughter happened to be a cloistered nun.

- **24** (OCTOBER 29; 9 TO 10 P.M.; FOX) BEGINS its second frenetic season with a bereft Jack Bauer (Kiefer Sutherland) summoned back to service by new president Dennis Haysbert. Never mind that his daughter's in more big trouble; Islamofascists are about to level L.A. with a nuclear device. Note, besides all the blondes, a glorious absence of commercials.

- **Woodie's World** (OCTOBER 31; 7 TO 7:30 P.M.; ESPN Classic) repackages Heywood Hale Broun's 1966–75 CBS sports reports, as colorful as his jackets, in thirteen half-hours featuring the likes of Ted Williams and Muhammad Ali coming out of retirement and exile, minor-league football, horses and walkers. Woodie's longtime producer Bud Lamoreaux is the host.

- **The Topdog Diaries** (OCTOBER 31; 10 TO 11 P.M.; Channel 13) sends *Stage on Screen* behind the scenes of the Public Theater's production of *Topdog/Underdog*, with Don Cheadle and Jeffrey Wright, and the personal life of playwright Suzan-Lori Parks, whose smile is bigger than Mary Tyler Moore's and who married a blues musician in the middle of all this other excitement.

- **Carrie** (NOVEMBER 4; 8 TO 11 P.M.; NBC), with Angela Bettis and Patricia Clarkson very good indeed as the bullied teen with telekinetic powers and her religious-maniac mother, is Stephen King all over again, only a little more explicit and equally prescient about high-school violence.

- **The Pact** (NOVEMBER 4; 9 TO 11 P.M.; LIFETIME) asks Megan Mullally, Juliet Stevenson, Bob Gunton, and Henry Czerny to cope as parents with what appears to have been a suicide pact between their teenagers. From the novel by Jodi Picoult. ■

RESTAURANTS **HAL RUBENSTEIN**

Tudor King

Tucked away in the cozy enclave of Tudor City, up-and-coming Italian monarch Scott Conant has begun a benevolent reign at L'Impero.

SOME SCARS RUN DEEP. MY FIRST job after graduation was at the United Nations, where British and French supervisors reveled in offering Americans less congeniality than Harry Potter finds at home. Eating at the cafeteria was never an option; I was ostracized. And with a miserly 45 minutes for lunch, plus an office with more checkpoints than any fortress Tom Clancy could devise, I was as likely to run out and meet a friend in midtown as to get wishes granted by the great and powerful Oz. That left Tudor City. Though I've always admired the hermetic complex for turning its back on the U.N., it offered up only La Bibliothèque, where, blessedly, I was treated like an orphan in a storm. Nevertheless, upon escaping my job, and after La Bibliothèque closed, I wouldn't go near the neighborhood. Why pick at a wound?

U.N. RESOLUTION: The Vicente Wolf-designed dining room at L'Impero.

Okay, let the healing begin. The residents of Tudor City should pass a resolution to lock their park, Gramercy-style, before the owners of **L'Impero** commandeer it to satisfy the demand for seating at their quietly ambitious and winning new outpost. Reflecting its tucked-in surroundings, L'Impero offers no views of either the U.N. or anything else. Instead, designer Vicente Wolf has created a hideaway infused with warmth. The room is swathed in pleated, off-white linen, with large framed mirrors, deep teal walls, and nuzzle-friendly illumination that offers a nifty solution to the horrific Halloweeny uplighting you get from a votive on the table: Steel rods suspend the candle over one's place-setting by nearly a foot.

This overhead glow makes it that much easier to appreciate Scott Conant's crisp, often sparkling, remarkably reverent Italian cuisine. As in the speeches I used to edit at the U.N., words can say so little. Nor do appearances always tell the whole story. Neither description nor plating of Conant's homemade spaghetti with tomato and basil give any indication of its startling, fresh simplicity; meltingly sweet tomatoes, a snap of basil in the back of your throat, a whiff of garlic, all clinging to perfectly al dente strands. All of Conant's pastas induce this immediately engaging effect. Nutty sweetbreads, bitter greens, gently brash shallots, and velvety chanterelles suffuse farfalle in well-oiled repertory. Mezzaluna ravioli hosts the piquant gaminess of braised rabbit, unhistrionically set against roasted parsnips, a quick blast of mint, and tomato. Could a universal tasting of braised duck-and-foie gras agnolotti promote world peace? Doubtful, maybe. But guests at our table fell into gentle harmony after just one bite.

L'Impero
45 Tudor City Place
(212-599-5045).

Conant's soups, however, are not seductive enough. They lack the inviting perfume of his fricassee of mushrooms with truffle reduction. The brine of capers lingers too long after a taste of stewed octopus in sherry vinegar. And a seafood triumvirate of bluefin tuna, prawn in parsley purée, and scallop carpaccio with bottarga is too stingily portioned to fully enjoy. Yet lobster is glorified by rosemary and chickpeas, quail is enraptured by a foie gras reduction, and diver scallops gleam in a sunchoke-and-apple purée.

Roasted free-range chicken is so golden and appealing they should serve the whole damned bird. Seared branzino gets you with the rosemaried scent of French lentils. But the capretto is destined to be L'Impero's signature dish. Slow-roasting the baby goat until it's just shy of falling off the bone, Conant extracts a delicious sausagelike tartness from the tender meat, in concert with flash-sautéed artichoke. If the notion of Tuscan goat sends you scurrying for pizza, there is fennel-crusted lamb in a lush swamp of stewed eggplant, and unnaturally juicy juniper-and-pepperoncino-studded salmon slow-roasted in Manila-clam broth.

There aren't enough desserts. When a chef deftly offers sesame cannoli, vanilla-risotto zeppole, and quince crostata as such easy pleasures, you know he is teasing—no, taunting—you to return because there's so much more up his talented sleeve. Scott Conant has restored Tudor City to my urban map. But it's as far east as I'll go. Some things you can't forget. Like the way my bosses used to tell me the U.N. tour sounded better in French. ■

L'Impero, Lunch, Monday through Friday, 12 to 2:30 P.M. Dinner, Monday through Thursday, 5:30 to 10 P.M., Friday and Saturday, 5 to 11:30 P.M. Appetizers $8 to $14; entrées $13 to $28. All major credit cards.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

Movies

Edited by Ben Kaplan

NEW THIS WEEK

Besotted
Writer-director Holly Angel Hardman also stars in her film, as a sorcerer who casts love spells on the residents of Cape Cod. (1 hr. 32 mins.; NR) • Opens 11/1.

Daughter From Danang
See Rainer, page 40. (1 hr. 21 mins.; NR) • Opens 11/1.

I Spy
Eddie Murphy and Owen Wilson star in Betty (*Doctor Dolittle*) Thomas's adaptation of the late-sixties Bill Cosby TV vehicle. (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) • Opens 11/1.

Love in the Time of Money
Uneven but surprisingly compelling series of vignettes about New Yorkers negotiating romantic exchanges in return for status or money, à la Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde*. Has less to say than it thinks it does, but chugs along thanks to the delectable performances, particularly those of Rosario Dawson and Adrian Grenier as a young couple trying to break up. Directorial debut of Peter Mattei. (See box.) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) • Opens 11/1.

The Santa Clause 2
Sequel to 1994 family hit has Tim Allen, now firmly established as Santa Claus, leaving the North Pole to look for a wife while trying to keep his son off Santa's naughty list. Allen's usual charm and glossy production values can't save convoluted story line, which feels like 60 people helped write it. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) • Opens 11/1.

Tully
A brooding young man (Anson Mount) faces his problems with women and his family's past after their farm is threatened with foreclosure. Gorgeous-looking, quietly devastating film set in the Midwest takes its time, but features heartbreaking performances all around. Co-starring Julianne Nicholson and Glenn Fitzgerald. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) • Opens 11/1.

The Weight of Water
Kathryn Bigelow films Anita Shreve's novel about a photographer (Catherine McCormack) investigating a mysterious nineteenth-century double murder while her marital difficulties rise to the surface during a boat trip with her husband (Sean Penn). Beautifully shot film interweaves period story with the present day, but can't make the conceit work, becoming progressively more confusing and repetitive. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • Opens 11/1.

REVIEWS BY BILGE EBIRI

IN THE LINE OF FIRE: Owen Wilson and Eddie Murphy in *I Spy*.

Now Playing

Abandon
Katie Holmes plays a promising college senior at the center of an investigation by smitten cop Benjamin Bratt involving her mysterious ex-boyfriend. Plodding, badly acted, and pointless film can't decide if it's a thriller, a romance, or a drama—and winds up being none. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 17; 31; 34; 41; 42; 43; 44; 49; 51; 52; 54; 55; 57; 58; 60; 61; 63; 65; 68; 71; 72; 74.

All or Nothing
Mike Leigh's dolorous movie about a gaggle of working-class sufferers living in a South London housing project is all too familiar terrain for him. The chief protagonists are played by Timothy Spall, as a blotto taxi driver, and Lesley Manville, as his sad-eyed wife. The film has occasional bursts of Leigh's customary empathy, but he's done much of this before, and better. (Rainer; 10/28/02) (2 hrs. 8 mins.; R) • 2; 38.

All the Queen's Men
Matt LeBlanc plays a WWII soldier who must sneak into Germany—in drag—to steal a coding device used by the Nazis. With Eddie Izzard; directed by Stefan Ruzowitzky. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 3; 17.

Auto Focus
Paul Schrader's movie about the sordid life of Bob Crane, the star of *Hogan's Heroes* who was murdered in 1978, has its low-key fascinations, but Crane, played with affable opacity by Greg Kinnear, is never much more than a cipher. That may be the point, but it's not a terribly interesting one. Schrader uses Crane, with his sex addictions and low-wattage stardom, as the straw man for a lot of point-making about the nature of celebrity and sexuality. Willem Dafoe co-stars as the video technician who becomes Crane's enabler. (Rainer; 10/21/02) (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) • 7; 12; 17; 29; 38.

Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever
A reluctant secret agent (Antonio Banderas) is forced into battle against an enigmatic killing machine (Lucy Liu) who may have something to do with his missing wife. Scattershot actioner forgets about story and character. (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG-13) • 25.

The Banger Sisters
Goldie Hawn and Susan Sarandon star in this clunky comedy that's like a cross between a whoopie cushion and a Hallmark card. (Rainer; 9/23/02) (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG-13) • 64; 66.

The Bank
Australian thriller about a corrupt banker (Anthony LaPaglia) who enlists a young mathematician (David Wenham) to alter the stock market. Directorial debut of Robert Connolly. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) • 8.

★ Barbershop
After selling his late father's neighborhood barbershop, an aspiring musician (Ice Cube) realizes its importance to his South Chicago community. Laid-back film recalls stoner classic *Friday*'s ambling, talky approach. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • 15; 17; 40; 42; 43; 44; 51; 60; 64.

★ Biggie and Tupac
Documentarian Nick Broomfield explores the still unsolved, and probably related, murders of rappers Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 4.

★ Bloody Sunday
Paul Greenglass's stunning movie is perhaps the best filmed dramatization of civil war since Gillo Pontecorvo's *Battle of Algiers*. It takes place in one day—January 30, 1972—when British soldiers shot dead thirteen unarmed civilians taking part in a civil-rights march. James Nesbitt gives an extraordinary performance as the Protestant pol who organizes the march and is broken by its consequences. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 11; 48; 74.

★ Bowling for Columbine
Michael Moore explores the culture of violence and guns in America, interviewing everyone from Charlton Heston to Marilyn Manson, and comes up with some surprisingly complex answers—most significant, that ours is a society built on fear. Though Moore's own political views often wind up muddying his arguments, it's a film that needs to be seen. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) • 6; 14; 16; 23; 29; 38; 45; 69.

★ Brown Sugar
Two childhood best friends (Taye Diggs and Sanaa Lathan), bound by their lifelong love of hip-hop, secretly reassess their feelings for each other after one decides to get married. Winning romantic comedy treats its characters with surprising generosity, and Diggs and Lathan have an easygoing, engaging chemistry. (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 27; 35; 40; 42; 43; 44; 47; 49; 51; 53; 54; 55; 58; 60; 61; 67; 69; 72.

By Hook or by Crook
Strange road movie about Shy (Silas Howard), an orphaned butch lesbian thinking about robbing a bank, who meets up with obsessive gender-bender Val (Harry Dodge). Wannabe heist film is sometimes disturbing, sometimes touching, but never quite gripping. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) • 9.

★ Comedian
This documentary by Christian Charles mostly follows Jerry Seinfeld around as he puts together a brand-new stand-up act. At its best, the film is a fascinating chronicle of how comics do their thing. (Rainer; 10/21/02) (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) • 6; 41.

Derrida
Bewitching documentary follows the seminal French philosopher around as he gives lectures, eats breakfast, and otherwise leads an ordinary life, all the while discoursing on existence and making sure to analyze the presence of a film crew in his house. (1 hr. 25 mins.; NR) • 5.

8 Women
Odd comedy-mystery-musical-melodrama has some of France's greatest actresses as an extended family of women trapped in an estate after the man of the house has been murdered. Campy, clever idea eventually gets bogged down in arch posturing. Starring Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Huppert, and Emmanuelle Béart. (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) • 9; 38.

★ The Fast Runner
A nearly three-hour Inuit movie, directed by Zacharias Kunuk, that is heavy going, but has at least one sequence that is terrifyingly beautiful. (Rainer; 6/3/02) (2 hrs. 52 mins.; NR) • 4.

Fidel
Not entirely balanced documentary follows Fidel Castro from his childhood to recent attempts to redefine himself in the post–Cold War era. (1 hr. 31 mins.; NR) • 8; 45.

Food of Love
A young piano student (Kevin Bishop) learns to grow up quickly when he has an affair with a famous concert pianist (Paul Rhys) while Mom (Juliet Stevenson) remains oblivious. Studied, engrossing film about love

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Ground Rules These synopses, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer. Stars (★) denote releases that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element. **NOTE: Each review is followed by numbers indicating theaters where the film is playing; a key to theaters begins on page 52.**

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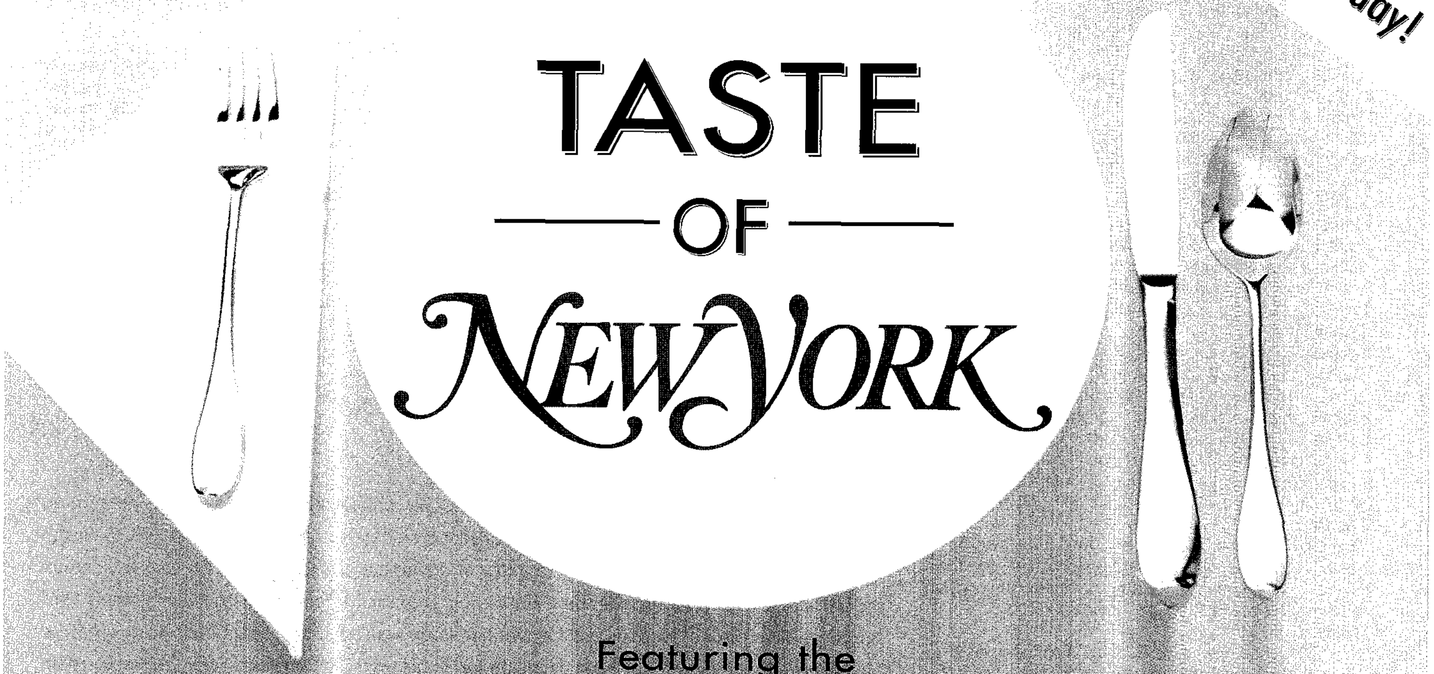

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and burgeoning sexuality falters only when trying to be a mother-son tale. (1 hr. 52 mins.; NR) • 4.

Formula 51

Samuel L. Jackson plays a disgraced chemist–cum–drug dealer who travels to Liverpool to make a $20 million deal. With Robert Carlyle; directed by Ronny Yu (director of the upcoming *Freddie vs. Jason*). (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 15; 16; 17; 31; 40; 41; 42; 43; 44; 49; 51; 55; 58; 60; 61; 67; 69; 72; 74.

Frida

Salma Hayek stars as the famous unibrowed Mexican artist who was married to Diego Rivera, played here by Alfred Molina. Geoffrey Rush turns up as Trotsky, looking like a revolutionary billy goat. Hayek is a bundle of energy, but her torridness has few emotional levels. Director Julie Taymor pulls off some magical visual moments, but most of her work is disappointingly conventional. (Rainer; 10/28/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) • 2; 32; 41.

Ghost Ship

A salvage crew boards a floating, decayed luxury liner that mysteriously disappeared in the sixties, and finds out that—surprise!—it's haunted. Bizarre thriller starts off well, then devolves into a convoluted mess of action-movie clichés and cheap shocks. Co-starring Julianna Margulies and Gabriel Byrne. (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 13; 15; 16; 17; 20; 31; 37; 39; 40; 42; 43; 44; 47; 49; 50; 51; 52; 54; 55; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 63; 67; 69; 70; 71; 72; 74.

The Grey Zone

Tim Blake Nelson directs Steve Buscemi, David Arquette, Harvey Keitel, and Mira Sorvino in this story of the *Sonderkommando*, the Jewish prisoners at Auschwitz who staged a revolt. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) • 3; 30.

Heaven

Tom Tykwer, of *Run Lola Run*, has directed a movie based on the last completed script by the late Krzysztof Kieslowski and turned it into a fuzzy allegory about fate and love and redemption. Cate Blanchett stars. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) • 2; 38.

★ His Secret Life

A widow (Margherita Buy) falls in with a group of bisexual bohemians after discovering that her deceased husband had a gay lover (Stefano Accorsi). Director Ferzan Ozpetek succeeds at creating a warm sense of community among his characters. In Italian, with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) • 8.

★ Igby Goes Down

The problem child of a rich family (Kieran Culkin) gets expelled from private school, flees a military academy, wanders around New York, and generally tries to avoid his distracted mother (Susan Sarandon), slimy godfather (Jeff Goldblum), and ambitious brother (Ryan Philippe). With both detestable characters and heartbreaking performances, awkward but engaging film slowly grows on you until its devastating finale. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 29; 41.

Jackass: The Movie

Johnny Knoxville and friends take their painfully nonscripted stunts from MTV to the big screen. Directed by Jeff Tremaine. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 15; 16; 23; 24; 33; 34; 39; 40; 42; 43; 44; 47; 49; 50; 51; 52; 54; 55; 56; 57; 58; 60; 61; 63; 65; 67; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74.

Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie

CGI-animated children's film features talking vegetables reenacting the biblical story of prophet Jonah (here portrayed as a snooty English asparagus). Pretty pictures may keep the kiddies engaged, though the bluntly moralistic song-and-dance numbers will surely alienate some. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) • 3; 23; 41; 44; 48; 50; 51; 58; 60; 61; 63; 69; 72; 74.

Knockaround Guys

A bag full of money meant for New York gets sidetracked in a small midwestern town, and a gangster's wannabe son (Barry Pepper) tries to retrieve it. Extremely violent film offers one nauseatingly obvious plot twist after another. Co-starring Vin Diesel. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 16; 23; 42; 44; 51; 55; 57; 58; 61; 72; 74.

★ The Last Kiss

A spirited Italian romantic comedy directed by Gabriele Muccino and starring Stefania Sandrelli with enough arm-waving to power a windmill. It's about how being in love makes you just as crazy as being out of love. (Rainer; 8/26/02) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) • 25.

★ The Man From Elysian Fields

A novelist (Andy Garcia) becomes a male escort, ending up in an arrangement where he must satisfy an aging literary icon's wife (Olivia Williams) while helping the author (James Coburn) finish his final novel. Bizarre tale of literary lust and intrigue works like a charm, thanks to its talented cast and melancholy sense of humor. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • 3; 17; 19; 46; 62.

Moonlight Mile

Jake Gyllenhaal is startlingly good as the fiancé of a murdered girl in this otherwise soapy drama starring Dustin Hoffman and Susan Sarandon as the girl's parents and Ellen Pompeo, who has a crumpled, Renee Zellweggerish charm, as the new girl in his life. (Rainer; 9/30/02) (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG-13) • 17; 18; 41.

Mostly Martha

An obsessive chef (Martina Gedeck) finds her life unraveling when her young niece (Maxime Foerste) moves in. Gains power and charm thanks to Gedeck's nuanced performance. (1 hr. 47 mins.; PG) • 3; 20; 62; 64.

Festival

War All the Time

As the White House pushes toward war without public consensus, BAMcinématek is presenting a film series—its largest—that perhaps our leaders should see: **From Hanoi to Hollywood: The Vietnam War on Film.** Nearly every day in November, the Brooklyn art house will screen the work of a master filmmaker, be it Hal Ashby, Frederick Wiseman, Sam Fuller, Francis Ford Coppola, Oliver Stone (whose Q&A following *Platoon* on November 2 shouldn't be missed), or Milos Forman, the director of *Hair*, participating in his own Q&A on November 29. For Forman, Vietnam remains a talking point. "It wasn't like the North Vietnamese were the good guys fighting the South Korean government, the bad guys," he says. "I thought they were both bad guys, all of them. If it wasn't for the tunes in *Hair*, a message film about Vietnam wouldn't have interested me at all." Begins November 1. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for listings.)

TABLE DANCE: Treat Williams high-stepping in Milos Forman's 1979 *Hair*.

My Big Fat Greek Wedding

Innocuous comedy about the thirtysomething Toula, who is getting too old to marry, at least by her Greek family's standards. When a decidedly un-Greek Mr. Right (John Corbett) enters her life, things get even worse. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG) • 1; 3; 12; 15; 16; 17; 29; 36; 41; 44; 48; 49; 55; 58; 61; 62; 63; 67; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74.

★ Naqoyqatsi

Third installment in Godfrey Reggio's trilogy of meditative, collagelike documentaries is the most introverted of the three, focusing less on expansive images of nature or cityscapes and more on icons, pixels, numbers, and image manipulation. An eerie look at an increasingly dehumanized modern world, both lovely and terrifying. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) • 2.

The Odds of Recovery

Personal documentarian Su Friedrich depicts her multiple odysseys through the medical Establishment because of a series of mysterious illnesses. Friedrich's surveillance-style camerawork brings out the horror in her bland surroundings. (1 hr. 5 mins.; NR) • 10.

★ On Guard

Elaborate period swashbuckler features Daniel Auteuil as a hired sword who helps to protect an equally talented but free-spirited nobleman (Vincent Perez) and gets stuck with the man's infant daughter when things go awry. The results are tremendously entertaining but decidedly frivolous. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) • 26.

Paid in Full

Story of the rise of crack cocaine in Harlem, as seen through its effect on two friends. Directed by Charles Stone III; with Mekhi Phifer and Cam'Ron. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) • 7; 15; 16; 23; 27; 39; 40; 42; 43; 44; 49; 51; 53; 60; 67; 74.

Pokémon4Ever

Latest installment in the popular kids' series features time travel, four-legged machines, bizarre treelike monsters, and the usual dosage of haphazard animation and bright, flashing colors. (1 hr. 16 mins.; G) • 1; 17; 40; 54; 56; 72.

★ Punch-Drunk Love

Paul Thomas Anderson's new movie stars Adam Sandler as a dweeb who works in the San Fernando Valley. He's in a fight with a phone-sex outfit and in love with a woman, played by Emily Watson. What makes this movie unlike other Sandler movies is the rage that periodically boils up inside him. Anderson wants us to see the fury coiled inside the mildness, but there's a lack of human conviction to this genuinely odd movie that keeps it from fully connecting with us. (Rainer; 10/14/02) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) • 11; 12; 16; 17; 31; 34; 41; 45; 48; 55; 61; 69; 71; 72.

Real Women Have Curves

A young Hispanic girl (America Ferrera) goes to work with her bickering but loving mom (Lupe Ontiveros) in a garment factory, where her headstrong ways clash with those of her more traditional co-workers. Film tackles ethnicity, weight, and self-esteem issues with no subtlety, but Ferrera and Ontiveros are still a joy to watch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; PG-13) • 6; 38.

Red Dragon

Prequel to *Silence of the Lambs* has FBI investigator Will Graham (Ed Norton) utilizing the services of former nemesis Hannibal Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) to catch a deadly serial killer (Ralph Fiennes). By-the-numbers thriller has neither *Hannibal*'s operatic silliness nor *Silence*'s chilly austerity, but still manages its share of shocks. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 29; 31; 39; 40; 42; 43; 44; 48; 49; 51; 55; 56; 58; 59; 60; 61; 67; 69; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74.

The Ring

Naomi Watts stars in Gore Verbinski's remake of a Japan-

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF BAM.

ese horror film about a haunted videotape; its viewers wind up dead seven days after seeing the film. (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 22; 29; 31; 37; 39; 40; 42; 43; 44; 49; 51; 52; 55; 56; 58; 60; 61; 63; 68; 70; 71; 72; 73; 74.

★ Roger Dodger
The young writer-director Dylan Kidd's fascinating, uneven debut is about a cynical adman, played furiously well by Campbell Scott, who spends a long night's journey into day teaching his 16-year-old nephew, played equally well by Jesse Eisenberg, the ropes about the opposite sex. The dramatic arc is too schematic, and Kidd is overfond of wet epiphanies about male vanity, but the performing energy, and the filmmaking energy, are very high. (Rainer; 10/28/02) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) • 6; 41.

★ The Rules of Attraction
Hyperstylized treatment of the Bret Easton Ellis novel about a bunch of college kids obsessed with one another, whose lives revolve around massive parties. Episodic film seems at times to be as confused as its characters, but it has wit, energy, and great performances (particularly by James Van der Beek as a sensitive drug dealer) to spare. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) • 1; 7; 14; 23; 49.

★ Safe Conduct
Bertrand Tavernier's headlong, spacious entertainment is about Resistance fighters who worked undercover in a German-run film studio in Paris during WWII. Close to three hours, but it flies by. Jacques Gambin and Denis Podalydes co-star. (Rainer; 10/21/02) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) • 4.

Secretary
James Spader plays a heavily uptight lawyer and Maggie Gyllenhaal the secretary who lures him into S&M in this naughty trifle with Buñuelian pretensions. (Rainer; 9/23/02) (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) • 2; 12; 16; 32; 41; 46; 48; 62.

Shanghai Ghetto
Documentary about the plight of European Jews who fled Nazism and made their way to Shanghai, one of the few places in the world that didn't require a visa for entry. Inherently engaging topic is given the standard talking-heads treatment, resulting in an informative and worthwhile, if visually uninteresting, film. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) • 8; 62.

★ Spirited Away
A marvelously lyrical and disturbing animated feature from Japan about a 10-year-old girl's adventures in a fantasyland that owes much to Grimm and Lewis Carroll and yet is wholly the filmmaker's own. Too upsetting for very young children, but all others should be entranced. (Rainer; 10/7/02) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; PG) • 3; 14; 18; 23; 52.

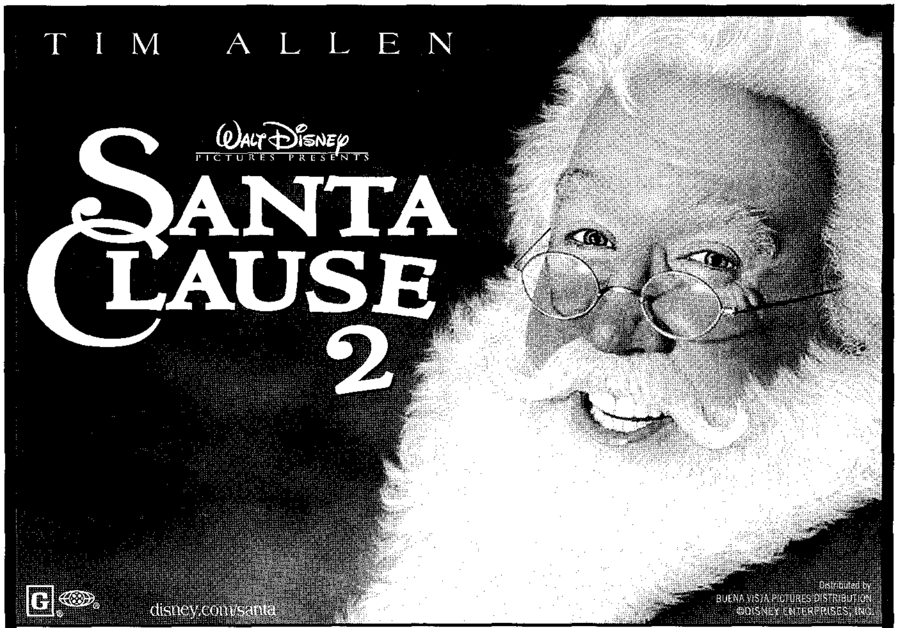
Sweet Home Alabama
A hot young New York designer (Reese Witherspoon) gets proposed to by the mayor's son (Patrick Dempsey), then heads home to Alabama to procure a divorce from her estranged husband, trying to cover up her impoverished past. For such an innocuous comedy, the vaguely offensive stereotypes (Gotham society types and uncouth Confederates) sure do come mighty fast. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 11; 12; 15; 16; 17; 27; 29; 39; 52; 55; 57; 58; 61; 70; 71; 72.

The Transporter
A former soldier (Jason Statham) who transports goods for various shady characters gets involved with an international slavery ring after rescuing a mysterious woman (Shu Qi). Comic-book-style story gets comic-book-style treatment, with wacky stunts, giddily incongruous fight scenes, and ridiculous macho posturing. Doesn't make much sense, but who cares? (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 3; 13; 15; 17; 36; 42; 49; 52; 55; 56; 59; 61; 63; 65; 66; 68; 72; 74.

The Truth About Charlie
See Rainer, page 40. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 23; 27; 28; 41; 49; 55; 61; 69; 72.

Tuck Everlasting
Fantastical teen love story about a 15-year-old girl (Winnie Foster) who discovers the neighbors' immortality secret (William Hurt, Sissy Spacek). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) • 11; 25; 31; 52; 55; 57; 71; 74.

The Tuxedo
A hapless chauffeur (Jackie Chan) assumes the role of his debonair secret-agent boss after putting on his crime-fighting tuxedo. Chan's legendary charis-



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ma is still present, but even that can't save this dull mishmash of lazy action sequences. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 15; 17; 41; 42; 43; 44; 49; 51; 55; 58; 60; 61; 67; 69; 70; 72; 73; 74.

★ **White Oleander**
Homiletic but affecting. It's about a young girl and her convicted-murderer mother and the various foster families the girl passes through. Alison Lohman is the troubled teen, Michelle Pfeiffer is her mother, and Robin Wright Penn and Renée Zellweger play foster mothers. They are all extraordinary. (Rainer; 10/14/02) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) • 1; 7; 14; 15; 16; 17; 18; 31; 41; 49; 52; 55; 61; 69; 71; 72; 74.

Festival

Women on the Verge

All Saints, All Souls, All Cinema is a rebel-rousing women-themed festival of wickedly smart small films attempting to raise awareness of, and money for, a low-profile cause: building an after-school Girls Club in Manhattan for Lower East Side latchkey kids. Free to the public (although donating a few bucks would be an excellent idea), the nineteen pictures include a short written by a 14-year-old (*From the 104th Floor*); a documentary about women in contemporary Ghana, which is grimly reminiscent of seventeenth-century Salem (*Witches in Exile*); and a spirited independent film about marriage (*Monsoon Wedding*). The only for-sale tickets are to *In the Mirror of Maya Deren*, a loving documentary about the forties avant-garde feminist filmmaker, someone who might just inspire one of those Lower East Side girls to pick up a camera. Begins November 1 at Anthology Film Archives. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

HANDS-ON FILMMAKING: From *The Mirror of Maya Deren*, a highlight of Anthology's girls'-club fund-raiser.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

1. Battery Park City Cinema
102 North End Ave. (212-945-3418) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Igby Goes Down; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Rules of Attraction; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

2. CC *Angelika* Film Center
18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) • All or Nothing; Frida; Heaven; Naqoyqatsi; Secretary

3. CC Village East
189 Second Ave. (212-529-6799) • All the Queen's Men; The Grey Zone; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; The Man From Elysian Fields; Mostly Martha; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Spirited Away; The Transporter

4. Cinema Village
22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) • Biggie and Tupac; The Fast Runner; Food of Love; Safe Conduct

5. Film Forum
209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) • Derrida; The Trials of Henry Kissinger

6. Landmark Sunshine Cinema
143 E. Houston St. (212-358-7709) • Bowling for Columbine; Comedian; Real Women Have Curves; Roger Dodger

7. Loews Village
66 Third Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#952) • Abandon; Auto Focus; Paid in Full; The Rules of Attraction; The Truth About Charlie; White Oleander

8. Quad Cinema
34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) • The Bank; Fidel; His Secret Life; Shanghai Ghetto

9. The Screening Room
54 Varick St. (212-334-2100) • By Hook or By Crook; 8 Women (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

10. Two Boots Pioneer Theater
155 E. 3rd St. (212-254-3300) • The Odds of Recovery (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

11. UA Union Square
13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) • Bloody Sunday; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Igby Goes Down; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; Tuck Everlasting

14th–41st Streets

12. Clearview's Chelsea
260 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#597) • Auto Focus; Brown Sugar; Igby Goes Down; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Secretary; Sweet Home Alabama (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

13. Clearview's Chelsea West
333 W. 23rd St. (212-777-FILM#614) • Ghost Ship; The Transporter

14. Loews 19th St. East
890 Broadway, at 19th St. (212-50-LOEWS#858) • Abandon; Bowling for Columbine; The Rules of Attraction; Spirited Away; The Truth About Charlie; White Oleander

15. Loews 34th St. Theatre
312 W. 34th St. (212-244-8850) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

16. Loews Kips Bay Theatre
550 Second Ave., at 32nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#558) • Abandon; Bowling for Columbine; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Secretary; Sweet Home Alabama; The Truth About Charlie; White Oleander

42nd–60th Streets

17. AMC Empire 25 Theatres
234 W. 42nd St. (212-398-3939) • Abandon; All the Queen's Men; Auto Focus; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; The Man From Elysian Fields; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

18. CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3
1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) • Moonlight Mile; Spirited Away; White Oleander

19. CC Eastside Playhouse
919 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-755-3020) • The Man From Elysian Fields

20. CC Sutton
205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) • Ghost Ship; Mostly Martha

21. Clearview's 59th Street East
239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) • The Transporter

22. Clearview's Ziegfeld
141 W. 54th St. (212-777-FILM#602) • The Ring

23. Loews 42nd Street E Walk
42nd St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#572) • Bowling for Columbine; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; Paid in Full; The Rules of Attraction; Spirited Away; The Truth About Charlie

24. Loews Astor Plaza
44th St. at Eighth Ave. (212-50-LOEWS#699) • Jackass: The Movie

25. Loews State
1540 Broadway, nr. 45th St. (212-50-LOEWS#901) • Ballistic: Ecks vs. Sever; The Last Kiss; Tuck Everlasting

26. Paris Theatre
4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) • On Guard

61st Street and Above, East Side

27. CC 86th St. East
210 E. 86th St. (212-777-FILM#763) • Brown Sugar; Paid in Full; Sweet Home Alabama; The Truth About Charlie

28. Clearview's Beekman
1254 Second Ave., nr. 65th St. (212-777-FILM#606) • The Truth About Charlie

29. Clearview's First & 62nd St.
400 E. 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#957) • Auto Focus; Bowling for Columbine; Igby Goes Down; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama

30. Loews 72nd St. East
1230 Third Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-50-LOEWS#704) • The Grey Zone

31. Loews Orpheum 7
1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (212-50-LOEWS#964) • Abandon; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Tuck Everlasting; White Oleander

32. New York Twin
1271 Second Ave., nr. 66th St. (212-505-CINE#590) • Frida; Secretary

33. UA East
1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) • Jackass: The Movie

34. UA Gemini
1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) • Abandon; Jackass: The Movie; Punch-Drunk Love

61st Street and Above, West Side

35. Clearview's 62nd and Broadway
1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (212-777-FILM#864) • Brown Sugar

36. Clearview's Metro Cinema
2626 Broadway, nr. 99th St. (212-777-FILM#609) • My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Transporter

37. Clearview's Olympia
2770 Broadway, nr. 106th St. (212-777-FILM#613) • Ghost Ship; The Ring

38. Lincoln Plaza Cinemas
30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway nr. 62nd St. (212-757-

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF ZEITGEIST FILMS.

2280) • All or Nothing; Auto Focus; Bowling for Columbine; 8 Women; Heaven; Real Women Have Curves

39. Loews 84th Street
2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (212-50-LOEWS#701) • Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama

40. Magic Johnson Harlem USA
300 W. 125th St. (212-665-8733) • Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Paid in Full; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; The Ring

41. Sony Lincoln Square
1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (212-50-LOEWS#638) • Abandon; Comedian; Formula 51; Frida; Igby Goes Down; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Moonlight Mile; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Roger Dodger; Secretary; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

Bronx

42. Bay Plaza
2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (718-777-FILM#833) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Transporter; The Tuxedo

43. Concourse Plaza
214 E. 161st St. (718-588-8800) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Tuxedo

44. Whitestone
2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Tuxedo

Brooklyn

45. BAM Rose Cinemas
30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) • Bowling for Columbine; Fidel; Punch-Drunk Love (see also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

46. Brooklyn Heights Pavilion
70 Henry St. (718-369-0838) • The Man From Elysian Fields; Secretary

47. Canarsie
9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) • Brown Sugar; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie

48. Cobble Hill Cinema
265 Court St. (718-596-9113) • Bloody Sunday; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; Secretary

49. Court Street 14
106 Court St. (718-246-7469) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Rules of Attraction; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

50. Kent Triplex
Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) • Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie

51. Linden Boulevard Multiplex
Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Tuxedo

52. Pavilion
188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) • Abandon; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; The Ring; Spirited Away; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; White Oleander

53. Pavilion Flatbush
314 Flatbush Ave. (718-596-7070) • Brown Sugar; Paid in Full

54. Ridgewood
55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Pokémon4Ever

55. UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay
3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

Queens

56. Centre Sunnyside
42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) • Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Pokémon4Ever; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Transporter

57. Cinemart
106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) • Abandon; Jackass: The Movie; Knockaround Guys; Sweet Home Alabama; Tuck Everlasting

58. College Point Multiplex
28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

59. Jackson Triplex
82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) • Ghost Ship; Red Dragon; The Transporter

60. Jamaica Multiplex Cinema
1 Jamaica Center, at Jamaica Ave. and Parsons Blvd. (718-291-9400) • Abandon; Barbershop; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Tuxedo

61. Kaufman Astoria Cinema
38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

62. Kew Gardens Cinemas
81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) • The Man From Elysian Fields; Mostly Martha; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Secretary; Shanghai Ghetto

63. Main Street Cinemas
72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) • Abandon; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; The Ring; The Transporter

64. North Shore Towers
27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) • The Banger Sisters; Barbershop; Mostly Martha

65. Plaza
103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) • Abandon; Jackass: The Movie; The Transporter

66. UA Brandon Cinema
70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) • The Banger Sisters; The Transporter

67. UA Crossbay II
92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) • Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Tuxedo

68. UA Crossbay III
94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) • Abandon; The Ring; The Transporter

69. UA Midway
108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) • Bowling for Columbine; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

70. UA Movieworld
242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) • Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; The Tuxedo

Staten Island

71. Atrium
680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) • Abandon; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alabama; Tuck Everlasting; White Oleander

72. Staten Island Stadium 16
2474 Forest Ave. (718-273-4200) • Abandon; Brown Sugar; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Pokémon4Ever; Punch-Drunk Love; Red Dragon; The Ring; Sweet Home Alaba-

SOMETHING CROOKED THIS WAY COMES **Hayden** "Anakin" **Christensen** is in talks to join **Vince Vaughn** and **Don Cheadle** in *The Other Side of Simple*, a thriller in development at New Line Cinema. Cheadle and Vaughn will play a pair of thieves scheming to take advantage of an apparently simpleminded younger brother (Christensen). Sultry **Shannyn Sossamon** (*The Rules of Attraction*) has signed on to co-star; **Joseph Ruben** (*The Good Son, Sleeping With the Enemy*) directs.

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES Chevy Chase and **Brooke Shields** are in the city this week shooting *Rent-a-Husband* for Italian director **Ilaria Borrelli. Maria Grazia Cucinotta** (*The World Is Not Enough*) also appears in the romantic comedy, about a hardworking Italian woman who travels to New York to track down her husband, who's shacking up with a new wife. Cristaldi Pictures and Senza Pictures produce.

TAKE HUMAN BITES! Angelina Jolie, having retired the vial of husband Billy Bob Thornton's blood she used to wear as a pendant, has reportedly signed on to star as a werewolf in *Bitten,* in development at Industry Entertainment. She'd play a formerly feral journalist who gets her life back on track, only to give in to the call of the wild when her bloodthirsty cohorts track her down. Also banking on public interest in the subject is **Wes Craven**, who recently committed to direct *Cursed,* a new spin on the werewolf myth set in modern Los Angeles. His *Scream* partner **Kevin Williamson** writes; Miramax's Dimension Films distributes.

THE HAPPY HOOKER Kirsten Dunst (who's currently filming *Mona Lisa Smile* with **Julia Roberts**) is attached to another project: an adaptation of **Michel Faber**'s recent best-seller *The Crimson Petal and the White*. The novel follows a clever nineteenth-century prostitute who navigates her way into a relationship with an aristocratic man-about-town. Columbia Pictures will distribute.

SARA CARDACE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBIN PLATZER/TWIN IMAGES (2).

THOMPSON *Continued*

Rudin struggled to line up all three of his stars for the event. Then Weinstein insisted on screening the film—without Rudin in the room. Rudin was furious, but relented. Then he learned that Weinstein had watched *The Hours* with *New Yorker* writer Ken Auletta. To make matters worse, says Rudin, Weinstein "pissed all over the Philip Glass score, in front of a guy doing a profile on him." While Weinstein strongly denies criticizing the movie in front of Auletta, he admits that he phoned Kidman to enlist her support in changing the score. He later promised her publicist, Leslee Dart (who also reps Rudin and is president of PMK/HBH), that he'd behave and support the movie.

Lansing and Rudin stood firm on Kidman's nose and Glass's score. But Weinstein refused to send the movie to Venice, on the grounds that it wasn't finished. Stewing, Rudin called Weinstein and said, "You and I are done. You skunked me. It's despicable that you pulled this stunt and damaged my movie in front of press. I don't think I could ever trust you again." He followed up by sending a crate of cigarettes to chain-smoker Weinstein with a note: "Thanks as always for your help."

"In Harvey, Scott has the studio head he deserves," says one Hollywood producer. "And in Scott, Harvey has the producer he deserves. They're cantankerous, whiny 4-year-olds in fat 50-year-old men's bodies. They ball up their fists and say, 'I want my way!'"

"We're not fighting with Harvey," points out Paramount vice-chairman Rob Friedman. "Scott is."

IT IS CERTAINLY IN MIRAMAX'S INTEREST TO make *The Hours* a hit; a successful run at some Oscars could explode the movie's global box-office. "I don't want this Scott-and-Harvey stuff hurting the film," Weinstein insists. "I'm happy to help Scott in any way I can."

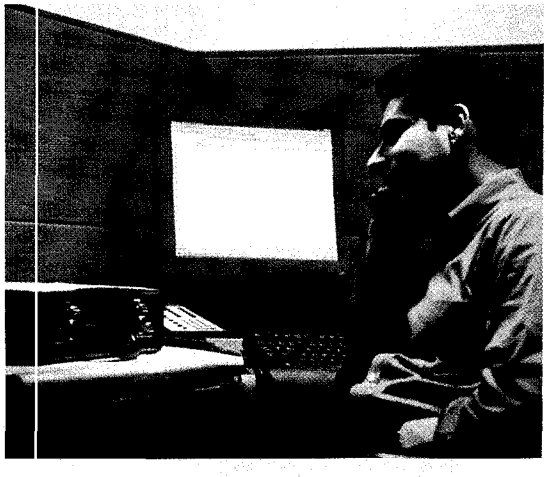
And for all his ambivalence verging on rage, Rudin still wants Weinstein onboard when *The Hours* is released on December 27. "I'd love to have his help," Rudin frets. "He has *Gangs* and *Chicago;* a tremendous amount is at stake. *The Hours* is not on the radar of movies he needs to work for.

"My fantasy is that I'll get with Harvey on the same page and the two of us together will do great work," he continues. "If I could just get him to stop competing and trying to mow me down in Times Square. It's the same push-and-pull relationship: He'd like to get my movies without me, and I'd like to get his talent without him." ■

Opening

City Limits

"I was trying to create a portrait of New York that was slick and to some degree empty," says Peter Mattei, the writer-director making his debut in **Love in the Time of Money**, a daisy-chained story of nine New Yorkers' flailing attempts at love. "If I'm talking to a distributor, I'll say it's a black or romantic comedy, but I tell my friends it's really a film about loneliness." Call him the anti-Nora Ephron; Mattei, like Dylan Kidd with *Roger Dodger* and Gary Winick with *Tadpole*, has made an urban romance with teeth. "I watched a bootleg video of *The Decalogue* three times before I began this script," the Obie-winning theater director and Williamsburg resident says. "That's more my taste than the usual sticky-sweet romance film." His all-star New York cast includes Steve Buscemi, Jill Hennessy, Michael Imperioli, and Carol Kane, and the plot progresses as all the characters desert their partners only to begin brief, disastrous relationships with others. "Everyone in the film feels disconnected, but if you look at the whole thing, they're all connected to each other," he says. "The tragedy is these people don't get that—it's the kind of loneliness that can only occur in big cities." Opens November 1. B.K.



LOVE AND DEATH: *The Sopranos'* Michael Imperioli as an affection-starved New Yorker in Peter Mattei's *Love in the Time of Money.*

ma; The Transporter; The Truth About Charlie; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

73. UA Hylan Plaza

107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) • Jackass: The Movie; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Tuxedo

74. UA Movies at Staten Island

141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) • Abandon; Bloody Sunday; Formula 51; Ghost Ship; Jackass: The Movie; Jonah: A VeggieTales Movie; Knockaround Guys; My Big Fat Greek Wedding; Paid in Full; Red Dragon; The Ring; The Transporter; Tuck Everlasting; The Tuxedo; White Oleander

Museums, Societies, Etc.

75. American Museum of the Moving Image

36-01 35th Ave., Astoria (718-784-0077); $8.50. • "East European Women: The Films of Judit Elek & Nana Djordjadze." 11/2: *The Lady From Constantinople* (1969); *Maria's Day* (1983); *A Free Man: The Life of Erno Fisch* (1998). 11/3: *Robinson Crusoe in Georgia* (1986); *A Chef in Love* (1996); *27 Missing Kisses* (2000). (Nana Djordjadze will appear November 2 and 3.)

76. Anthology Film Archives

32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8. • "All Saints, All Souls, All Cinema." 11/1: *Kinaalda* (2000); *Mai's America* (2002); *A Walk in Your Shoes* (2001); *Aamala* (2000); *La Boda* (2000); *Mundo Milagroso* (1995); *El Día, La Noche y Los Muertos* (1998); *Witches in Exile* (2002); *Monsoon Wedding* (2002). 11/2: *From the 104th Floor* (2002); *The Toll Collector* (2002); *Nightmare on Aids Street* (2000); *Don't Dance With Death* (2001); *The Monster* (2001); *In the Mirror of Maya Deren* (2002). "New Filmmakers Presents Halloween." 10/30: *Psycho Too* (1999); *Jim* (1998); *Awake* (2001); *Sleepyhead* (2000); *Bury You Tomorrow* (2002). 10/31: *Eyes* (1970); *Deus Ex* (1971); *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* (1971); *Wisconsin Death Trip* (1999).

77. BAM Rose Cinemas

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $9. • "From Hanoi to Hollywood: The Vietnam War on Film." 11/1: *China Gate* (1957). 11/2: *Platoon* (1986). 11/3: *The Deer Hunter* (1978). 11/4: *The Green Berets* (1968). 11/5: *In the Year of the Pig* (1969).

78. Film Society of Lincoln Center

65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $9. • "Scary Movies: 30 Years of Horror." 10/30: *Ring O: Birthday* (2000); *Beyond the Door 2* (1976); *Dead of Night* (1972). 10/31: *Dead of Night* (1972); *The Stone Tape* (1972). "The New Faces of Swedish Cinema." 11/1: *The Reunion* (2002); *All Hell Let Loose* (2002). 11/2: *Jalla! Jalla!* (2000). 11/3: *Invisible* (2002); *Four Women* (2002); *The New Country* (2000). 11/5: *All Hell Let Loose* (2002); *Days Like This* (2001). 11/6: *Jalla! Jalla!* (2000); *Invisible* (2002); *The New Country* (2000).

79. Japan Society

333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155); $11. • "Matsuri: Festivals in Japanese Cinema." 11/1: *The Rickshaw Man* (1943).

80. Makor

35 W. 67th St. (212-601-1000); $9. • "A Toxic October: A Cult Film Retrospective With Lloyd Kaufman." 10/31: *Citizen Toxie: The Toxic Avenger 4* (2002). 11/4–11/7: *Tadpole* (2002).

81. MoMA at The Gramercy Theatre

127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900); $12. • "To Save and Project: The MoMA International Festival of Film Preservation." 10/31: *La Folie du Docteur Tube* (1915); *Eating Sea Urchins* (1929); *The Fall of the House of Usher* (1928). 11/1: *Anna Boleyn* (1920); *One Arabian Night* (1920); *The Smiling Lieutenant* (1931). 11/2: *Passion* (1919); *Dickson Violin Film* (1894); *Ace of Hearts* (1921). 11/3: *The Painter and the City* (1956); *Play Time* (1967). 11/4: *The Magic Flute* (1975); *Limelight* (1952).

82. Ocularis

70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5. • "Selections From the 2002 New York Video Festival." 11/3: *Sherman's March* (1986).

83. The Screening Room

54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $9. • "Midnight Movies." 10/31–11/2: *Evil Dead 2* (1987).

84. YWCA Cine-Club

610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $7. • "The Cinema of Robert Bresson." 11/2–11/3: *Pickpocket* (1959).

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THINKFILM.

Edited by Ada Calhoun

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dance of the Vampires
Michael Crawford, the original Phantom of the Opera, stars as Count Von Krolock, a nineteenth-century vampire who tries to win the soul and body of a beautiful young woman. $25–$95. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for an 11/21 opening. (See box.) • Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Hollywood Arms
Hal Prince directs this new play by Carrie Hamilton and Carol Burnett based on Burnett's memoir about growing up at the foot of the Hollywood hills. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/31 opening. • Cort Theater, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Russell Simmons' Def Poetry Jam on Broadway
Russell Simmons directs a D.J. and nine slam poets in this night of performance poetry. $25–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for an 11/14 opening. • Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Now Playing

Aida
Disney's epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian princess and the Egyptian prince who captures her, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Eye-popping sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).

Amour
Michel Legrand's tale of a Paris postal worker who discovers he can walk through walls was a hit in France. On Broadway, the sung-through opera bouffe (i.e., comic opera) remains unremittingly flat, although James Lapine has directed mischievously and the cast appears to be having fun. (Simon; 11/4/02) $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast
The family-friendly musical adaptation of Disney's film is no *Lion King*, but it's still entertaining kids by the busload. $25–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).

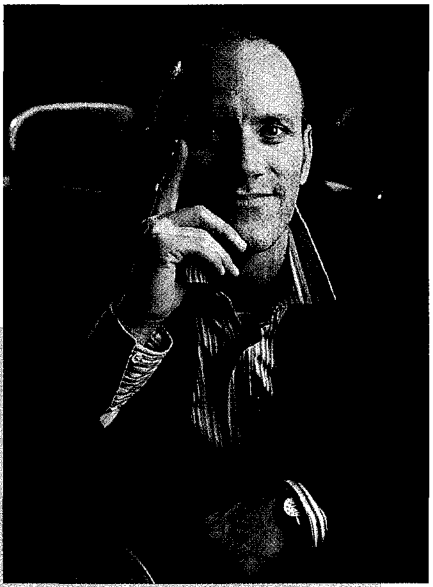
★ Cabaret
Sam Mendes's 1998 Tony-winning adaptation of the musical based on Christopher Isherwood's *Berlin Stories* is dark in spirit and light on clothes. The decadent world of Weimar-era Berlin cabaret is re-created, appropriately enough, in what was once the notorious nightclub Studio 54. Raul Esparza and Molly Ringwald star. $45–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Chicago
This lurid musical about the celebrity potential of female murderers won six Tonys in 1996. In this stylish production, choreographed by Ann Reinking (after Bob Fosse) and directed by Walter Bobbie, female inmates in a Jazz Age Chicago prison vie for the attention of a flashy lawyer (now hot young actor Taye Diggs) and the tabloid press. $20–$90. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. • Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Flower Drum Song
Despite David Henry Hwang's p.c. new book, there are still plenty of clichés in this updated production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical about a Chinese nightclub in San Francisco. But the razzmatazz remains, too, and most of the songs, even wrenched out of context, are not without charm. (Simon; 10/28/02) $65–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).

Previews

Caped Crusader



A HELL OF A FAMILY SECRET: David Drake hides his fangs.

Obie winner David Drake never dressed as a vampire for Halloween: "It was taboo. I did everything else. Hippie. Astronaut. Cinderella." Why vampires were off-limits for young Drake is made clear in **Son of Drakula**: His legal name is David Drakula Jr., and Vlad the Impaler is an ancestor. Despite an unofficial switch to Drake in elementary school, his legal name was still on his official records, prompting DRAKULA SUCKS graffiti in high school when word got out, "which took on a whole new meaning as I was, *ahem*, coming of age," recalls Drake. *Son of Drakula*—his first one-man show since the 1992 Off Broadway megahit *The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me*—is born of five years of genealogical digging, a quest that introduced Drake to competing Dracula scholars, took him on a very *Young Frankenstein* tour of Eastern Europe, and brought him closer to his father, who died this year. "There's something empowering about being a Drakula," he says. "It's not the fame or the royal lineage, just my own survival, the way the bloodline ekes its unlikely way down through the centuries." (See "Off Broadway: Previews and Openings.")

★ 42nd Street
The hit 1933 movie about the chorus girl who becomes a star was made into a Broadway musical in 1980 and ran for eight years. The show is back, and it's an absolute knockout. *42nd Street* is on 42nd Street, God is in his Heaven, and all is right with the world. Now Kate Levering is back, too, as the lead. (Simon; 5/14/01) $25–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).

★ Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune
Edie Falco (*The Sopranos*) and Stanley Tucci (*Road to Perdition*) headline this revival of Terrence McNally's tender play about a waitress and a short-order cook in New York who spend the night together. As directed by Joe Mantello, this slice of life sprinkled with all sorts of spicy toppings proves surprisingly nourishing. (Simon; 8/19/02) $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/29. • Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

The Goat, or Who Is Sylvia?
Sally Field and Bill Irwin star in Edward Albee's dense Tony-winning drama about a successful architect who, at the pinnacle of his career, must confess to his wife and son the awful secret of his affair with, yes, a goat. (Simon; 3/25/02) $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

The Graduate
Kathleen Turner plays Mrs. Robinson in Terry Johnson's disastrous stage adaptation of the 1967 film. Co-starring *American Pie*'s Jason Biggs and Kelly Overton. (Simon; 4/15/02) $21–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Hairspray
This exuberant new musical based on John Waters's 1988 film follows the efforts of plump teen Tracy Turnblad (Marissa Jaret Winokur) to win over the hunk and the world as a dancer and integrationist on *The Corny Collins Show*. So many numbers bring down the house, it's a wonder the Neil Simon Theatre is still standing after the final curtain. (Gerard; 8/26/02) $65–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (212-307-4100).

Into the Woods
Vanessa Williams stars in Stephen Sondheim's mythic Tony winner, a journey through the fairy-tale forests of Cinderella, Little Red Riding Hood, and others. Despite music and lyrics by Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine, this production is a deluge of smirking camp. (Simon; 5/13/02) $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Les Misérables
An audacious button-pusher based on the Victor Hugo novel, with over-the-top songs like "Do You Hear the People Sing?" and "I Dreamed a Dream." The show, which is in its seventeenth year, is due to close in March. $20–$85. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Lion King
Based on the popular Disney movie, this inventive production, which won a slew of 1998 Tony awards, is wrought with joyful mastery by experimental director Julie Taymor. $25–$100. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. • New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).

Mamma Mia!
This contrived musical about a young bride-to-be and her single mother is scored with 22 shimmery disco tunes by Abba's Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus. (Simon; 10/29/01) $55–$98.75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-563-5544).

★ Metamorphoses
Writer-director Mary Zimmerman and her company use a 27-foot-long pool of water to tell Ovid's classic

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM ATKINSON.

tales of Midas, Narcissus, and more. The myths have power despite some overly cute modern touches. (Simon; 10/29/01) $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Circle in the Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).

Movin' Out

A new musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Twyla Tharp and based on songs by Billy Joel. See John Simon's review in this issue. $40–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).

★ Oklahoma!

Choreographer Susan Stroman (*The Producers*) and director Trevor Nunn (*Les Miz*) bring their acclaimed revival of the Rodgers and Hammerstein classic Stateside. A smash hit in London, something seems to have been lost in transit, but the songs, sets, and choreography should be enough to make *Oklahoma!* okay with you. (Simon; 4/8/02) $20–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. • Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).

The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's campy version of the macabre tale, given an opulent spin by director Hal Prince, just passed *A Chorus Line* as the third longest-running show in Broadway history. And that famous chandelier keeps on falling. $20–$90. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. • Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Producers

There's no ignoring the success of Mel Brooks's musical, directed and choreographed by Susan Stroman. Based on Brooks's Oscar-winning 1968 film about Broadway showmen who set out to produce the "surefire flop" *Springtime for Hitler*, the show set records at the 2001 Tony Awards and, despite the departure of its original stars, remains one of the hottest tickets in town. $30–$100. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Proof

Anne Heche dazzles as a young woman mourning the death of her mentally unstable mathematician father. Not making things any easier are her type-A sister, a nosy graduate student (Neil Patrick Harris), and a groundbreaking proof of uncertain provenance that appears in her late father's office. Rewarded with a Pulitzer and several Tonys. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).

Prune Danish

Jackie Mason presents his sixth one-man show; this time he takes on Enron, the Taliban, and airport security. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 12/1. • Royale, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Rent

This Pulitzer-winning musical about early nineties squatter culture has the best pop-music score Broadway has heard in 30 years. Jonathan Larson's songs, his heart, and his soul have lost none of their power in the six years this show has been on Broadway. 'N Sync's Joey Fatone now stars. (Gerard; 9/16/02) $35–$95. Mon., Tues., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. • Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).

Say Goodnight Gracie

Before he can join Gracie in the afterlife, George Burns (Frank Gorshin) must give one final performance. The show combines a nostalgic sashay down memory lane with a greatest-hits jokebook, but you'll be glad Burns finally passes the test and makes it to heaven. (Simon; 10/28/02) $60–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

★ Thoroughly Modern Millie

Sutton Foster turns gawkiness into something gazelle-like as Millie, a young woman who comes to New York to make her fortune. This winner of multiple Tonys is a mind-teasing and heart-tickling delight. (Simon; 4/29/02) $60–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (212-307-4100).

Urinetown

A water shortage forces city-dwellers to comply with a pay-per-pee system in this parody of, or perhaps ode to, the modern musical. *Urinetown* rose from the downtown Fringe Festival to become a Tony winner and Broadway smash, but it lacks internal logic. (Simon; 9/24/01) $35–$95. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. • Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Antigone

The National Theatre of Greece follows up its critically lauded, sold-out run of *Oedipus Rex* with six performances of Sophocles' tragedy, in Greek with English supertitles. $35–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Big Al

Bryan Goluboff's new play about a young screenwriter who tries to write a film for his idol, Al Pacino. $35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. In previews for an 11/5 opening. • Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-239-6200).

Book of Days

Signature Theatre continues its Lanford Wilson season with this emotionally charged play. Like *Burn This*, *Book of Days* deals with reactions to a death, only in this case the deceased is not a New York dancer but the community leader of a small midwestern town. $50. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/3 opening. Through 12/8. • Signature Theatre's Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).

Dudu Fisher: Something Old, Something New

The famed virtuoso and cantor brings traditional Jewish standards and Broadway favorites to the Lower East Side. Mon.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. $45–$60. In previews for a 10/30 opening. Through 12/8. • Mazer Theatre, 197 E. Broadway (212-239-6200).

Far Away

Frances McDormand stars in the U.S. premiere of British playwright Caryl Churchill's play about a young girl at her aunt's house. $55. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 9, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews starting 11/1 for an 11/11 opening. • New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-239-6200).

The Fourth Wall

The one and only Sandy Duncan stars in A. R. Gurney's new play. $48. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun at 3. In previews for an 11/13 opening. • Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).

Ghosts

It's been almost twenty years since Ibsen's play about the Alving family's terrible secret received a major New York production. Amy Irving stars, Daniel Fish directs, and Lanford Wilson did the translation. $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews starting 11/1 for an 11/10 opening. Through 12/8. (See box.) • Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).

Poor Beast in the Rain

The second part of Billy Roche's *Wexford Trilogy*, in which a one-time hell-raiser returns to his hometown. First performed at the Bush Theatre in London in 1989, the show is making its U.S. debut. $35–$45. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews starting 11/2 for an 11/13 opening. • Irish Arts Center, 553 W. 51st St. (212-206-1515).

Son of Drakula

Autobiographical play by author-performer David Drake, né Drakula (*The Night Larry Kramer Kissed Me*), who went to Romania to research his infamous family tree. $32. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opens 10/30. Through 11/10. (See box.) • Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (212-924-0077).

Tuesdays With Morrie

The adaptation of Mitch Albom's warm and fuzzy best-seller receives its New York premiere under the direction of David Esbjornson (*The Goat*). $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews starting 11/1 for an 11/19 opening. • Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Ln. (212-307-4100).

Now Playing

Art of the Tale

Series of five tales told by popular storyteller Odds Bodkin. $45. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 12/15. • Clark Studio Theater, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St. (800-554-1333).

Betty Rules

The girls of Betty, a politically active band that's been around since the eighties, star as themselves in this self-congratulatory stroll down memory lane. Directed by Michael Greif (*Rent*). $29.90–$44.90. Tues–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 5. • Zipper Theatre, 336 W. 37th St. (212-239-6200).

Birdy's Bachelorette Party

Celebrate the upcoming wedding of a sweet legal secretary to her construction-worker boyfriend with wacky antics including a lingerie show, karaoke, and a sex-toy demonstration. Popular spot for real bachelorette parties. $60 includes postshow admission to the club and party favors. Fri.–Sat. at 8. Starting 10/25, the showtime will be Fridays at 9, Saturdays at 8. • Culture Club, 179 Varick St. (212-352-3101).

Blessing in Disguise

Seven magnificent men fight for the right to perform. $55. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8. • Times Square Theatre, 675 Eighth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-206-1515).

Blue Man Group: Tubes

You've seen the Intel commercials; now see the popular painted men in real life. Props include toilet paper and cereal. $55–$65. Tues.–Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 7 and 10; Sat. at 4, 7, and 10; Sun. at 2, 5, and 8. • Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).

Burn This

Catherine Keener, Edward Norton, Ty Burrell, and Dallas Roberts star in this flaccid, dated Signature Theatre Company production of Lanford Wilson's 1987 play about four New Yorkers grieving for a dead dancer. (Gerard; 9/30/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Wed., Sat., Sun. at 3. Through 11/9. • Union Square Theater, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).

Burning Blue

After a fatal accident involving three F-18s, officers and spouses become subjects of a modern-day witch-hunt in D.M.W. Greer's acclaimed drama. Directed by John Hickok; won two Laurence Olivier Awards in London. $49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 12/15. • Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Cheat

Women's Project and Productions kicks off its twenty-fifth-anniversary season with this new play by Julie Jensen about two women who lose their jobs at a munitions plant at the end of WWII. $39. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • Women's Project Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).

Comedy of Errors

Aquila Theatre Company's popular, critically acclaimed adaptation of Shakespeare's comedy, in the style of a "twenties Turkish cartoon dream." $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. • Theatre Row's Clurman Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The Dark Kalamazoo

One-woman show by Oni Faida Lampley about becoming "an SBW—a Strong Black Woman." $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-633-9632).

★ De La Guarda

A raucous show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Plan on audience participation and mist. $20–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. • Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Ground Rules Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Capsule reviews are drawn from columns by John Simon and Jeremy Gerard, where noted; others are by Ada Calhoun. Stars (★) indicate our editors' and critics' recommendations. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th Street and in South Street Seaport at the corner of Front and John Streets; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Debbie Does Dallas
The delightful Sherie Rene Scott stars in this stage adaptation of the seminal film about a buxom cheerleader's drive to make it to Texas, with a little help from her friends. $30–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Fri. at 10:30, Sat. at 7 and 10. • Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).

The Donkey Show
A wild, loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even looser morals. Cable sex icon Robin Byrd hosts on Wednesdays. $39. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. • El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).

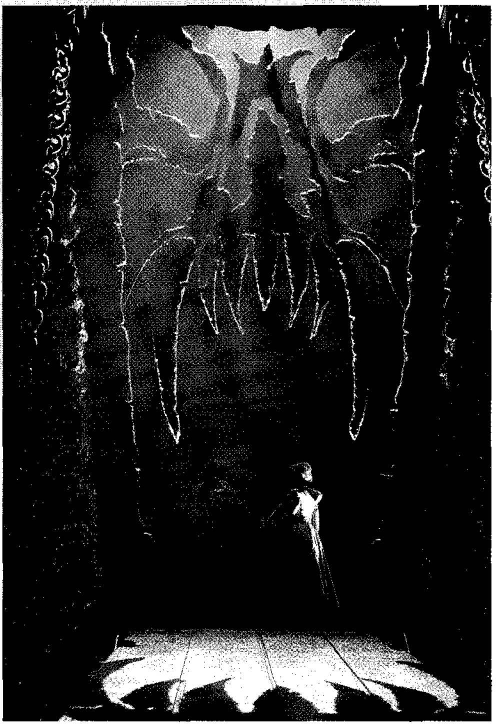
★ The Exonerated
Whatever you may think of the death penalty, this play, based on interviews with innocent men and women freed from death row, should make you think—and feel—some more. Under Bob Balaban's direction, the ten actors (including Richard Dreyfuss and Sara Gilbert) are unerring. (Simon; 10/28/02) $55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Bleecker Street Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

Opening

Stage Fright

"A good nightmare comes so rarely / I'll show you mine if you show me yours" is one of Michael Kunze's favorite lines from his libretto for **Dance of the Vampires,** in previews now at the Minskoff. "That's the kind of humor in the show," explains Kunze. "Instead of *carpe diem*, it's *carpe noctem.* The vampires sing a song about how boring eternity is—it plays with all the vampire clichés." Kunze has translated Broadway shows like *Evita* and *Cats* into German for their European tours, and written several of his own, but this was his first libretto in English. (He worked with Roman Polanski, on whose film *The Fearless Vampire Killers* the musical is based, and Jim Steinman.) The moral, he says, is universal—"You have to be a vampire to live in a world of vampires"—and it's a concept that Kunze had driven home a few years ago while he was working, appropriately enough, in Los Angeles. There is no Halloween in Europe, so Kunze was shocked when young bloodsucking Californians came to the door asking for cash. "We gave them money, but they wouldn't take coins. I thought, *This is a very rich country!*" (See "Broadway: Previews and Openings.")

BLOOD RELATIONS: Michael Crawford as Count Von Krolock and Mandy Gonzalez as Sarah in *Dance of the Vampires.*



★ Forbidden Broadway 20th Anniversary Celebration
Current targets of this long-running spoof of musicals past and present include: "saucy Fosse" choreography, the "tongue-spraining" lyrical stylings of Steven Sondheim, and "all the Nazi musicals" (*Cabaret, The Producers,* and *The Sound of Music*). $49.50–$57. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. • Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

The Guys
Peggy Lipton and Dan Lauria now star in Anne Nelson's play about a fire captain who lost many of his men and an editor who helps him write the eulogies. $55. Tues.–Fri. at 7. Through 11/22. • Flea Theater, 41 White St., between Church and Broadway (212-206-1515).

Harlem Song
George C. Wolfe's new musical traces the music and culture of Harlem from the twenties to the present, and despite re-creating moments like Ella Fitzgerald's winning performance at Amateur Night at the Apollo, there is no real passion behind this production. (Simon; 9/19/02) $20–$55. Sat. at 8, Sun. and Mon. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3. • Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. (212-307-7171).

Henry V
St. Crispin's Day comes early this year with a Jean Cocteau Repertory production of the Shakespeare drama. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 1/5. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about heterosexual love. $49.50–$60. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Importance of Being Earnest
Learn from Wilde's masterpiece why being earnest is usually a terrible idea. $40. Schedule varies; call for details. Through 1/2. • Jean Cocteau Repertory, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).

In Real Life
Struggling actors are likely to scoff straight through Charlayne Woodard's far from dramatic autobiographical play about landing in New York, going on one bad audition, and then landing a role in *Ain't Misbehavin',* for which she earned a Tony nomination. Daniel Sullivan directs. $45. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30. Sat.–Sun. at 3. Through 11/10. • Manhattan Theatre Club, Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Jolson & Company
This new musical about Al Jolson, the legendary "Jazz Singer," follows his epic career (1915–1950) through vaudeville, Broadway, radio, and talkies. $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. • Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Late Night Catechism
Another interactive comedy (this one set in Catholic school) from the producers of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* $40. Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Little Ham: A Harlem Jazzical
Con man Little Ham defends Harlem from the mob in this simpleminded musical based on Langston Hughes's 1936 farce of the same name. (Simon; 10/14/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Love, Janis
A bio-musical based on the book *Love, Janis* by Joplin's sister Laura and performed by a trio of actresses. $45–$100. Mon, Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Village Theater, 158 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).

A Man of No Importance
Mediocre musical based on the mediocre 1994 film about a repressed Dublin bus driver who moonlights with an amateur theater company. The story abounds in bittersweet wistfulness while also trying to be a lusty comedy. (Simon; 7/21/02) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).

The Mayor's Limo
From the producer of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding* comes this new comedy about a homeless man arrested for urinating on the mayor's limousine. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. • Kraine Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. (212-353-3101).

Menopause the Musical
A parody about "the change," set in Bloomingdale's. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. at 3. • Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-307-4100).

My Old Lady
A man inherits a Paris apartment, but when he arrives, he finds his father has already installed two tenants, an old lady and her daughter. Written by Israel Horovitz and directed by David Esbjornson, the story is civilized and amusing, but quite simply *incroyable.* (Simon; 10/14/02) $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).

Naked Boys Singing
Just like a regular musical revue, but without pants. $35–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-239-6200).

Nathan the Wise
Timeliness, anyone? Richard Sewell adapts Gotthold Lessing's eighteenth-century German drama about the struggle between Jews, Christians, and Muslims in Jerusalem during the Crusades. $30–$40. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/24. • Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (212-598-9802).

Perfect Crime
Warren Manzi's long-running thriller is about a psychiatrist accused of killing her rich husband, and the police detective who falls for her. $40. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Duffy Theater, Broadway at 46th St. (212-695-3401).

Puppetry of the Penis
An oddly innocent lesson in "the ancient Australian art of genital origami." $29.90–$39.90. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 9:30, Sun. at 7. • John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).

Rashomon
Pan Asian Repertory begins its new season with a repeat performance of last year's smash, that perspectivist classic set in a Japanese forest, circa 1000 A.D.. $39. Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • West End Theatre, 263 W. 86th St. (212-279-4200).

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui
The National Actors Theatre revives one of Bertolt Brecht's Nazi parable set in gangster-era Chicago. While this is one of Brecht's weakest plays and Simon

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL KOLNIK.

McBurney's direction and Al Pacino's depiction of the gangster-führer are both overexaggerated, the production is still worth attending to. (Simon; 11/4/02) $115 for non-NAT members. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Extended through 11/3. • Michael Schimmel Center for the Arts at Pace University, Spruce St. between Park Row and Gold St. (212-239-6280).

The Romance of Magno Rubio

Ma-Yi Theatre Company presents the world premiere of Lonnie Carter's play about a lonely Filipino farm worker in thirties California, based on poet, novelist, and blacklisted political activist Carlos Bulosan. $18–$35. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/17. • DR2, 103 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).

Rum & Vodka

Conor McPherson's earliest play is this dark comedy about an Irishman who wakes up to a life he hates and heads straight for the pub. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (212-206-1515).

She Stoops to Conquer

This British class comedy wowed the 1773 Covent Garden crowd. Now Miss Hardcastle and Mr. Marlow come to St. Mark's Place. $30–$40. Tues. at 7, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/10. • Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (212-598-9802).

Stomp

This boisterous riot of found-object percussion has been a-clang since 1994. $35–$60. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding

A wedding and reception, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $75–$80. Thurs.–Sun. at 7, Sun. at 2. • St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St., and Vinnie Black's Coliseum, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).

Underneath the Lintel

In Glen Berger's well-paced drama, a librarian begins a peculiar investigation after discovering a returned book that is 123 years overdue. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. • SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).

★ The Vagina Monologues

Eve Ensler's oral history of a body part stitches together testimony from women from all over the world, from those who have experienced terrible abuse to those who have invented cute nicknames for what lies "down there." Performed by a rotating cast of three actresses. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. • Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).

The Water Coolers

A new musical revue about corporate America from Thomas Michael Allen (creator of *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*). $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. • Dillons, 245 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).

Yellowman

Two South Carolinians who grew up as best friends realize on the verge of adulthood that skin color divides. Finalist for the 2002 Pulitzer Prize. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Through 12/15. • Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).

Yentl

The Folksbiene, America's only professional Yiddish theater, presents the Yiddish world premiere of Isaac Bashevis Singer's racy folktale about the divine androgyny of the soul. Simultaneous English translation will be provided via headsets. $45. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5:30, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 12/29. • PCMH Theatre, 344 W. 36th St. (212-307-4100).

Off-Off Broadway

As You Like It

Luna Repertory Company brings Shakespeare's Forest of Arden to the West Village with live performance of an original score, but "no highfalutin postmodern concepts." $19. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3:30 and 7. Through 11/2. • Wings Theatre, 154 Christopher St. (212-627-2961).

Beach Radio

Pop musical about beach bums and bunnies who worship a radio sex guru. $19. Wed.–Sat. at 8. In previews for an 11/6 opening. Through 11/23. • CAP21, 15 West 28th St. (212-807-0202).

C-r-e-p-u-s-c-u-l-e

An improvisational spelling-bee musical. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/2. • Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).

Chekov Now Festival

From *The Cherry Orchard* to *The Seagull*, the fourth anniversary of this Chekov festival promises nine productions of plays and musicals written and inspired by Chekov. $15. Schedule varies; see www.chekovnow.org for details. Through 11/24. • Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. (212-414-7773).

Dracula

Disciples of physical theater pledge to scare you with their adaptation of Bram Stoker's book. $12. Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 11/20. • Chashama, 135 W. 42nd St. (718-907-0819).

The Fourth Sister

Sisters in modern-day Moscow hunger for Hollywood in this U.S. premiere of Janusz Glowacki's new play. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews starting 10/31 for an 11/20 opening. • Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).

Fuentovejuna

The Obie-winning National Asian American Theatre Company presents an all-Asian cast in Lope de Vega's seventeenth-century play about the Spanish Golden Age revolt of a small town against an aristocratic commander. $19. Mon.–Sat. at 7, Sat. at 3. Through 11/2. • Intar 53, 508 W. 53rd St. (718-623-1672).

Hell in a Handbasket

Musical revue about "ghosts, goblins, and good times." $15. Thurs.–Sat. and Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 10/31. • Sanford Meisner Theater, 164 Eleventh Ave., at 22nd St. (212-330-0694).

The Metamorphosis

Clocking in at roughly an hour, this adaptation of Kafka's novel was a 2002 Fringe Festival success. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 8, Sun. at 2:30. Through 11/10. • LaMaMa, Etc. 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).

★ Mono

More than 300 performances strong, Steven Tanenbaum's interactive cult hit invites you to keep your cell phones on, order a beer, and play the voyeur on some badly behaved bar patrons who've decided this is their night. $10–$15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. • Surf Reality, 172 Allen St. (212-358-3447).

Room Tone

The ineffable is made effable as Elevator Repair Service draws on texts by William and Henry James to create an eerie, intimate performance. $17. Fri.–Sun. at 7:30. Through 11/24. • P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288).

The Shanghai Gesture

John Colton's scandalous 1926 Broadway hit about a Chinese brothel owner named Mother God Damn is resurrected, uncensored, by Peccadillo Theater Company and Yangtze Repertory Theatre of America. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/17. • Bank Street Theatre, 155 Bank St. (212-561-9635).

Soar Like An Eagle

A new musical set in Berlin, alternately during WWII and in 1988. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 11/10. • Lion Theatre on Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Spotlight on Halloween Festival

In addition to Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell Tale Heart" rendered "mobster-style," and an adaptation of *The War of the Worlds*, expect wildcards like *Dik and Jayne Are Not the Same* (about lesbians and cloning). $15. Schedule varies; see www.spotlighton.org for details. Through 11/3. • Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

The Three Birds

U.S. premiere of young British writer Joanna Laurens's play of Athenian passion, based on Sophocles' *Tereus*. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Opens 10/31. Through 11/23. • Gale Gates, 37 Main St., Dumbo, Brooklyn (212-352-7085).

Three O'Clock in Brooklyn

Overcaffeinated characters ricochet around a coffee shop in this new comedy by Israela Margalit. Stars multiple Emmy winner Kim Zimmer. $15. Mon., Thurs.–Sat at 8. Through 11/2. • Access Theatre, 380 Broadway, at White St. (212-206-1515).

William Shakespeare's Haunted House

Interactive performance in which Shakespeare invites guests to feel Caesar's wounds, dine at the table of Titus Andronicus, stroll through the Hall of Fairies, and dip their toes into Ophelia's Riverbed of Death. $15. Mon., Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. Additional performances on 10/31 at 4 and 10:30. • Chashama, 111 W. 42nd St. (866-468-7619).

Zanna, Don't!

This pop-musical fairy tale depicts a high-school fantasyland where it's cool to be smart and gay. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/3. • Rodney Kirk Theatre on Theatre Row, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).

Previews

Haunted Past

Amy Irving is intense. "Theater is a place for ideas and philosophies and discussion of man's fate," says the actress, whose stage credits include *Amadeus* and *The Road to Mecca*, and who currently appears in the film adaptation of the children's classic *Tuck Everlasting*. Irving stars in Classic Stage Company's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's **Ghosts**, which starts previews on November 1 in a new translation by Lanford Wilson. "A lot of people think they know *Ghosts*—someone told me, 'It's a play about syphilis, right?'—but in addition to venereal disease, it deals with incest, extramarital activity, even euthanasia. It shows human nature in all of its truth. The play is about a group of people who are living lies and the consequences of living the lies and ultimately seeing that they're not living at all." So it's an upper, then? "It's very tragic, but it's also so smart. One thing that Ibsen did is show us our own natures, the contradictions in character, the interplay of cause and effect, the restraints we put on ourselves, that society puts on us." (See "Off Broadway: Previews and Openings.")

NO BOOING ALLOWED: Amy Irving stars in Ibsen's *Ghosts*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLY SOMMA.

KOLKER *Continued from page 23*

enue apartment. "I don't have a dining room now," she says. "Meanwhile, he hired an expensive decorator to redo the apartment. I'm so much poorer, and he's so much richer."

Like Liza splitting the check with her friends at Bungalow 8, Veronica senses a gulf emerging between herself and other women her age. "My circle of peers are much, much wealthier than I am," she says. "You depend on your friends to support your causes. And so now it's recognized among my friends that they can't depend on me to do that." Happily, she's quick to add, "They still like me."

50s MOM, CAN I BORROW MY KIDS' TUITION?

REMEMBER THAT WINDFALL YOU DREAMED about in your twenties? In your late forties, there may come another What Am I Doing Here? moment, during which some find themselves looking elsewhere to make ends meet—like their parents' bank accounts.

Last year, Jake and Sarah, each approaching 50, told their teenage daughter that they'd be able to pay for high school or college but not both. "She gave us a look," Jake says, "and said, 'You guys have to be better planners than that!' " Jake is a publishing executive; Sarah teaches at a local college. Together they make nearly $200,000. They have $20,000 in credit-card debt and a $500,000 mortgage—and $25,000 in the bank and $200,000 in retirement savings. Their daughter is a sophomore at a pricey downtown-Brooklyn private school and already thinking about going after scholarships.

Sarah's father is approaching 100. His retirement kitty took a hit in the market, and now he and Sarah's mother are drawing on principal—"spending more money to cover the rest of their lives." Which, of course, means less money for Jake and Sarah. "That really sounds predatory, perhaps, but it's just a fact," Jake says. "We're the first ones to say the right thing, but meanwhile that inheritance is going down."

You've read about the sandwich generation—boomers supporting aging parents and unemployed adult children. In New York, adult kids stay close to their parents for real-estate reasons. David, 52, a doctor in Brooklyn with a $300,000 salary and a paid-for townhouse that could sell for $1.5 million, harbored fantasies of buying a Manhattan pied-à-terre and slowing down a little. Then, last spring, David's younger son came home from his second year of college announcing he wasn't going back. He wanted to be a jazz musician. "He's very good, but there are a lot of guitarists out there," David says. "Basically, our plan is we'll pay his room and board, which is what we were doing when he was in college. But we told him that being in school was his job, and if he quit that job, he'd have to get another job." Of course, he's quick to add, "if he finished college and wanted to go to grad school, we'd probably pay for that. We're willing to support him as long he's moving forward."

For the well-heeled, supporting kids isn't the issue; ditching responsibility is. Peter, a 55-year-old lawyer making $2 million a year, has his own practice, a second wife, two sons in private school, a four-bedroom on the Upper East Side worth seven figures, and a fourteen-room beach house on the South Shore of the Hamptons worth at least $10 million. He bought the apartment and built the house in the same year, the year his father died. "It wasn't a conservative moment," he says. "I was having a reaction."

Lately, with his first son looking at colleges, he's become aware of time slipping away. "There are days when things are so tough—not that I'm losing money or anything, but you know, you can't get something done because there are people standing in your way. At those times, you go, 'Oh, God, Tuscany, here I come.' "

60s CASHING OUT

YOUTH CULTURE MAY RULE NEW YORK IN MOST respects, but older people here have one thing that kids crave: a place to crash. Milton, 67, is an NYU professor who lives with his wife in a $3,000-a-month apartment in the Village. He makes about $100,000. Five years ago, his 27-year-old son, Clyde, announced he was moving back in with them for film school. "I love my folks!" Clyde says. "They're cool. And they're interesting, smart, fun, caring people. I learned that by spending time with them."

Clyde, now 33 with a pregnant girlfriend, doesn't see anything wrong with someone else's paying rent—it's a New York thing. "I have five friends who have lived with their parents at one time or another," he says. "One guy, his parents had a brownstone in Fort Greene. They lived upstairs, and he lived downstairs. Now his family needs money, so he moved back upstairs with them, and they rent out the lower floor. They became a family unit again."

Clyde's father takes it all in stride: "That's what life is all about. It's awful to have the idea that at 18, they'll go away. The energy that I get from him is extraordinary, and I believe he gets this energy, too." Given his extended family, Milton doesn't see himself retiring until he's 80.

RETIRED, BUT HARD AT WORK

FOR OTHERS, OF COURSE, RETIREMENT NOT only is thrust upon them but becomes a second job. Rose, 64, was downsized out of her $50,000 job in the home-design industry two years ago—bidden farewell with a friendly handshake and three months' severance. She took a look at all her assets—it didn't take long—and saw they added up to about $250,000, including a 401(k), annuities, and some savings bonds. Since then, she's been spending about $22,000 a year to live, first using the interest on the savings bonds and her Social Security. She's in fine health but lives alone in a stabilized $500 apartment in Queens. "In my building, they're going for $1,300 or $1,400," she says. Besides her rent, her biggest expense is $350 a month for health insurance.

Until she's 65, she won't qualify for Medicare, but even that won't cover everything. "I keep asking people over 65 about it," she says. "Medicare doesn't cover a lot of other expenses, so you need a supplementary medical policy." One policy she looked at costs $426 every three months; another costs $200 every two months. No two are alike. "I need a lawyer to get through a lot of this stuff," she says. "Of course, when they come to me, they always seem to raise their price."

Other big expenses? Nice shoes run her about $70. "I'm not a Payless person," she says with a laugh. "I think my budget's still above that. I go to a Mets game maybe four times a season. The tickets nowadays, that's part of your life savings. And then I travel because both my children are out of state. I go to see my three grandchildren about three times a year."

Leaving New York isn't an option for her, not as long as her health keeps up. When she's not watching the Knicks on TV ("A ticket at the Garden for $175? No way!"), Rose spends her time watching her money. Given the economy, she can't afford not to. Next year, her rent's increasing to $528; that's one less dinner out. But she's on top of it: When her 401(k) started hemorrhaging, she rolled it into an IRA.

"Who knows how long it'll last?" Rose says. "But I don't get upset about it, you know? My parents lived through a depression." ■

cue Art

Edited by Edith Newhall

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Elena Climent
New paintings of dollhouses and small rooms as remembered by the artist from her childhood; through 11/20. • Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-2213).

★ Joseph Cornell
Rarely exhibited collages, box constructions, objects, and toys; 10/30–12/20. • Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (212-987-1655).

★ Paul Feeley
A two-gallery retrospective of paintings by this artist who was associated with the Color-Field painters, but whose forms were derived from ancient Greek architecture, Moorish tiles, and Middle Eastern decoration (see "Solos: Chelsea"); through 11/23. • Markey, 42 E. 76th St. (212-517-9892).

Robert Natkin//Daniel Brustlein
Recent abstract paintings/Stark landscapes and interiors by an artist (1904–1996) who was a cartoonist for the *New Yorker* from 1935 to 1960. Through 11/17. • Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

★ Andy Warhol
More than 30 paintings, watercolors, and drawings based on the theme of the hammer and sickle that were first exhibited in 1977; through 12/7. • C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

57th Street Area

James Brooks
Abstract paintings dating from the forties through the eighties; through 11/30. • Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-3997-6780).

Don Colley
Glazed tiles, paintings, and drawings that depict disturbing narratives rendered in a comic-book aesthetic; through 11/16. • Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (212-644-5665).

★ Shirley Jaffe
Large-scale, colorful abstract paintings from the past four years, by an American artist who has worked in Paris since 1949; through 11/16. • De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

★ Donald Judd
The first exhibition to focus retrospectively on two sizes of the Minimalist sculptor's floor boxes as a distinct body of work; through 11/16. • Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Käthe Kollwitz
An exhibition of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts coinciding with the publication of Alexandra von dem Knesebeck's newly revised *catalogue raisonné* of the artist's work; through 1/4/03. • St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734).

Jules Olitski
Recent abstract paintings characterized by swirling pools of color that evoke primordial beginnings; through 11/16. • Ameringer Yohe, 20 W. 57th St. (212-445-0551).

★ William Tucker
New sculptures that explore the articulation of movement; through 11/30. • McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-688-5951).

Soho and Tribeca

★ Barton Lidice Benes
Items, some of them historic relics, displayed in cabinets that the artist calls "museums"; through 11/23. • Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

★ Robert Cumming
Manipulated digital photographs of ordinary objects, displayed in frames composed of digital images; through 11/16. • Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Chris Finley
Paintings that originate from downloaded digital images taken from bridal-gown and taxidermy Internet-site searches; through 11/16. • Tilton/Kustera, 49 Greene St. (212-941-1775).

Marc Katano
Gestural abstract paintings that are predominantly red; through 11/23. • Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (212-925-9424).

★ Liza Lou
A 35-foot-long 1949 Spartan Mobile Mansion transformed by the artist into a fantasy world of decadence and crime; through 11/30. • Deitch, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Erik Parker
Colorful graphic paintings whose compositions suggest genealogy charts; through 11/16. • Koenig, 249 Centre St. (212-334-9255).

★ Rosie Lee Tompkins
Brilliantly colored, geometrically patterned quilts by a Northern Californian African-American quiltmaker who was born in 1936 and grew up helping her mother "piece" quilts in rural Arkansas; through 11/23. • Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Chelsea

Carl Andre
New pieces made with aluminum ingots and Australian hardwood; through 11/30. • Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Andrea Bowers
A large sculptural video installation that depicts a virtual arcade fighting game; through 11/16. • Meltzer, 516 W. 20th St. (212-727-9330).

Alice Dalton Brown
Crisply rendered paintings of domestic scenes in Connecticut and the Caribbean; through 11/16. • Fischbach, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-759-2345).

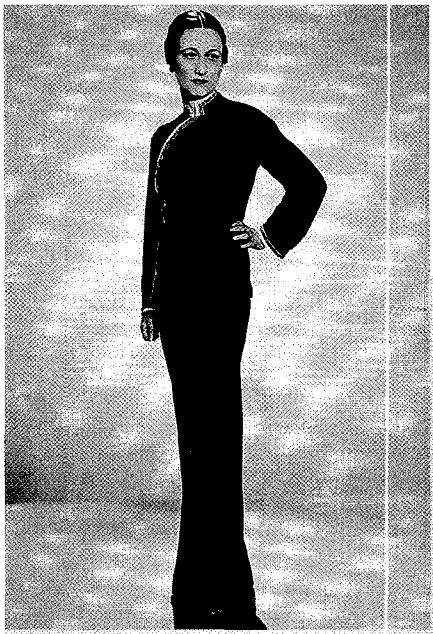
★ Paul Feeley/Peter Cain
Paintings and sculptures made between 1958 and 1965 by this artist who was associated with the Color-Field painters, but whose compositions were derived from ancient Greek architecture, Moorish tiles, and Middle Eastern decoration/The first solo exhibition of the artist's paintings of truncated cars since his untimely death in 1997. Through 11/23. • Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200).

★ Teresita Fernández
Three large-scale sculptural installations; through 11/29. • Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. (212-255-2923).

★ Walton Ford
Recent watercolors of passenger pigeons, starlings, and other birds that depict them engaged in the vices often portrayed in Breughel paintings; through 11/16. • Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Tomer Ganihar/Uri Dotan
Photographs taken in Israel of mass mystical happenings in Judaism's historical and sacred locations/A video that seeks to construct a new experience of reality in the urban environment. Through 11/23. • Rodgers, 529 W. 20th St. (212-414-9810).

★ Mona Hatoum
Recent works that reflect the artist's recent extended stays in such diverse places as Caracas, Stockholm, and North Adams, Massachusetts, among them a large steel sculpture, a video projection, and works made from glass and found objects; through 11/27. • Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).



STRIKE A POSE: Wallis Simpson in Mainbocher, photographed by Man Ray for *Harper's Bazaar*, 1936.

Retrospective

Design for Living

War may be on the horizon and the plutocracy may (still) rule, but life isn't much like a Noël Coward play these days. The British café society that flourished in the years just before World War II—inhabited by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, Lady Mendl, the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, and others—would have recoiled at saketinis and deconstructed Armani. As the duke, who was known to mix houndstooth check and Royal Stewart tartan and to have his father's clothes altered to fit his own proportions and sensibility, mused in his 1960 style treatise, *A Family Album*, "I was in fact 'produced' as a leader of fashion, with the clothiers as my showmen and the world as my audience." Though less imaginative than her husband, the duchess cultivated a look so streamlined that she reminded the photographer Cecil Beaton "of the neatest, newest luggage, and . . . as compact as a Vuitton travelling case." Assembled for **Blithe Spirit: The Windsor Set** at the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Costume Institute, the bespoke suits and exquisite evening dresses of the Windsors and their crowd—created by the tailors F. Scholte, Forster & Son, Ltd., and H. Harris and the couturiers Chanel, Lanvin, Mainbocher, Schiaparelli, and Vionnet, and exhibited alongside period furniture and photography—offer vivid proof that well-crafted clothes *can* make the person. (November 1 through February 9; see "Museums.") E.N.

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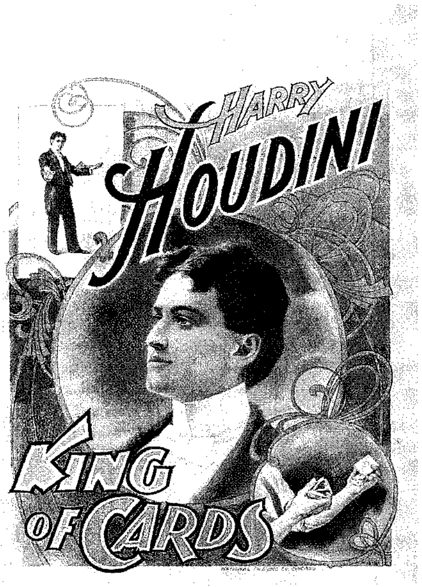
On the Block

Buy Now, Before It All Disappears

Admirers of Harry Houdini have been known to make pilgrimages to his grave site on Halloween, the anniversary of his death. This year, they've got another option: Swann Auction Galleries' annual Magic Sale will offer, among other curiosities, memorabilia from the collection of Manny Weltman (1931–1994), a Houdini biographer and bibliographer whose lifelong fascination with the magician began at age 11, when he decided to "find the historical truth" of Houdini's early life. It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see, if not bid on, a scrapbook on spiritualism given to Houdini by the psychic researcher Henry Ridgely Evans ($35,000–$50,000), a poster for the Houdini film *The Man From Beyond* ($12,000–$18,000), and a signed contract for eight weeks of performances with the Lyceum Theatre chain in 1924. (October 31 at 10:30; See "Auctions.")

BID FOR RECOGNITION: An 1895 Houdini poster, at Swann Galleries (est. $10,000 to $15,000).



★ Alfredo Jaar
Lament of the Images, an installation that was commissioned by and first shown at Documenta 11 last summer and leads its viewers through the dark into the light; through 11/30. • Lelong, 528 W. 26th St. (212-315-0470).

★ Toba Khedoori
New large-scale drawings that suggest abstracted landscapes; through 11/16. • Zwirner, 525 W. 19th St. (212-727-2070).

Sol Lewitt
New large-scale gouaches that depict thin, swirling lines of color over a monochromatic background; through 11/30. • Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

★ Fabian Marcaccio
A large-scale installation that takes viewers through a series of five pictorial experiences; through 11/12. • Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. (212-352-8872).

★ Bruce Nauman
A selection of iconic neon works, sculptures, and drawings dating from the late sixties through the eighties; through 12/14. • Van de Weghe, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-929-6633).

Luisa Rabbia
Drawings on photographs and two videos that explore the human body; through 11/23. • Audiello, 526 W. 26th St. (212-675-9082).

★ Bettina Rheims/Lynda Benglis
Chambre Close, a series of photographs of women in cheap hotel rooms in which the photographer assumed the role of Monsieur X, an amateur photographer with an insatiable curiosity about women's bodies/*Quartered Meteor*, a sculpture made in 1969. Through 11/16. • Cheim & Read, 547 W. 25th St. (212-242-7737).

★ Matthew Ritchie
Recent large-scale paintings, a large wall drawing, and a floor work that describe a strange transformative cycle as a large drowning figure oscillates through phases of birth and death; through 11/23. • Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Katia Santibañez/Margaret Curtis
Geometric paintings composed of patterns from nature/Paintings of imaginary landscapes. Through 11/16. • P• P• O• W, 555 W. 25th St. (212-647-1044).

Dylan Stone
Colored-paper reconstructions of the interiors of buildings photographed by Eugene Atget for his turn-of-the-last-century book, *Intérieurs Parisiens Début du Vingtième Siècle Artistiques Pittoresques et Bourgeois*; through 11/18. • Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Jim Torok/Nyame O. Brown
Miniature self-portraits that depict the artist in various attire, lighting, and moods/Paintings and graphite and conte-crayon drawings on paper that explore the relationship between African-American pop culture and the larger African diaspora. Through 11/16. • Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Federico Uribe
Carved Styrofoam sculptures that incorporate such functional found objects as pennies, forks, dominoes, and pencils; through 11/30. • Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-741-8695).

Bernar Venet/Andrew Forge
Recent large-scale metal sculptures made of single, curving, unwelded pieces of steel with no added elements/A memorial exhibition of paintings by a former dean of the Yale School of Art. Through 11/20. • Miller, 524 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Michael Zansky
Large anamorphic lenses through which a viewer can see a quirky theater of everyday objects in transit; through 11/23. • Universal Concepts Limited, 507 W. 24th St. (212-727-7575).

Other

★ Mary Heilmann
Abstract paintings, furniture, ceramics, and fabrics; through 11/24. • Schachter conTEMPorary, 14 Charles Ln. (212-807-6669).

Ground Rules Galleries are generally open Tuesday through Saturday, from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

★ Baumgold
"Made in Chicago ca. 1970," paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by the Chicago group known as the "Imagists," including works by Brown, Lanyon, Nilsson, Nutt, Paschke, Ramberg, Wirsum, Yoshida, others; through 11/30. • Baumgold, 74 E. 79th St. (212-861-7338).

Castelli
"Something We Talked About," a two-venue exhibition, with Brooke Alexander Gallery (see "Group Shows: Soho and Tribeca"), of works that invoke a sense of awareness of transpired events, by Baldessari, McBride, Salle, Weiner; through 11/23. • 59 E. 79th St. (212-249-4470).

57th Street Area

★ Archives of American Art
"The André Emmerich Gallery: A Documentary Portrait," photographs, catalogues, invitations, and other materials that the former gallery owner has given to the archives, as well as works on paper by the artists he represented—Anthony Caro, Helen Frankenthaler, David Hockney, and others—from his personal collection; through 1/10/03. • 1285 Sixth Ave. (202-357-2700), Mon.-Fri. 9:30-5.

Soho and Tribeca

Alexander
"Something We Talked About," a two-venue exhibition, with Leo Castelli Gallery (see "Group Shows," "'Madison Avenue and Vicinity"), of works that invoke an awareness of transpired events, by Baldessari, McBride, Salle, Weiner; through 11/23. • 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

apex art
"Time Is Free," works that use domestic space as a metaphor for memory and intimacy, by Brusselmans, Diamond, Gröeting, Macloed, Pernice, others; through 11/9. • 291 Church St. (212-431-5270).

Chelsea

Feature
Paintings and drawings by Ross; sculpture by Wiener and McMakin; through 11/16. • 530 W. 25th St. (212-675-7772).

Marvelli
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore," new works by L.A.-based artists Alexander, Chasteen, McReynolds, Morse, Olsen, Riess, Smith, Wheeler; through 11/23. • 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-3363).

★ White Columns
"Regarding Gloria," an exhibit of works by emerging artists that examines the influence of the feminist legacy; "White Rooms," installations of environments by Ron Amstutz and sculpture and wall paintings by Steve Robinson; through 12/1. • 320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212).

Photography

★ Bobby Neel Adams
Photographic portraits created by splicing together present-day portraits of his subjects with their childhood photographs; through 11/16. • Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-4500).

★ Chan Chao
Large-scale, simply posed color portraits made between 1996 and 1998 in rebel camps along the borders of Burma; through 11/30. • Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. (646-230-9610).

★ Valdir Cruz
Haunting black-and-white photographs of the Yanomami people of Brazil and Venezuela; through 11/30. • Throckmorton, 145 E. 57th St. (212-223-1059).

Grand Central Terminal
"A Day in the Life of Africa," 150 photographs taken this year during a single day by 150 photographers, among them Barboza, Bieber, Day, Haviv, Kratochvil, Mehta, Nachtwey, Salgado, Turnley; through 11/4. • 42nd St. at Park Ave. (212-674-7726).

Lauren Greenfield/Judith Joy Ross
Photographs of young women shopping in Soho, swimming at weight-loss camps, attending parties, and

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF SWANN GALLERIES.

involved in other activities that demonstrate the degree to which their bodies have become a public project/Portraits of adolescent girls that focus on their individuality. Through 11/30. • Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

★ International Center of Photography
"Winogrand: 1964." Photographs shot by the photographer (1928–1984) during a road trip across America that show the country in transition, mired in the struggles of the civil-rights movement and poised at the beginning of the Vietnam War; through 12/1. • "Step Right This Way: The Photographs of Edward J. Kelty." Photographs of early-twentieth-century circuses and circus performers by a professional wedding and event photographer based in midtown Manhattan; through 12/1. • "Aftermath: Reflections on the Anniversary of September 11." Photographs taken by women's-rights activists in Taliban-controlled Afghanistan; photographs recording the aftereffects of the collapse of the World Trade towers by Jeff Mermelstein, and digital photographs recovered from the camera of Bill Biggart, the only photojournalist to be killed on September 11; through 12/1. • 1133 Sixth Ave. (212-857-0000), Tues.-Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 P.M. voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $9, $6 students and seniors.

★ Charles Marville
Albumen prints of Paris street scenes shot between 1865 and 1869; through 11/30. • Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (212-334-0010).

★ Abelardo Morell
Photographs of books and objects, and camera obscura images of London and of a paper mill in Massachusetts; through 12/7. • Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

★ John O'Reilly
Photomontages from the past two years; through 11/30. • Saul, 535 W. 22nd St. (212-627-2410).

Museums

American Craft Museum
"From the Kilns of Denmark: Contemporary Danish Ceramics." A survey of ceramics produced in Denmark since 1982; through 1/5/02. • "Elegant Fantasy: The Jewelry of Arline Fisch." A survey of the jewelry artist's collars and body ornaments, which incorporate such textile techniques as weaving and crochet; through 1/5/03. • 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), daily 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $7.50, $4 students and seniors.

American Folk Art Museum
★ "American Anthem: Masterworks From the American Folk Art Museum." More than 250 objects from the museum's permanent collection, including paintings, sculpture, quilts, furniture, and pottery; through 1/5/03. • 45 W. 53rd St. (212-265-1040), Tues.–Sun. 10–6 (Fri. to 8); $9, $5 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History
★ "The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An annual exhibition, first presented in 1998, of 400 to 500 live tropical butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a walk-in vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 5/26/03. • Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); daily 10–5:45 (on Fri., Rose Center is open to 8:45 for daily space shows); $12 suggested contribution, $9 students and seniors, $7 children.

Asia Society and Museum
★ "The Native Born: Contemporary Aboriginal Art From Ramingining, Australia." A traveling exhibition of Aboriginal bark paintings, weavings, and wood sculptures organized by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Sydney; through 1/5/03. • "China Refigured: The Art of Ah Xian With Selections From the Rockefeller Collection." Sculptures in porcelain, lacquer, and cloisonné by the Chinese Australian artist; through 2/9/03. • "From Court to Caravan: Chinese Tomb Sculptures From the Collection of Anthony M. Solomon"; through 2/9/03. • 725 Park Ave. (212-288-6400), Tues.-Sun. 11–6 (Fri. 11–9, free admission 6–9); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art
★ "Exposed: The Victorian Nude." The first exhibit to survey the full range of representations of the nude during the reign of Queen Victoria, from 1837 to 1901, including works by Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edward Burne-Jones, Frederic Leighton, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and others; through 1/5/03. • ★ "The Adventures of Hamza." Approximately 70 of the finest surviving paintings from the *Hamzanama*, a fourteen-volume manuscript portraying the exploits of Amir Hamza, an uncle of the Prophet Muhammad, that was created by Persian and Indian artists and commissioned by the Indian Mughal emperor Akbar (r. 1556–1605) when he was still a teenager; 11/1–1/26/03. • ★ "Judy Chicago: *The Dinner Party.*" The feminist sculptor's best-known work, given to the museum by the Elizabeth A. Sackler Foundation, an installation consisting of a dinner table and 39 place settings representing 39 successful women, executed between 1974 and 1979 by some 400 women working as ceramicists, needleworkers, and china painters; through 2/9/03. • 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000), Wed.-Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Sat. of every month), Sun. 11–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution
★ "New Hotels for Global Nomads." The first major exhibition to explore the hotel as architecture, interior design, and cultural phenomenon; through 3/2/03. • ★ "Michelangelo Unveiled." A one-week viewing of an unsigned drawing in the museum's collection that was discovered to be the work of Michelangelo last April by Sir Timothy Clifford, director of the National Galleries of Scotland; through 11/3. • 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed., Thurs., Fri. 10–5, Sat. 10–6, Sun. noon–6, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $5 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts
"Rosemarie Trockel: Spleen." A new suite of video projections that explore the meanings of "spleen" through the artist's feminist perspective; through 6/15/03. ★ "Jo Baer: The Minimalist Years, 1960–1975." The artist's first solo museum exhibition in the United States since 1975, of hard-edge minimal paintings and drawings made during the years she lived in New York City; through 6/15/03. • Jorge Pardo and Gerhard Richter: *Refraction.*" The former's design of Dia's ground floor is interwoven with the latter's paintings; through 6/15/03. • "Diana Thater: Knots + Surfaces." A large-scale multi-projection video installation; through 3/29/03. • 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.-Sun. noon–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection
★"Masterpieces of European Painting From the Toledo Museum of Art." Twelve important works on loan from the Toledo Museum of Art, Ohio, by Piero di Cosimo, Jacopo Bassano, El Greco, Thomas Gainsborough, Camille Pissarro, and others; through 1/5/03. • ★ "Poussin, Claude, and Their World: Seventeenth-Century French Drawings From the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris." Drawings by Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorrain, as well as by lesser-known artists such as Sebastian Bourdon, Charles Le Brun, Eustache Le Sueur, and Simon Vouet; through 12/1. • 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10–6 (Fri. to 8:45), Sun. 1–6; $12 adults, $8 seniors, $5 students; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery
★ "Between Word and Image: Modern Iranian Visual Culture." Paintings, sculpture, revolutionary posters, and black-and-white photographs made by Iranian artists in the sixties and seventies; through 12/7. • 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; $2.50 suggested donation.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
★ "Moving Pictures." Photographs and video works from the seventies to the present, drawn primarily from the museum's collection, by Marina Abramovic, Vito Acconci, Stan Douglas, Andreas Gursky, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 1/12/03. • ★ "Bill Viola: Going Forth by Day." A new five-part, projected digital image cycle that is experienced architecturally and explores themes of human existence; through 1/12/03. • 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500), Sat.-Wed. 10–5:45, Fri. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $8 students and seniors.

Japan Society
★ "Kazari: Decoration and Display in Japan, Fifteenth–Nineteenth Centuries." A survey of Japanese art that explores the concept and practice of *kazari*, the art of arranging objects and paintings and the principles governing their display, including works gathered from collections around the world; through 12/31. • 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.-Fri. 11–6, Sat. and Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum
★ "Adolph Gottlieb." Paintings spanning the Abstract Expressionist's career from 1934 to 1973 and charting his evolution from his early representational easel paintings to his monumental abstract pictures; through 3/2/03. • ★ "The City of K.: Franz Kafka and Prague." Photographs, manuscripts, and books set in a series of multimedia environments that place the German-Jewish writer in the context of the city in which he grew up; through 1/5/03. • 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200), Mon., Tues., Wed. 11–5:45; Thurs. 11–8 (Thurs. after 5, pay what you wish), Fri. 11–3, Sun. 10–5:45; $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art
★ "Théodore Chassériau (18919–1856): The Unknown Romantic." The first retrospective of paintings and works on paper since 1933 by this French artist, a precocious disciple of Ingres; through 1/5/03. ★ "Richard Avedon: Portraits." A retrospective of the preeminent photographer's portraiture, including images of well-known writers, artists, actors, military leaders, and politicians; a series of portraits of his father in the years just prior to his death; and his portrayals of westerners from the series The American West; through 1/5. • ★ "The Legacy of Ghengis Khan: Courtly Art and Culture in Western Asia, 1256–1353." More than 200 objects, including illustrated manuscripts, decorative arts, and architectural decoration; 11/5–2/16/03. • ★ "Blithe Spirit: The Windsor Set." A collection of French couture donated to the museum in 1946 that includes Chanels, Lanvins, Vionnets, and Schiaparellis, and captures the elegance of thirties café society; 11/1–2/9/03. (See box.) ★ "The Prints of Vija Celmins." Images of ocean surfaces, desert floors, and star-filled night skies that eschew conventional composition; through 12/29 • 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:30, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 students and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $12, $7 students and seniors.

MoMA QNS
★ "Drawing Now: Eight Propositions." Approximately 250 drawings by a diverse group of 26 young artists from Europe, Asia, and the Americas; through 1/6/03. • "The Changing of the Avant-Garde: Visionary Architectural Drawings From the Howard Gilman Collection." 173 architectural drawings of group of 200 that were given to the museum by the Howard Gilman Foundation, by Eisenman, Hejduk, Koolhaas, Maki, Sottsass, others; through 1/6/03. • "A Walk Through Astoria and Other Places in Queens: Photographs by Rudy Burckhardt." Two unpublished albums of photographs taken in Queens by the Swiss-born photographer, filmmaker, and painter; through 11/4. • 33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400), Thurs.-Mon. 10–5 (Fri. to 7:45); $12, $8.50 students and seniors.

Morgan Library
★ "The Thaw Collection: Master Drawings and Oil Sketches, Acquisitions Since 1994." Works collected by Eugene V. and Clare E. Thaw since 1994 that they have promised to the Morgan Library, by Carpaccio, Degas, Morandi, Redon, Seurat, and others; through 1/12/03. • "Stuart Davis: Art and Theory, 1920–31." Works on paper, the artist's earliest known diary, and a sketchbook; through12/15. • 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.-Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10:30–8, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $8, $6 students and seniors.

★ El Museo del Barrio
"The (S) Files 2002: The Selected Files." The museum's biennial showcase of works by New York–based Latino and Latin American artists; through 2/16/03. • 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.-Sun. 11–5; $7, $3 students and seniors (free admission Thurs. from 5–9).

Museum of Sex
"NYC Sex: How New York City Transformed Sex in America." The museum's inaugural exhibition, charting New York City's histories of prostitution, "white slavery," birth control, fetish, sexual freedom, and more;

through 7/3/03. • 233 Fifth Ave. (212-689-6337), Sun., Mon., Tues., Thurs. 10–6:30, Fri. and Sat. 10–9; $17 (only those 18 and older will be admitted).

Museum of the City of New York
"The Croton Aqueduct: Illustrations by Fayette B. Tower." Highlights from a recent gift to the museum of ink drawings, prints, and letters by Fayette B. Tower (1817–1857), an assistant engineer on the Croton Aqueduct project; 11/2–4/6/03. • "The Lubavitch of Brooklyn, An Intimate Portrait: Photographs by Steve Hoffman." Images documenting the daily life and rituals of the Jewish Chabad Lubavitch community in Crown Heights, Brooklyn; through 2/2/03. • "Raíces: The Roots of Latin Music in New York City." Photographs, broadsides, posters, instruments, and costumes relating to the evolution of Latin music in New York in the twentieth century; through 1/26/05. • ★ "Richard Rodgers' Broadway." A centennial celebration of the legendary composer's birth, featuring photographs, sheet music, personal items, and ephemera from the museum's Theater Collection; through 1/5/03. • 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology
★ "Scaasi: Exuberant Fashion." A selection of 70 evening gowns and cocktail dresses by the designer known for his use of rich, opulently adorned fabrics, off-the-shoulder necklines, and strapless dresses; through 1/4/03. • ★ "Femme Fatale: Fashion and Visual Culture in Fin-de-Siècle Paris." The first exhibition to explore the sexual politics of women's fashion in turn-of-the-century Paris, including fashions by Doucet, Pacquin, Worth, and others; through 1/25/03. • Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. noon–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

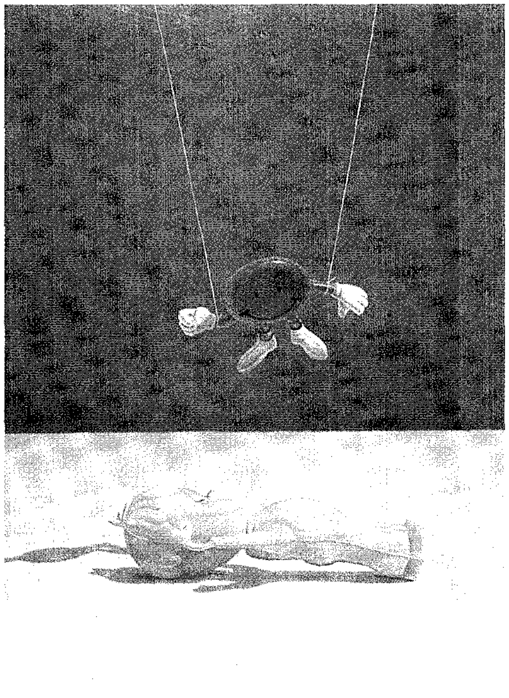
National Academy of Design
★ "Color & Ecstacy: The Art of Hyman Bloom." A retrospective of paintings and drawings by a Latvian-born artist who had his first retrospective at the Whitney Museum in 1954 and whose work reflected his preoccupations with light, color, the macabre, and spirituality; through 12/29. • ★ "Against the Modern: Dagnan-Bouveret and the Transformation of the Academic Tradition." An exhibition presented by the Dahesh Museum of Art, of paintings of daily life in the French provinces and Paris by Dagnan-Bouveret (1852–1929), a student of Jean-Léon Gérôme; through 12/8. • 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed. and Thurs. noon–5, Fri. , Sat. and Sun. 11–6; $8; $4.50 students and seniors.

Neue Galerie
★ "Dagobert Peche and the Wiener Werkstätte." The first comprehensive exhibit of drawings, furniture, jewelry, ceramics, fabrics, and wallpaper by the eclectic Viennese designer (1887–1923); through 2/10/03. • 1048 Fifth Ave. (212-628-6200), Fri. 11–9, Sat., Sun., Mon. 11–6; $10, $7 students and seniors.

On View

Cheap Thrills

If the art you love is usually beyond your means, there's a show you haven't met. The Affordable Art Fair, which started in London in 1999 and has since become one of Britain's largest art fairs, makes its New York City debut this week with works under $5,000—some as low as $100!—from more than 80 North American and European galleries. Bargain-offering Manhattan participants include Adam Baumgold Gallery, Mixed Greens, Cheryl Pelavin Fine Art, JG Contemporary/James Graham & Sons, Fischbach Gallery, and Thatcher Projects. (Pier 92, Twelfth Avenue at 50th Street; October 31 through November 3. Call 800-594-TIXX or visit www.affordableartfair.com.)



COLLECT THEM ALL: C. Cosnowski's *Good Dream* (2002), $1,800 from Lyons Wier at the Affordable Art Fair.

New Museum of Contemporary Art
"Carroll Dunham." The first major museum survey of paintings by the American artist whose combination of biomorphism, cartooning, and abstraction have played a pivotal role in synthesizing abstraction with representation; 10/31–2/2/03. • 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Tue.–Sun. noon–6, Thurs. noon–8 ($3 admission Thurs. 6–8); $6, $3 students and seniors.

New York Public Library
★ "Urban Neighbors: Images of New York City Wildlife." Historic and contemporary illustrated books, photographs, engravings, maps, original art, and other works from the library's collections depicting fauna from the five boroughs; through 2/1/03. • Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089), Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society
★ "Portrait of the Art World: A Century of *ARTnews* Photographs." A celebration of the centenary of America's oldest art magazine through a selection of 100 of its most memorable portraits of artists; through 1/5/03. • ★ "Seat of Empire: Napoleon's Armchair from Malmaison to Manhattan." A multifaceted exploration of Napoleon Bonaparte's armchair from the *Salle du Conseil* (Council Room) at Malmaison, featuring the armchair and objects related to its history—furniture, paintings, sculpture, prints, and books—from the Society and collections around the world; through 1/12/03. • ★ "The Games We Played: American Board and Table Games From the Liman Collection." More than 150 examples of board games dating from the end of the Civil War through the first decade of the twentieth century; through 1/5/03. • 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center
★ "Chris Cunningham." Works by the British artist, including collaborations with musicians Björk and Aphex Twin; through 11/1. • "Selected Works From Mexico City"; through 11/1. • "Arnold Mesches: The FBI Files." Collages and paintings inspired by the artist's own FBI files; through 11/1. • ★ "Al Held." Recent monumental canvases; through 11/1. • 22–25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Thurs.–Mon. noon–6; $5 suggested donation.

Studio Museum in Harlem
★ "Gary Simmons." A survey of the artist's work from the past seven years, including erasure drawings, photographs, sculptures, and videos; through 1/5/03. • 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun. noon–6, Fri. noon–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art
★ "An American Legacy, A Gift." Eighty-seven works of postwar American art that were given to the museum by fifteen members of its board of trustees, including works by Close, De Feo, Frankenthaler, Johns, Kelly, Kline, Newman, Pollock, Rauschenberg, Rothko, Ryman, Twombly, and Warhol; through 1/26/03. • ★ "Lorna Simpson: *31*." A film installation that tracks a month in the life of an unknown woman in a grid of 31 small video screens as she moves through her apartment, the street, the office, and various recreational spaces; through 1/26/03. "Lorna Simpson: Cameos and Appearances." New photographs from an ongoing series of silhouetted and obscured portraits; through 1/26/03. • ★ "Sanctuaries: The Last Works of John Hejduk." Drawings and models by the visionary American architect who was the dean of Cooper Union for 25 years and who explored an allegorical, carnivalesque mode of architecture; through 1/5/03. • "Tom Burr: *Deep Purple*." A re-imagining of Richard Serra's *Tilted Arc* that calls into question the past, present, and future of public art; 10/31–1/5/03. • "Helen Mirra: *declining interval lands*." An installation relating to the decline of the American elm tree by the Chicago-based visual and sound artist; through 12/8. • 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues.–Thurs., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Fri. 1–9 (pay what you wish every Fri. 6–9); $12, $9.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris
★ "Outer City, Inner Space: Teresita Fernandez, Stephen Hendee, and Esther Partegas." New site-specific sculptural works by three artists who explore architectural and conceptual space; through 1/3/03. • "Haluk Akakçe: Illusion of the First Time." An ethereal environment of illusional wall paintings, abstract video projections, and dimensional sound elements; 10/28–1/10/03. • 120 Park Ave. (917-663-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's
10/30 at 10: "19th-Century European Art." On view from 10/26. 10/30 at 2: "Fine 19th-Century European Art." On view from 10/26. 11/5 at 10 and 2: "19th and 20th Century Prints." On view from 10/30. • 20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000).

Doyle
11/5 at 10: "20th-Century Art and Design." On view from 11/2. • 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730).

Phillips de Pury & Luxembourg
11/4 at 7 and 11/5 at 10: "Impressionist & Modern Art, Part I & II." On view from 10/26. • 3 W. 57th St. (212-940-1200).

Sotheby's
10/30 at 10:15: "Property From the Estate of Esmond Bradley Martin: Magnificent English Furniture and Related Decorative Arts." On view from 10/26. 11/3 at 2 and 11/4 at 10:15 and 2: "Property From the Estate of Mrs. James H. Van Alen." On view from 10/31. 11/5 at 7: "Impressionist & Modern Art, Part One, including Property From the Robert C. Guccione Collection." On view from 11/1. • 1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000).

Swann Galleries
10/31 at 10:30: "Magic." On view from 10/27. (See box.) • 104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710).

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF LYONS WEIR GALLERY.

Restaurants

Edited by Robin Raisfeld
& Rob Patronite

New and Noteworthy

Aix
Didier Virot gave up the prestige of an executive-chef post at Jean Georges to open the ill-fated Virot at the Dylan Hotel. Now he's followed in the pioneering Noza (north of Zabar's) footsteps of Tom Valenti, bringing sophisticated French fare (blue-mussel cannelloni in spicy wine broth, crispy broiled squab with oatmeal-porcini cakes) four blocks north of Valenti's Ouest. The neighborhood should be big enough for both of them. • 2398 Broadway, at 88th St. (212-874-7400). (M–E)

★ Atelier
An intriguing diver-scallop-and-bluefin tartare and sensational roasted lobster with artichoke and rhubarb (on the same $68 prix fixe) show that Gabriel Kreuther (Jean Georges's former chef de cuisine) aspires to the elite of our town's season-driven chefs. His morel soup with favas, peas, and mint oil is spring in a bowl. And tapioca balls in pineapple cream—the daring dessert-before-dessert—almost upstage the grapefruit tart and the rhubarb-strawberry soup with goat-milk sorbet that follow. • 50 Central Park So. (212-521-6125). (E)

Azafrán
The owners of this sleek Tribeca tapas bar traveled to the Basque country to pluck two promising young chefs from cooking school in San Sebastián, where they were immersed in the traditional arts of garlic shrimp, tortilla española, and ham croquettes, not to mention paella (the restaurant's name means saffron). Besides tapas, which come in tasting and sharing portions, there's a trove of Spanish cured meats and cheeses. • 77 Warren St. (212-284-0577). (M–E)

★ Beyoglu
Beyoglu is the best Turkish cooking in town, and if you don't believe us, chef-owner Orhan Yegen will tell you so himself. His steely-eyed braggadocio, delivered tableside in perfect soft-spoken Bond-villainese, almost seems intended to cast some sort of hypnotic spell. *You are getting hungry, very, very hungry. Have a kabob.* Yegen's discourse, though, is no match for his kitchen's superb minty yogurt soup, tantalizingly good meze, and succulent doner kabob (the only entrée available) served three ways. • 1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (212-570-5666). (I–M)

Branzini
Under Rick Moonen's culinary supervision, the restaurant at the Library Hotel has become part tapas bar, part open-air osteria, with an appealing menu of pastas, panini, and snacky small plates. Mix and match the bracingly dressed arugula-and-endive salad, a trio of oil-drizzled grilled sardines, cheese-dusted risotto croquettes, and prosciutto-wrapped figs with Gorgonzola, each paired with a matching wine. • 299 Madison Ave., at 41st St. (212-557-3340). (M)

The Burger Joint
The idea behind this secret spot—hidden behind a Wizard of Oz curtain in the lobby of Le Parker Meridien hotel—is to give tourists a cheap, no-frills alternative to room service, and stressed-out natives a place to decompress. To that end, the menu is brief: draft beer, crisp fries, fudgy brownies, and $4.50 burgers that hit the spot, whether you've just flown in from Tokyo or trudged over from your office across the street. • 119 W. 56th St. (212-245-5000). (I)

★ Celeste
A flower-decked terrace leads into country-cottage quaint with gingham and sky-blue plates and exactly what you'd eat in Naples: deep-fried buffalo-mozzarella balls (soft and creamy). Savory seafood fritto misto. And classic free-form pizzas out of the wood-fired oven. Quite a trick for Teodora's Giancarlo Quadalti, staunch partisan of Emilia-Romagna and chef-partner here. He's mastered the mantra of Upper West Side eats, too: big portions, small prices. • 502 Amsterdam Ave., near 84th St. (212-874-4559). (I–M) ($)

★ Crispo
After two decades as a New York chef-for-hire, Frank Crispo has finally landed an open kitchen of his own, where he's serving up delicious Italian-Mediterranean fare like mint-braised artichokes, grilled pizzas, and a sliced hanger steak that puts most French bistros to shame (even minus the frites). The cozy room, the friendly service, and the gentle prices make this place a terrific addition to the neighborhood, but we'd come back for Frank's plate of lovingly sliced prosciutto alone. • 240 W. 14th St. (212-229-1818). (M)

★ DeMarco's Room at Merge
Although you have to call and reserve at least 24 hours in advance, Sam DeMarco's rejiggered dining room at the back of Merge feels awfully homey. The stream-lined three-course $36 prix fixe menu features whatever looks good to Sam at the market that day, from heirloom tomatoes to fresh flounder. And like all good family dinners, the food keeps coming until you cry uncle. (That goes for the Sunday-night *Sopranos*-style supper, too.) • 142 W. 10th St. (917-749-8879). (M)

Dos Caminos
Stephen Hanson has made a habit—and a successful career—out of opening big, bold, budget-conscious restaurants. In this case, he adds margaritas and all sorts of assiduously researched Mexican fare to the mix. With 150 tequilas, 275 seats, and a south-of-the-border design scheme, he aims to spice up the state of Manhattan Mexican, from the humblest taco to the most complex mole. • 373 Park Avenue So., nr. 27th St. (212-294-1000). (M–E)

Epicerie Café Charbon
A second venture from the Flea Market Cafe team, this elaborately concealed restaurant and bar poses convincingly as a contiguous crèmerie, tabac, and épicerie (grocery store)—a trompe l'oeil Main Street from pre-supermarket France, transported intact to the Lower East Side. But the real draw is moderately priced bistro fare like escargots, beef tartare, and pâté maison—and for smokers, the dark, wood-beamed bar next door. • 168–170 Orchard St. (212-420-7520). (M) AE only

★ Fresh
After supplying fresh fish to star chefs like Alain Ducasse and Gray Kunz, the owners of Early Morning Seafood have opened a Tribeca restaurant of their own, turning their clients into the competition. Former Gotham chef de cuisine Martin Burge makes the most of getting first dibs on the day's catch with lightly crunchy fried Ipswich clams, melting "Kobe beef" of bluefin toro, and an array of "prime cuts" like baby-back halibut ribs steamed in kelp. • 105 Reade St. (212-406-1900). (E)

★ Gonzo
Chef-owner Vincent Scotto's cooked his way downtown, from Fresco to Scopa to this Village brownstone, where he's serving classics culled from his Italian-American repertoire like grilled-onion salad, Venetian-style bar snacks called cicchetti, salumi and cheese plates, and hearty entrées and sides meant to be shared. Don't miss his unbelievably great grilled pizzas topped with everything from cumin-scented ricotta to mashed potatoes. • 140 W. 13th St. (212-645-4606). (M)

OPENINGS

Shopsin's Jr.
Kenny and Eve Shopsin's offspring extend their parents' famously limited hours twice a week, with biweekly movie and game nights, and a limited menu of Shopsin's eclectic specialties. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9 P.M. to 1 A.M.; see shopsins.com for an events calendar. • 54 Carmine St. (212-924-5160). (M)

Ground Rules These listings are a selective guide to the city's restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. Stars (★) indicate our critics' recommendations. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive; (M) = moderate; (I) = inexpensive. Restaurants listed accept all major credit cards, except where noted; ($) = cash only; "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted card.

Jimmy's Downtown
We're betting that the low, lean, and sexy intimacy of Jimmy Rodriguez's sequel to Jimmy's Uptown and Jimmy's Bronx Café will lure grown-ups on the prowl to this unlikely eastern shoal of 57th Street. Slither through the all-white, candlelit lounge and settle into a booth out back where servers lyricize over yuca-crusted scallops, a huge juicy pork chop, and luscious grilled sturgeon on creamy avocado mash. And don't leave without indulging in lush coconut flan. • 400 E. 57th St. (212-486-6400). (E)

★ The Kati Roll Company
Somewhere between Lebanese-style shawarma and wrap sandwiches, the rolls at this single-item specialist make superb street food. Kati means "skewer," on which most of the flavorful marinated fillings (chicken or beef tikka, paneer-cheese cubes and peppers) are cooked before being rolled up in a wok-griddled paratha. Unda rolls have a layer of egg cooked onto the paratha, and aloo masala is the spiced potato mixture familiar to fans of dosas. • 99 Macdougal St. (212-420-6517). (I)

Kitchen 22
Out like a light: In one fell swoop, owner Charlie Palmer has dispensed with Alva's Edison-inspired light-bulb theme and reconceived his Flatiron-district property with walnut beams, vanilla walls, and sea-green-and-blue-hued fabrics and banquettes. The menu, too, has been overhauled, edited down to a choice of five appetizers, five entrées, and five desserts, available only as a $25 three-course prix fixe. • 36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M)

Link
Like his own résumé, British-born, French-trained Julian Clauss-Ehlers's menu at Link bridges several cultural divides. At lunch, you have a choice of either minestrone or coconut-curry soup. For dinner, there's everything from tempura-fried cod and frites to Thai rice vermicelli with spicy vegetables, and a fruit-and-nut b'steeya for dessert. The gastronomic globetrotting gets even fiercer with the late-night lounge menu, which offers pan-seared haloumi cheese alongside shrimp falafel. • 120 E. 15th St. (212-995-1010). (M)

Lozoo
This Houston Street newcomer juxtaposes strikingly modern décor with "traditional Chinese haute cuisine" like Maryland crab in whipped egg-white cloud, barbecued sirloin with shredded sesame tofu, and confit of sweet-and-spicy crispy eel. One of the owners has Kelley & Ping, Kin Khao, and Obeca Li on her estimable résumé; her partner draws inspiration from a wealth of memorable meals at his grandmother's table in Shanghai. • 140 W. Houston St. (646-602-8888). (M)

★ Noche
This Latin-themed nightclub and restaurant was inspired by a popular weekly dance party at the late, lamented Windows on the World, and its design evokes a pre-Castro club with acres of mosaic tile, stained-glass panels, a domed ceiling that changes color, and roving mojito carts. Chef Ramiro Jimenez, late of Chicama, provides a Pan-Latino panoply of tamales, enchiladas, seviches, and platters of roast suckling pig and Brazilian barbecued chicken. • 1604 Broadway, at 49th St. (212-541-7070). (M)

O Mai
First there was the East Village smash hit Cyclo. Then came Nam, the Tribeca triumph, which has in turn

spawned a Chelsea outpost that aspires to the Vietnamese chainlet's winning formula of fresh, affordable food and stylishly understated décor. The kitchen reprises classics like wok-seared monkfish and lemongrass-crusted tofu, all done with characteristic delicacy and a knack for clear, vibrant flavors. • 158 Ninth Ave., near 19th St. (212-633-0550). (M)

PastaBreak
San Domenico owner Tony May's second foray into the world of flash-frozen fettuccine—the original was at the World Trade Center—should enlighten a lot of tourist taste buds. The concept: Choose from ten shapes of pasta and eight sauces, and it's yours in two minutes. It's not exactly San Domenico, but the pastas, the lively tomato sauces, and the remarkably fresh premade sandwiches handily surpassed our fast-food expectations. Plus, the luscious gelati alone are worth a trip. • 235 W. 42nd St. (212-488-2300). (I)

★ Pazo
AZ's sister restaurant attempts to do for coastal Mediterranean cuisine what its precursor did for Asian fusion—reinvent it with a creative American spin. The menu features house-smoked bacon and chorizo, newfangled surf and turf, and witty variations on familiar themes like vitello tonnato of tuna carpaccio and harissa-braised veal shank; the vaguely Moorish redesign of the former Sono space is equally whimsical. • 106 E. 57th St. (212-752-7470). (M–E)

Petrosino
There'll always be a market for Barolos and Barbarescos, but Southern Italian wines (and foods) are certainly enjoying their moment, to judge by this breezy osteria whose cellar ventures deep into Campania, Puglia, Sardinia, and Sicily. The menu veers southward as well—a change of pace for chef-partner Patrick Nuti, sprung from the geographic confines of Tuscan Square to sauté caciocavallo cheese, bake shrimp on Sicilian rock salt, and adorn swordfish carpaccio with oranges and olives. • 190 Norfolk St. (212-673-3773). (M) ($)

Opening

Calories to Burn

After spending the past few years cooking spa food at Drew Nieporent's Heartbeat and Pulse at Sports Club/L.A., Scott Barton has fallen off the Weight Watchers wagon. His menu at **Voyage**, on the rum-soaked former premises of Caribe, plumbs the dietarily depraved depths of southern and Latin American cuisines in a full-fat assault of baby back ribs, fried baby chicken with pickled okra, curried fried oysters, and roast pork with ham-hock-stuffed plantains. Other southern comforts: a tea lounge up front and boiled peanuts at the bar. (117 Perry Street; 212-255-9191.)

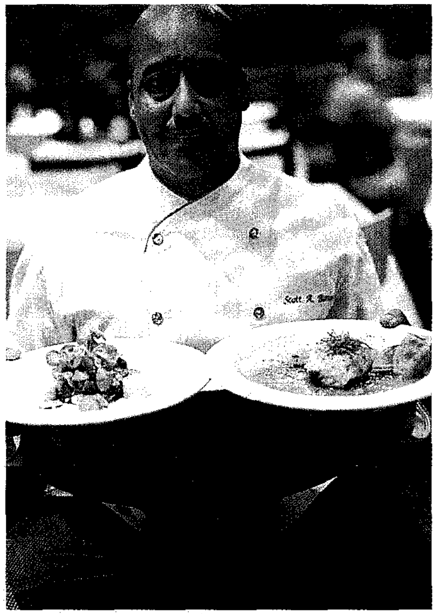
★ rm
Rick Moonen made a name for himself at Oceana, and now he's hoping that name—or at least those initials—will induce his customers to follow him six blocks north to new digs, where, as chef-partner, he's as determined as ever to serve sustainably fished, environmentally correct seafood. Dinner is a $55 three-course prix fixe and features entrées like halibut "confit," pistachio-crusted skate, and pancetta-wrapped wild striped bass. • 33 E. 60th St. (212-319-3800). (E)

Sciuscià
The younger, loungier sequel to Il Gattopardo brings some of its predecessor's Southern Italian signatures to a subterranean space below the Hotel Giraffe. But besides sautéed escarole and Neapolitan meat loaf, the broad Mediterranean menu makes room for a terrific kibbeh appetizer, a Córdoba salad, and, at lunch, a $22.50 daily changing *piatto unico*, or European-style bento box. • 365 Park Ave. So., at 26th St. (212-213-4008). (M–E)

Find a restaurant. Search hundreds of listings by cuisine, price range, and location.

SEA Thai Bistro
With three branches of Spice and one SEA in Manhattan, this burgeoning Thai chainlet establishes a Brooklyn beachhead, challenging Planet Thailand, reigning curry king, on its own Williamsburg turf. Like the competition, this contender has two bars and a D.J.; its stylish 7,500-square-foot premises also feature a Buddha statue, a reflecting pool, and seventies-style lounge bubble chairs. • 114 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-384-8850). (I–M)

Sparky's American Food
Reformed dot-commer Brian Benavidez sourced the best ingredients he could find before opening this fast-food frankfurter joint in a converted Williamsburg warehouse. He uses Ronnybrook ice cream for milkshakes and organic Cheddar for cheese fries. But his Niman Ranch all-beef hot dog is the thing, and he serves it a dozen or so ways, with everything from homemade ketchup to coleslaw and bacon. And the name? "Sparky's my dog," he says. We suspected as much. • 135-A N. 5th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-302-5151). (I) ($)


SOUTHBOUND: Chef Scott Barton at Voyage.

Svenningsen's
When some chefs branch out and open a new restaurant, they have a loyal client base to fall back on. Ron Svenningsen has a congregation. For the past sixteen years, he's held the title of head chef at Marble Collegiate Church, feeding the flock at various singles dinners, Sunday brunches, and ladies' teas. Now the former Maine lobsterman has opened his own old-fashioned fish house, serving shore dinners, fried Ipswich clams, and $13.50 lobster rolls. Mary's and Pearl's, watch your backs. • 292 Fifth Ave., near 30th St. (212-465-1888). (M)

Manhattan

Lower New York

★ aKa Cafe
Another funky little place from the 71 Clinton Fresh Food folks. This one features a clever, inexpensive small-plates menu with nods toward the neighborhood and its suppliers. The perfectly flaky braised-pork empanada is superb; oyster soup comes with Streits's matzo on the side; and the pressed chopped-hanger steak slider on a bialy with Gus's pickle slices and onions is the best thing to happen to that onion bun since Kossar. • 49 Clinton St. (212-979-6096). (I)

☆ Danube
David Bouley's outrageous, lacquered, velvet-swathed little dining room is beautiful, fun, funny, and romantic. And, via his chef de cuisine, Mario Lohninger, the bone-marrow dumplings, the Tyrolean wine soup, the braised beef cheeks, and even the Wiener schnitzel manage to be Austro-Hungarian but not too. • 30 Hudson St. (212-791-3771). (E)

Delmonico's
Eat with the Big Boys at this sprawling, beautifully restored New York City icon. Start the feast the way Diamond Jim would have, with oysters Rockefeller and clams Casino, and end it with baked Alaska; in between there's lobster Newburg, rack of lamb, and, of course, the classic Delmonico's steak. And don't forget your jacket—or your wallet. • 56 Beaver St. (212-509-1144). (E)

Ecco
Old-world charm, an excellent seasonal antipasto, and classically prepared pastas, veal chops, lobster fra diavolo, and osso buco. Very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. Live piano music on Friday and Saturday night. • 124 Chambers St. (212-227-7074). (M)

Fiamma
This ultrasleek Soho triplex equipped with two bars and a glass elevator shuttling between them is Stephen Hanson's bid for Soho stardom. He's enlisted chef Michael White, a veteran of high-profile kitchens in Chicago and Emilia-Romagna, to mastermind a multiregional modern Italian menu of dishes like pan-roasted sea scallops with crispy artichokes, garganelli with prosciutto ragù, and ricotta beignets. • 206 Spring St. (212-653-0100). (E)

★ Omen
The most singularly uncommon Japanese meal you can clear your senses with is to be found at this rustic home to Kyoto-style country cooking. The food looks coarse—little bowls with mackerel and daikon radish, or a quail egg oozing over a chunk of toro—and the first swallow is likely to be eerie and sharp. But the aftertaste provokes instantaneous acceptance followed by a craving for more. • 113 Thompson St. (212-925-8923). (M–E) AE only

★ Quartino
All that separates this rustic Italian osteria and wine bar from the South Street Seaport is a few short blocks and one major mind-set. It's all about the good life, Italian-style, which of course involves wine, served by the mini-carafe; delectable cured meats and imported cheeses; pasta; pizza; strong espresso; and convivial conversation. But amazingly, no smoking. The owners may be Italian, but they're also doctors. • 21 Peck Slip (212-349-4433). (I–M)

★ Thom
In case your sense of civic duty hasn't compelled you to visit Soho recently, here are two enticements to lure you back: Thom's view of the Empire State Building from its new roof bar, and Michael Batt's equally seductive revamping of the ground-floor restaurant's menu. Batt's snapper crackling under glass noodles, spiced duck breast in a bath of huckleberry-plum wine, and orange-glazed lobster are as ingenious as they are delicious. • 60 Thompson St. (212-219-2000). (E)

Below 14th Street, East

★ BondSt
The crowd is too cool, the rooms too cozy, the waiters way too pretty. No way is this anywhere you're going to get chirashi worth much more than a can of Bumble Bee. Boy, are you about to be surprised. With food this fresh, original, and vibrantly spiced, the kitchen can easily take on most traditional midtown sushi houses and wouldn't have to walk out of a room backwards if Nobu's troops were in attendance. • 6 Bond St. (212-777-2500). (M–E)

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN.

industry (food)
What do you get when you mix a chef who worked for Jean-Louis Palladin and Jean-Georges Vongerichten, bartenders and managers from Bungalow 8 and BondSt, and a treehouse-for-grown-ups rustic design? An instant hot spot, judging by the crowds getting back to nature in this wood-paneled rec room. Chef Alex Freij offers bistro fare (mussel stew, grilled skate wing, braised short rib) at neighborhood-friendly prices. • 509 E. 6th St. (212-777-5920). (M)

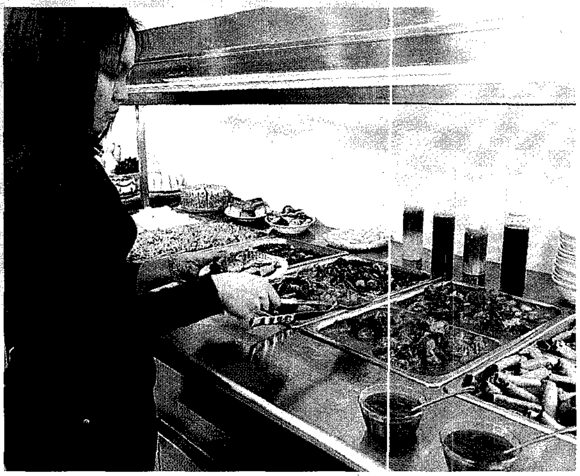
Le Souk
On a rapidly gentrifying Alphabet City block, two Egyptian brothers have carved out their own North African niche and accessorized it with Moroccan tile, glowing lanterns, and a weatherproofed garden. A Moroccan chef oversees a menu of assorted tajines and couscous, and meze like grilled octopus. Linger long enough to smoke a hookah and admire the belly dancer. • 47 Ave. B (212-777-5454). (I-M)

The Underground Gourmet

Pushing the Manila Envelope

Even after the demise of Manila Garden, the Filipino enclave known as Little Manila around First Avenue and 14th Street endures. **Krystal's Cafe**, a bright, bare-bones offshoot of a bustling bakery in Woodside, Queens, heats up the lunch-buffet competition with a daily-changing $5.95 spread that's been drawing expat weekend crowds for pancit canton (stir-fried noodles with shrimp), bulalo (rich oxtail soup with a cabbage-laden broth), addictive egg fried rice, and the kitchen's idea of "American food" like moist chicken breast with a spinach mixture tucked under the skin. Lumpia, or vegetable-stuffed rolls, come two ways: "Shanghai-style" (fried like spring rolls) or fresh, oversize, and doused with sweet peanut sauce. On a cold afternoon, ginataang mais—a coconut-milk-sweetened mush of glutinous rice and corn kernels—makes the ideal dessert. Or peruse the pastry case: Alongside purple yam cakes and coconut buns are Italian cookies and napoleons from Corona's venerable Stasi bakery, which Krystal's owner bought two years ago—a handy acquisition when you're invading Veniero's and De Robertis's turf. (171 First Avenue; 212-614-8080.) R.R.

ALL YOU CAN EAT: The lunch buffet at Krystal's.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARINA SALVI.

★ Lil' Frankie's Pizza
The irresistible offspring of Frank is distinguished by its custom-built brick oven, a tool used to sublime effect on everything from torpedo-size eggplants and lasagne alla Bolognese to whole fish and terrific thin-crust pizza. The earthy fava-bean soup teeters deliciously on the edge of oversaltiness, but cut it with a juice glass of Montepulciano, or get your vegetables the traditional way—in the unfailingly fresh Lil' Frankie's house salad. • 19 First Ave. (212-420-4900). (I-M)

Osso Buco
Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. • 88 University Pl. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M)

★ Patio Dining
Sara Jenkins cooks with the seasons and shops at the Greenmarket, which makes her small daily menu fresh, unpredictable, and Chez Panissean in spirit. Earthy, comforting soups; rich, veggie-strewn pastas; boutique free-range pork and veal; and fresh, expertly cooked fish sound simple but are elevated by first-rate ingredients—even the doctored house olive oil makes a bold, aromatic statement. • 31 Second Ave. (212-460-9171). (M)

★ Washington Park
Not since Dolly Levi descended the steps of the Harmonia Gardens has a return to a restaurant been so boisterously chronicled. The reason there is cause for high-kicking and strutting is that rather than bring us back down memory lane, eighties icon Jonathan Waxman reveals that his passion for market produce like dragon beans and ramps and his breezy touch in dropping them in pastas and alongside juicy duck confit is as vital as ever. • 24 Fifth Ave. (212-529-4400). (M-E)

Below 14th Street, West

★ Babbo
Ever try goat cheese tortellini dusted in dried orange and wild fennel pollen? Or spicy lamb sausage romanced by mint love letters and a paste of sweet peas? Get ready to crave them. Mario Batali's original yet airy Italian cooking will stun, fool, bewitch, and ultimately obsess you. Just get it together to make another reservation before you leave. • 110 Waverly Pl. (212-777-0303). (E)

Burrito Loco
The house burrito comes with three sauces and a choice of beef, pork, or chicken. There's a rendition stuffed with roasted lamb and lots of vegetarian options. And even though it could probably survive just by serving the hordes of marauding college students nachos and tacos, the festive cantina keeps things interesting with cactus salad and shrimp seviche. • 166 W. 4th St. (212-675-1977). (I-M)

★ Chow Bar
Chef-partner Peter Klein cooked at China Grill and El Teddy's before settling in the West Village, where he's turning out addictive honey-plum-glazed spareribs, Sichuan steak-frites, and Shanghai lobster noodles. Potent house cocktails fuel a lively crowd, which seems delighted to have found such a fun, quasi-exotic neighborhood place. • 230 W. 4th St. (212-633-2212). (M)

★ Inside
The trick to dining at Anne Rosenzweig's comfortable, cut-rate sequel to Arcadia and Lobster Club is to somehow avoid the delectably lethal bar snacks like bacon-wrapped dates, fried oysters, and a grilled cheddar-and-ramp sandwich. That way, you can savor chef–co-owner Charleen Badman's seasonally inspired salads, homemade pastas, and charismatic comfort food, like roast chicken with spaetzle and "lilies" (a lyrical and botanically correct name for onions, garlic, and shallots). • 9 Jones St. (212-229-9999). (M)

★ Meet
With a name that plays on its increasingly trendy location, this onetime meat locker is now inhabited by a D.J. booth, an illuminated catwalk, ostrich-leather banquettes, coconut-wood tables, and, according to consulting master Tin Sun, fine feng shui. Plus a menu that hits all the right contemporary notes, from dorade stacked on warm fennel shavings to white-chocolate ice-cream sandwiches. Next door, Meet Café features panini, crostini, and pizzette. • 71-73 Gansevoort St. (212-242-0990). (M-E)

ONY
This casual Japanese canteen comes to us via the owners of Menchanko-Tei, the noodle-shop chainlet. Only here, the name stands for "Original Noodle for You," and the focus is on customized ramen. Choose your broth and your toppings, and slurp. Or if that takes too much effort, go with one of the chef's specials, like kimchi menchanko, udon or soba noodles, fried calamari rolls, or Japanese-style fried free-range chicken. • 357 Sixth Ave. (212-414-8429). (I-M)

★ Peanut Butter & Co.
Smooth or chunky is only the beginning: Savor the sticky stuff 21 different ways at this kitschy café, where you're transported back to elementary school with one bite of "ants on a log," celery sticks slathered with the peanut butter of your choice and studded with raisins. Request your Elvis (grilled peanut butter, banana, honey, bacon) on whole wheat if you must, though we're certain the King would disapprove. • 240 Sullivan St. (212-677-3995). (I-M)

Tio Pepe
Can't decide between Mexican and Spanish? This Greenwich Village kitchen has been doling out both for over three decades, and to judge by the liquor supply, the bar's been stocking a new brand of tequila every year. That sort of variety contributes to the general merriment, as do a heaping paella Valenciana and bicultural tapas like garlic shrimp and nachos, which many seem to enjoy in the skylit garden room. • 168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I-M)

Titou
Titou is as bewitchingly charming as the quiet tree-lined West Village street upon which it resides. Bistro staples like an herbed-goat-cheese tart, roast chicken, and steak-frites are well done and moderately priced. The tiny sidewalk café is a lovely spot to while a way a summer evening. • 259 W. 4th St. (212-691-9359). (M)

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

★ Bar Demi
Verbena's Diane Forley named this twelve-seat wine shrine for its half-address and devotion to hard-to-find half-bottles. Then she challenged sommelier Aaron von Rock to match wines with her ever-so-dainty "tiers" of finger food. Order the Pinot Noir package, for instance, and share foie gras mousse, grilled baby lamb chops, and Von Rock's Pinot of choice. Or flex your own wine-pairing muscles and order à la carte. • 125 1/2 E. 17th St. (212-260-0900). (M)

Candela
These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. $10.95 prix fixe Sunday brunch. • 116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M)

★ Cosette
Everything about this humble 30-seat restaurant is

unswervingly Gallic, from the Côtes du Rhône table red to the menu (a Gruyère-crusted brandade de morue, rich onion soup, flaky pissaladière, steak-frites). Everything, that is, except for the host's friendly manner and the West African chef. Cosette is exactly what every neighborhood should be lucky enough to have: an affordable French bistro with consistently well-executed food and a comfortable, low-key atmosphere. • 163 E. 33rd St. (212-889-5489). (M)

★ Craft

Tom Colicchio is a chef with a mission, two jobs, and what must be a crackerjack support team. When he's not supervising the three-star kitchen at Gramercy Tavern, he's reducing cooking (or elevating it, depending on your point of view) to its most basic elements, a tactic that works only when the ingredients are of the highest possible quality, procured from small family farms and artisanal producers. At his first solo venture, literally around the corner from Gramercy and similarly elegant, he and his chef de cuisine, Marco Canora, collaborate on a high-concept menu that focuses almost obsessively on raw materials. • 43 E. 19th St. (212-780-0880). (M–E)

Metronome

This lofty Flatiron space is well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with roasted ricotta salata, and ribeye of lamb—satisfying. Live jazz performed Wednesday through Saturday. • 915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M)

Remedy

Chinese herbs move out of the realm of alternative medicine and into the D.J.-driven domain of Manhattan nightlife at this restaurant and subterranean "sake-therapy lounge," where rice wines are infused with ginger, ginseng, cucumber, and green tea. But because even such healthful tonics shouldn't be downed on an empty stomach, chef Claude Chassagne whips up Asian fusion fare like okonomiyaki with bonito crème fraîche and salmon caviar, and cornmeal-crusted oysters with kimchi rémoulade. • 36 E. 20th St. (212-674-4596). (M)

Rodeo Bar & Grill

This place bills itself as "the longest-running honky-tonk in New York," attracting bikers, families, and music-industry insiders. Urban cowboys can grab a drink at the horse trailer that's been converted into a bar, or tie on the feedbag with bison burgers, Santa Fe hand rolls, or the latest menu addition, Pearson's Texas barbecue, imported from Queens. • 375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500). (I)

★ Union Pacific

A dramatic otherworldly rain-forest setting is a fitting stage for Rocco DiSpirito's wildly inventive, wonderfully weird cooking. Sweet, small scallops nuzzled in their shells by blobs of sea urchin with an essence of tomato, mustard oil, mirin, and black mustard. Halibut braised in goose fat with ginger jus and shallot cracklings. Mango and papaya carpaccio with pineapple sherbet and candied cilantro. In less capable hands, mad delusions; in DiSpirito's, pure genius. • 111 E. 22nd St. (212-995-8500). (E)

★ Union Square Cafe

Nowhere else are uncommon combinations such as rhubarb-blood-orange chutney and wasabi mashed potatoes so seamlessly incorporated into dishes. Surprisingly, vegetarians will eat better here than at any of their hallowed haunts. The bar is a great place to lunch solo. And the devil's food truffle with chocolate sauce can make you act the fool. • 21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M–E)

★ Veritas

Does the wine list make the restaurant? If you've got a chef like Scott Bryan whipping up arctic-char carpaccio with warm fingerling-potato salad and a sublime, marrow-and-wine-fortified fillet of beef, it doesn't have to. His elegant American fare ($68 prix fixe only) complements the cellar, a joint obsession of the owners, who seem to take intense pleasure in sharing their private collection. • 43 E. 20th St. (212-353-3700). (E)

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

☆ Above

Don't be discouraged by the proletarian to-'n'-fro of 42nd Street. A sophisticated and handsomely designed hideaway waits in the twenty-first-floor lobby of the Times Square Hilton, and so does Galveston lobster chili, a classic Caesar, and butter-poached Maine lobster. • 234 W. 42nd St. (212-642-2626). (E)

Arno

Garment District bigwigs and pre-Garden revelers flock to this lively, upscale northern Italian restaurant. Try reliable classics like veal scaloppine and red snapper sautéed with shrimp and clams, garlic, and white wine. • 141 W. 38th St. (212-944-7420). (M–E)

Chelsea Ristorante

A solid Chelsea Italian restaurant catering to a business crowd at lunch; a casual, mature crowd for dinner; and large or small private parties anytime. From the wood-burning brick oven come all sorts of tasty things: hot seafood antipasti, grilled steak or lobster, and pizza; plus, there are house specialties like sautéed artichokes and homemade black tagliolini with smoked salmon in a creamy tomato sauce. • 108 Eighth Ave. (212-924-7786). (M)

★ Chez Josephine

At Jean-Claude Baker's lively homage to his adopted mother, Josephine Baker, the welcome's so warm, it feels like a homecoming, and the piano is live every night. Bistro standbys—asparagus napoleon, boeuf bourguignonne, deftly cooked salmon—are good enough. Southern fried chicken is fabulous, and le délice Josephine delivers paradise in chocolate. • 414 W. 42nd St. (212-594-1925). (M)

★ Lotus

Everything you wanted from a trendy club-bar-restaurant and less. Less attitude, less discomfort, less elbow contact, and less forgettable food. Lotus is a blooming surprise. A slight kitschiness keeps it warm. Nice-guy owners keep it friendly. And chef Richard Farnabe keeps you well-fed. Think of the velvet rope outside as a ribbon. And Lotus as a gift. • 409 W. 14th St. (212-243-4420). (M–E)

☆ The Red Cat

Not every artist is starving, and the ones with hearty appetites would do well to make this their home away from home among the West Chelsea galleries. Hanging lanterns, barn siding, and artwork contribute to the funky décor, and the bar is the roomy, welcoming sort that solo diners find appealing. The quick saute of zucchini with toasted almonds is something your mother would never have imagined—a vegetable that could spoil your appetite. • 227 Tenth Ave., nr. 23rd St. (212-242-1122). (M)

Slate

Even if pool isn't your game, you might be willing to brave this hall's not exactly tony crowd, giant TVs, and techno throb—not to mention big guys wielding big sticks—for a crack at some delectable comfort food. The big cheese-and-mushroom-stuffed burger alone is worth crossing this cultural divide, and the chewy rare hanger steak is remarkable. • 54 W. 21st St. (212-989-0096). (M)

T.S. Ma

If you work at CNN, MSG, or the main post office branch, you've likely already eaten here. But if you're catching a train at Penn Station, or have tickets to the Garden, you should be aware that you're only minutes away from a plate of salt-and-pepper shrimp or General Tso's chicken. As has become increasingly prevalent in the Chinese-restaurant universe, there's also a sushi bar, plus a private dining area. • 360 W. 31st St. (212-971-0050). (M)

World Yacht Dining Cruises

Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—and sup on a selection from the "Best of New York" menu: featuring dishes based on recipes from the Sea Grill's Ed Brown, Olives' Todd English, and Park Avenue Cafe's David Burke, among others. Jacket required. • Pier 81, W. 41st St. at the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E)

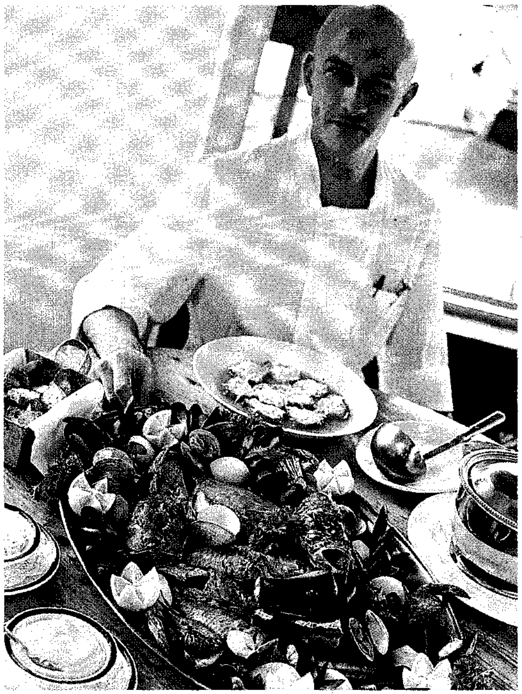
43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Cipriani Dolci

The Grand Central outpost of the international empire is Cipriani for the masses, and they're there, mostly chugging Bellinis and snacking on breadsticks at the bar, or devouring rich, hearty pastas and signature dishes like beef carpaccio with Cipriani sauce. You

Object of Desire

Soup for Nuts



A FINE KETTLE OF FISH: Raggiri and his bouillabaisse.

Bouillabaisse is a dish that obsessive foodies love to discuss almost as much as they love to devour: It must be made, purists say, within fishnet-tossing distance of the Mediterranean, with certain highly unattractive fish, and preferably by a Marseillais (beret and striped sweater optional). You might say, then, that **Isobel** chef Anthony Raggiri's version fulfills only one of the criteria, but it's so delicious you won't care. In authentic fashion, the Marseilles native cooks and serves his rendition ($35 per person, two-person minimum) in two stages: first the rich and complex soup that's ladled over croutons you dab with rouille and sprinkle with Gruyère; then the huge platter of market-variable seafood, possibly including red mullet, monkfish, and sea robin, filleted tableside, plus conger eel, mussels, clams, and crab. It's as close to the Riviera as you can get by crossing the Brooklyn Bridge. (Thursdays only or by advance reservation; 60 Henry Street, Brooklyn Heights; 718-243-2010.)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CARINA SALVI.

wouldn't expect it, but this Venetian kitchen turns out a terrific club sandwich, an unusual open-faced burger, a retro but tasty chicken curry, and some of the best bar snacks around. • West Balcony, Grand Central Terminal (212-973-0999). (M–E)

Divine Bar
This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found unwinding. • 244 E. 51st St. (212-319-9463). Also, 55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-9463). (I–M)

Giambelli 50th Ristorante
Upscale Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as careful. • 46 E. 50th St. (212-688-2760). (M)

Haru
Haru means "spring" in Japanese, and the design theme at this fourth and funkiest Manhattan branch of the Haru chainlet is man-made nature, from the digital-photomural-of-grass floor to the robotic fish in the aquariums over the bar. The menu features all the usual suspects, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. • 280 Park Ave., nr. 48th St. (212-490-9680). (M)

★ Maloney & Porcelli
Maloney & Porcelli claims it isn't a steakhouse, but the tide of pinstripe and hunks of food suggest otherwise. The best meat dish, though, isn't steak but a mammoth "crackling" pork shank—which arrives with a steak knife thrust deep into it—and the service couldn't be nicer. • 37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E)

★ Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.
If you're looking for him, he ain't there. But if you've come for great beef, that's another story. A better slab of New York strip sirloin would be hard to find, no matter which train you board downstairs. And you're surrounded by the spectacular restoration. It's almost as exciting as sitting courtside. • 23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (E)

Montebello
Upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. • 120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M)

Nino's Positano
Upscale Italian specializing in food from the south, Positano in particular. Pastas range from the simple (fusilli with tomato-basil sauce) to the more complex (Cognac-infused seafood risotto), and main courses traverse similar territory. • 890 Second Ave., nr. 47th St. (212-355-5540). (M)

★ Olica
Olica used to be L'Actuel, and the formerly modish space it occupies is now decorated with Le Cirque-style light fixtures shaped like flaming carrots. Luckily, the talented chef Jean-Yves Schillinger is still in the kitchen. He's continued offering some of the old L'Actuel favorites, like salmon tartare, and added a variety of racy newcomers like tuna tournedos flavored with sesame and mustard sauce, and a smooth asparagus soup ladled from a tureen over a single poached egg. • 145 E. 50th St. (212-583-0001). (M–E)

Smith & Wollensky
Urban cowboys herd together over big steaks with knives to match at impresario Alan Stillman's signature chophouse. The place has that landmark-steakhouse look—bare oak floors, a raffish air, and bustling waiters wearing service stars. There's surf and turf aplenty, improvisations at lunch, and an enviable wine cellar. • 797 Third Ave., at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M–E)

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Ben Benson's Steak House
This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. At a time when steakhouses were famous for rudeness and hauteur, Benson's made a point of homeyness. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but there's a weatherproofed "front porch" and a dining room devoted entirely to the assiduous consumption of prime aged beef. • 123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E)

Benihana
Long before *Iron Chef* taught us just how quick-handed knife-wielding Japanese cooks can be, there were the tableside cooking shows that are still the main draw at this teppanyaki steakhouse. Kids, of course, love it. • 47 W. 56th St. (212-581-0930). (E)

Object of Desire

Soft Sellers

NOT JUST FLUFF: Union Square Cafe's marshmallow mania.

Are gourmet marshmallows excessive, a bit like making your own all-natural ice-cream sprinkles? Well, not if you take your hot chocolate seriously. City Bakery's Maury Rubin started the trend a few years ago to properly adorn his creamy Valrhona concoction, and now pastry chefs are churning out the gooey morsels all over town, from midtown's Pershing Square to the Polka Dot Cake Studio in the West Village. Even Jacques Torres will be selling them from his Dumbo chocolate shop as part of a holiday hot-chocolate kit. Our current favorites, though, are the soft and sticky little clouds that accompany a cup of exquisitely rich, citrus-touched hot chocolate at Union Square Cafe. Its new pastry chef, Deborah Snyder, also squishes them into s'mores—with her homemade chocolate bars and graham crackers. (21 East 16th Street; 212-243-4020.)

★ Blue Fin
How can you tell you're in a W hotel? The striking design; the Rande Gerber bar; and the upscale restaurant, like this stylish Stephen Hanson seafood house at the W Times Square. It's smart. It's handsome. Fiercely noisy with jazz to boot. Chef Paul Sale scores with splendid goat-cheese-and-beet salad, crab cake with celery-root salad, and a silken, often luminous way with fish, plus sushi to match any vowel-ending raw-fish bar in town. Sunday jazz brunch. • 1567 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-918-1400). (M–E)

Bombay Palace
This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined tandoori prawns, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri in midtown for years. Try the excellent breads. • 30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M)

Cascina
The communal farmhouse tables and equally rustic house wines, imported from the owner's Northern Italian vineyard, conspire to make this trattoria feel more Tuscan countryside than Hell's Kitchen storefront. Beyond lasagne and minestrone, the menu surprises with dishes like rabbit casserole in a bread crust, barbecued veal ribs, and whole-wheat pizza with smoked salmon and cream cheese. • 647 Ninth Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-245-4422). (M)

Cité
Ambassador of beef Alan Stillman cops a French accent at this soaring midtown steakhouse known for its wine dinners. Meat is just the hard core of the menu, a document that also includes pan-seared crab cake and roasted salmon, and desserts big enough for two or more to share. For more casual dining, try the Cité Grill next door. • 120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E)

Da Rosina
Those with curtains to make and bellies to fill find just what they're looking for in this Restaurant Row standby, a reliable source for homemade pasta, chicken and veal cutlets every which way, and Italian classics from fried clams to tirami su. A $22 prix fixe dinner and $13.95 lunch make it easy to splurge on affordable indulgences like spicy lobster frutti di mare and broiled sirloin steak. • 342 W. 46th St. (212-977-7373). (M)

★ DB Bistro Moderne
Daniel Boulud's latest venture is supposed to be an homage to the simple bistro foods of his youth, but the great chef can't help making things fancy. Take boeuf en gelee, which Chef Boulud coats with sweet horseradish cream and serves in a dainty parfait glass. Or the $29 "DB Burger," leavened with foie gras and short ribs and a silver cup of pommes soufflés on the side. The space can feel a little hectic around theater time, but elbow your way in if you can. • 55 W. 44th St. (212-391-2400). (E)

★ Del Frisco's
Want to see what mahogany fashioned by testosterone looks like? This is without question the most urbane steakhouse you will ever see, its meat locker filled with terrific beef. From the usually overrated filet mignon, whose buttery blandness gets surmounted by a brash pepper-splattered crust, to the superb 26-ounce "double eagle" strip, Del Frisco's is a silverware-clanking crowd pleaser. • 1221 Sixth Ave., at 49th St. (212-575-5129). (E)

Film Center Cafe
To go with the vintage film memorabilia at this casual Hell's Kitchen comfort-food zone, there's a long list of wraps and overstuffed sandwiches, roast turkey, meat loaf, a raw bar, and a lively late-night bar scene. • 635 Ninth Ave., nr. 44th St. (I–M)

Fives
Maybe you're not an out-of-towner on a spending spree, but you can pretend to be at this sophisticated but casual hotel restaurant. Chef Oliver Dudler's modern "Atlantic rim" menu changes seasonally and features luxury items like foie gras served three ways and trendy touches like honey foam and a tapioca cake to complement a dish of seared squab. The bar menu offers sandwiches and snacks and 55 wines by the glass. • 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E)

Haru
This branch of the stylish, popular Japanese mini-chain, like the others, specializes in fresh, oversize sushi, fifteen house sauces, plus fusion fare like a strip steak with wasabi croquette, spicy shallots, and ginger sauce. Natural wood tones and a wall of tree branches separating the dining room from the sushi bar brings a little serenity to Times Square. • 205 W. 43rd St. (212-398-9810). (M)

★ Le Madeleine
Don't sulk if you can't get into Esca across the street: This venerable bistro's gone modern under chef Bruce Beaty (whose lively flavors reflect stints with Alfred Portale and Gilbert LeCoze). We feel miles from Ninth

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HECTOR SANCHEZ.

Avenue in the quirky all-weather garden, sharing grilled lamb sausage and splendid yellowfin tartare. Lemon custard seals the deal. Grab a honey madeleine and catch that curtain. • 403 W. 43rd St. (212-246-2993). (M)

Maria Pia
A can't-go-wrong choice for theater-district Italian trattoria dining, Maria Pia excels with homemade hearty pastas like cavatelli Bolognese and satisfying entrées like pepper-crusted tuna. The three-course $19.95 prix fixe menu is available any time of day, seven days a week. • 319 W. 51st St. (212-765-6463). (I–M)

Martini's
Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing sidewalk café and rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. • 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M)

★ Rinconcito Peruano
This Hell's Kitchen Peruvian hole in the wall has no liquor license, no pisco sours, and no rotisserie chickens. But it does have sublime seviche: tidbits of sea bass, whole shrimp, and squid in an expert lime-juice marinade. The caliber of the seviche augurs well for the rest of the menu, which shrinks considerably during the week, so go on Saturday. And don't leave without ordering something yellow—one of those national specialties suffused with spicy, marigold-yellow aji-pepper sauce. • 803 Ninth Ave., at 53rd St. (212-333-5685). (I) ($)

Seppi's
Like Raoul's, its atmospheric downtown progenitor, Seppi's has a tin ceiling, a roving fortune-teller, and an unusual-for-midtown closing time of 2 A.M. The bistro menu—a winning composite of French and Italian—lists tuna niçoise and tartes flambées alongside prawn risotto. • 123 W. 56th St. (212-708-7444). (M–E)

St. Andrews
In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor revolves around pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features rack of lamb and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. • 120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M)

Trattoria Dopo Teatro
Famous for its signature open ravioli of lobster and lamb, the menu also offers an across-the-board selection of regional Italian specialties. The dining room is decorated with Italian cinema stills and single-minded connoisseurs, and private parties can pursue their passions in the wine room, the grappa room, or the cigar lounge. • 125 W. 44th St. (212-869-2849). (M)

Utsav Festive India
The $12.95 all-you-can-eat lunch buffet may be pricier than some, but the setting—an elevated bridge between two midtown office buildings—is posher, with tablecloths and flowers and gracious waiters wearing chili-pepper-patterned neckties. Every day brings a selection of four vegetable and three meat dishes, plus salads, chutneys and pickles, nan, superb saffron-speckled rice, and silky-sweet Indian puddings for dessert. • 1185 Sixth Ave., nr. 46th St. (212-575-2525). (M)

Zanzibar
The crowd at this loungey Hell's Kitchen restaurant is as eclectic as the menu. African, Arabic, Asian, and Mediterranean touches appear in dishes like tuna and ginger ravioli; mussel soup with garlic, chickpeas, and cilantro; and a root vegetable and peanut stew served over rice. • 645 Ninth Ave, nr. 45th St. (212-957-9197). (M)

57th–60th Streets

★ Guastavino's
The fab English import in the spectacularly restored space under the Queensboro Bridge has rechristened itself "an American brasserie," and you can almost hear the midwestern twang in chef (and transplanted Indianan) Daniel Orr's dishes like fried green tomatoes with Wabash Cannonball goat cheese, chicken and dumplings, and pear-huckleberry pandowdy. Upstairs, at Club Guastavino, Orr has kept his French accent and the $65 three-course prix fixe menu. • 409 E. 59th St. (212-980-2455). (M–E)

The Manhattan Ocean Club
Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics. A pictorial menu features a dozen or so smiley-faced fish. Preparations range from classic (Dover sole meunière) to creative (grouper with roasted pineapple and black peppercorns). Or have the chef prepare your fish any way you like. • 57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E)

☆ March
Expanded seating and a rooftop terrace aren't the only welcome additions to this ultraromantic Sutton Place townhouse. Wayne Nish has shed his obsession with Japan and embraced what he calls "New York cuisine," luxed up with a little more cream and butter. A typical tasting menu begins in a truffly, buttery haze of vegetable fricassee, then segues into Muscat-scented lobster and moist chicken in spice-mulled pear cider, before climaxing in rustic lamb shoulder with fennel purée. • 405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E)

ONEc.p.s.
Alan Stillman, along with executive chef David Burke and designer Adam Tihany, has rewired the Plaza's Edwardian Room. Tihany has colored the oaken walls caramel and put huge scarlet lampshades on the chandeliers, and the irrepressible Burke has concocted a whimsical menu that includes a foie gras–spiked burger and a rack of lamb accompanied by shepherd's pie. The mosaic floors and ceiling remain untouched, and the view of Central Park is as grand as ever. • 1 Central Pk. So. (212-583-1111). (E)

Rue 57
The burgundy-and-brass-bistro-by-the-numbers rooms don't lead you to expect much, but chef Sam Hazen has turned what used to be the dreariest corner on 57th Street into a boisterously attractive destination with quirkily superb dishes like mission fig turnovers with Parma ham and duck crumble. Unlike Pastis, it won't remind you of Paris. But when was the last time you ate this well around the corner from Bergdorf Goodman? • 60 W. 57th St. (212-307-5656). (M)

★ Shelly's New York
The latest Shelly Fireman production inhabits an old Automat space, ergo the "Horn & Hardart" creamed spinach and macaroni and cheese. Only the assimilative Fireman (of Brooklyn Diner fame) would offer towering shellfish platters and stone crabs flown in daily from Joe's in Miami Beach alongside miso-glazed halibut, chicken schnitzel, and a 50-ounce porterhouse steak cooked "Brooklyn style" and make it all work. • 104 W. 57th St. (212-245-2422). (M–E)

Tao Asian Bistro
The team behind Rue 57 has transformed the old Palace movie house into a place where the indecisive can share spicy lobster roll with black caviar, Shanghai-style soup dumplings, $10-an-ounce Kobe beef with wasabi, and Peking duck. Book the "sky box," a private room where the projectionist's booth used to be, and gaze down on the sixteen-foot Buddha, keeping the peace. • 42 E. 58th St. (212-888-2288). (M)

Above 60th Street, East Side

☆ The Bar @ Etats-Unis
This might be the Upper East Side's best gourmet bargain. And considering it's only got 24 seats—seven of them bar stools—the joint's low profile is a blessing. The bar shares an impressive cellar with Etats-Unis, its sister restaurant across the street, whence comes some of the hearty fare like a seriously satisfying beef stew. For a lighter bite, you can't go wrong with farmhouse cheeses and charcuterie paired with one of the terrific by-the-glass selections. • 247 E. 81st St. (212-396-9928). (M)

The Boathouse in Central Park
Claim a table by a flowery umbrella on the pondside deck and give thanks to Frederick Olmsted and generations of park champions for preserving this precious greenery. The American menu leans toward fresh seafood like pan-roasted monkfish with spring onions and garlic confit, and seared wild striped bass. • E. 72nd St. and Park Dr. N. (212-517-2233). (M–E)

★ Café Sabarsky
Museum Mile is full of museum cafés, but none quite like this elegant evocation of a Viennese-style kaffeehaus at Ronald Lauder's Neue Galerie New York. The artistic sensibility permeates the café, with its reproductions of Josef Hoffmann sconces, Adolf Loos bentwood chairs, and Otto Wagner fabrics. And the theme

Ask Gael

What's new and subversive at the table?

Juicy baby pig at fustily *faux*-French **Lespinasse** strikes me as wonderfully devious. In the midst of chef Christian Delouvrier's usual haute global savoir-fare, the savory and sticky spare ribs of some well-bred young porker prove to be irresistible. And a trio of various peppers, variously stuffed, riding alongside, is fittingly earthy. We insisted on a half-portion for each of our foursome when we spotted the dish on the chef's $150 tasting dinner. But anyone can pig out now at a deep discount on the new $34 prix fixe lunch. Don't bring anyone boring or uptight. It's cozy to have a companion-in-pigginess, and this is one place you can actually talk. (At the St. Regis, 2 East 55th Street; 212-339-6719.)

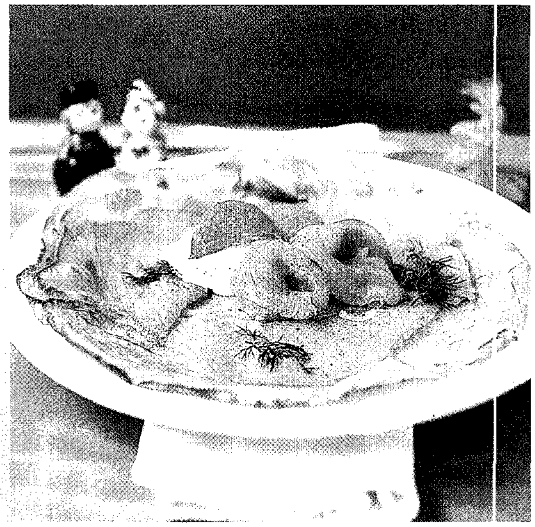
STICK TO THE RIBS: Fabulous finger food at Lespinasse.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH CHEN.

New Menu

Dutch Frites

As the stock market descends, budget-conscious prix fixe menus and family-style service are just two of the strategies besieged kitchens are using to lure diners; small plates for a pittance is another. NL has recently instituted a café menu full of Dutch-style tapas like smoked eel with wasabi mayo, shrimp croquettes, and spectacular meaty French fries to dip in mayo, priced between $4 and $7. And whereas the popular Dutch pancakes were formerly relegated to brunch, they're now available, in nearly a dozen permutations, all the time. (169 Sullivan Street; 212-387-8801)



FLAT FISH: Smoked-salmon Dutch pancake at NL.

continues with tortes (Sacher and Linzer), Bavarian ham for breakfast, cod strudel for lunch—and Friday nights only, dinner service until 9 P.M. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-288-0665). (M)

China Fun
Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. • 1221 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-752-0810). (I)

Haru Sake Bar
Very fresh sushi, sashimi, tempura, plus Japanese fusion fare, and an expanded selection of sake and sake cocktails are the draw at this popular uptown branch of the Japanese mini-chain. Take-out service too. • 1327 Third Ave., at 76th St. (212-452-1028). (M)

★ JoJo
This is where it all began, where Jean-Georges Vongerichten first stunned gourmands with his herbal essences, vegetable sauces, and gossamer desserts. The once-staid townhouse has been rendered nearly unrecognizable with a fin de siècle French-bordello remake and a hip-hop soundtrack, but in his reigning wisdom, the megachef still lets them eat cake—specifically, his signature molten Valrhona-chocolate masterpiece. • 160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E)

Mark's
Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows. Fine French-American cooking (roasted beet salad with goat cheese, thyme-crusted tuna with tomato and black-olive vinaigrette), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. • 25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E)

Mo's Caribbean Bar and Mexican Grill
Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. Close enough. This spot with an MTV-beach-party vibe serves Caribbean and Mexican-American fare like jerk chicken burritos, enchiladas, and fajitas—all in a dining room with real palm trees. Reserve for Monday's Lobster Madness night. Leave with a suntan. • 1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (212-650-0561). (M)

Nino's
Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. • 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E)

★ Park Avenue Cafe
A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the neighbors rapt with signature dishes like salmon pastrami with crushed pepper. • 100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E)

★ Pio Pio
The excellent Peruvian rotisserie birds at this branch of the Queens-based chicken chainlet are marinated for twelve hours in a mixture of cumin, garlic, Peruvian beer, and a few other key ingredients the owners prefer to keep a trade secret. Ponder these mystery spices over a pisco sour and a "matador combo," a whole chicken with a tableful of sides. • 1746 First Ave., nr. 91st St. (212-426-5800). (I-M)

★ The Post House
How grand can a steakhouse get? If you took a meat-and-potatoes guy who liked to hang out at the Art Student's League, gave him a few years at Princeton, and financed his *Wanderjahr* abroad, he might come home and open the Post House. It's clubby but not snooty, with a Christo here and a Twombly there, and a well-traveled menu that includes everything from a Cajun rib steak to venison osso buco. • 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E)

Rain East
Like its Upper West Side sibling, the spices at this East Side branch are slightly tamed for American consumption, more fragrant than fiery, but that doesn't detract from the appeal of dishes like Thai chicken-and-coconut soup, pad Thai, and curried beef. • 1059 Third Ave., near 62nd St. (212-223-3669). (M)

Sel & Poivre
Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. • 853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M)

Trata
With its fish-market display, its Greek spreads and salads, and its simply grilled seafood, this bustling Upper East Side restaurant offers an affordable, less dramatic alternative to Estiatorio Milos, where the chef used to work. • 1331 Second Ave., nr. 70th St. (212-535-3800). (M)

Above 60th Street, West Side

★ Cafe Luxembourg
Back when there really were very few good places to eat on the Upper West Side, there was Cafe Luxembourg. A well-edited (wild-mushroom ravioli with mascarpone, pan-roasted cumin-crusted duck) and reasonably priced menu, an unflappable staff, and seriously flattering lighting still make it a worthwhile detour from anywhere in town. • 200 West 70th St. (212-873-7411). (M)

★ Calle Ocho
Who'd a thunk it? That the West Side could ever boast a restaurant as uncalculatingly sexy as Calle Ocho, with its far wall's spectacular Caribbean sunset of glazed terracotta and its jewel-toned banquettes curving through the space like waves along the gulf? Let a staff so winning you at first suspect they're a few mojitos ahead of you steer you towards tangy lobster seviche, seafood paella, and terrific yuca fries. • 446 Columbus Ave., near 81st St. (212-873-5025). (M-E)

★ Ouest
After cultivating a coterie of foodie followers at places like Alison on Dominick and Cascabel, Tom Valenti brings his distinctive style of boldly layered flavors—and those lamb shanks—to a neighborhood legendarily short on sophisticated grub. Clearly, he's doing his darnedest to turn the tide with reprises of old favorites like potato, goat cheese, and truffle terrine with transcendent beets; and lusty short rib on an ooze of polenta perfumed with smoked onions. • 2315 Broadway, near 84th St. (212-580-8700). (M-E)

Scaletta
A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks is the tranquil setting for refined Northern Italian fare, from smoked salmon and beef carpaccio to a selection of risotto and veal dishes. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. • 50 W. 77th St. (212-769-9191). (M)

★ Sylvia's
Though it's lost few if any acolytes, Sylvia's is hardly a Harlem hangout anymore. On any given night, you can find more Columbia students there than you can in study hall, not to mention Asian tourists by the busload. Still, that hasn't changed Her Majesty's covenant by one black-eyed pea. The hot ribs still fall right off the bone. Pork chops induce finger-licking. And desserts like rum cake and coconut cake are deliriously good. • 328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I)

Brooklyn

★ Cucina
Mark Strausman, the guiding culinary force behind Campagna and Fred's at Barneys, has unexpectedly taken the wheel at this pioneering Park Slope kitchen, where he's serving his distinctive brand of Italian-American comfort food: nutty grilled hen-of-the-woods mushrooms; tangy eggplant Parmesan; and signature pastas (toothsome penne in a creamy spinach sauce, the famous Campagna lasagna) all available by the half-order. You'll want to pace yourself for diet-bedamned entrées like veal Parmesan and peppery "Cucina steak." • 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Carroll St., Park Slope (718-230-0711). (M)

Queens

Christos Hasapo-Taverna
Steak is the thing at this rustic Greek Astoria butcher shop and restaurant: shell, T-bone, and porterhouse portioned for two or three just like at Peter Luger's. Instead of shrimp cocktail and creamed spinach, though, there's classic appetizers tzatziki: spanakopita, and Greek fries with cheese and oregano to go with the meat. • 41-08 23rd Ave., Astoria (718-777-8400). (M-E)

★ Spicy & Tasty
The name says it all at this spartan but clean, bright, and accommodating Sichuan restaurant a few blocks removed from Flushing's Main Street fray. There are no better adjectives to describe the red chili oil that characterizes this cuisine and ignites springy ma-la noodles, pork wontons, and dumplings. Standards like twice-sautéed pork and tea-smoked duck are salty, succulent, and flavorful. Try the flaky red-bean pastries for dessert while an intense card game rages in the back room. • 133-43 Roosevelt Ave., Flushing (718-939-7788). (I)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HECTOR SANCHEZ.

Classical & Dance

Edited by Alicia Zuckerman

Classical Music

★ Woyzeck
Tom Waits, Kathleen Brennan, and director Robert Wilson's music-theater adaptation of Georg Büchner's dark play is performed by Denmark's Betty Nansen Theatre. 10/29–11/16. Call for details or visit bam.org. • Brooklyn Academy of Music Harvey Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $30–$80.

★ Brooklyn Philharmonic
Jewish-Argentine composer Osvaldo Golijov's *La Pasión Según San Marcos*, a version of the Gospel According to Saint Mark detailing Jesus' last days, is performed with soprano Dawn Upshaw, La Schola Cantorum de Caracas, and Orquestra La Pasión. 10/30, 11/1 and 11/2 at 7:30. • Brooklyn Academy of Music Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-636-4100); $20–$55.

National Symphony Orchestra
Leonard Slatkin conducts Copland, Weber, Ravel, and Cindy McTee's Symphony No. 1: Ballet for Orchestra, 10/30 at 8; and Rautavaara's Clarinet Concerto featuring Richard Stoltzman, a Saariaho premiere, and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 2, 10/31 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $23–$74.

Riverside Symphony
Performs two works by Stefan Wolpe, including *Passacaglia*. Webern's *Passacaglia* is also on the program with Scriabin's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra and Bartók's Dance Suite. 10/30 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30–$45.

★ Kremerata Musica
Violinist Gidon Kremer and his ensemble perform George Enescu's Piano Quintet in G major and works by Berio and Nono. 10/31 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $42.

★ Ethel
"Ethel Feeds the Bats": Halloween show, costume bash follows, 10/31; "Ethel Makes Stone Soup": a kind of best-of show, 11/1; "Ethel Goes to the Movies": film music, 11/2. All shows at 8. (See box.) Visit thekitchen.org. • The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-4255-5793); $15 (all three, $35; costume party, $20).

★ King's Singers and Emmanuel Ax
Vocal ensemble and acclaimed pianist perform Schubert, Brahms, and Bach. The Singers also present "Songs of the Comedian Harmonists," the popular German singing group forced by the Nazis to disband. 11/1 at 8. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $27.50–$37.50.

Pacifica String Quartet
Performs all five Elliott Carter string quartets. 11/2 at 8. • Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. (212-854-7799); $20.

★ CooperArts
Presents Steve Reich's landmark *Different Trains* and Charles Wuorinen's Third String Quartet played by violinist Scott St. John, cellist Fred Sherry, and others. 11/2 at 7:30. • Cooper Union, the Great Hall, Third Ave. at 7th St. (212-279-4200); $20.

★ Audra McDonald
The wonderfully versatile singer performs tunes from her new CD, *Happy Songs*: Ellington, Gershwin, Rodgers, et al. 11/2 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $25–$84.

Peoples' Symphony Concerts
One of the best deals going, this week: Guarneri String Quartet. 11/2 at 8. • *Washington Irving High School, Irving* Pl. and 16th St. (212-586-4680); $7.50.

★ American Composers Orchestra
Steven Sloane leads premieres by Milton Babbitt, David Lang, Shulamit Ran, and John Harbison, based on psalms. 11/3 at 3. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $15–$45.

★ Orion String Quartet
Joined by Richard Stoltzman, plays Mozart's Clarinet Quintet; also, works by Respighi, Beethoven, and Ravel, with dance improv by Bill T. Jones. 11/3 at 5. • Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $27.50–$37.50

Charles Rosen
The writer-pianist gives an all-Beethoven recital. 11/3 at 3. • 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (212-415-5500); $35.

"Artists for the Cure"
Itzhak Perlman, Dawn Upshaw Gilbert Kalish, Marvin Hamlisch, and others gather to raise money for breast-cancer research. 11/4 at 7:30. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $30–$100.

★ Philadelphia Orchestra
Ravel's Piano Concerto in G major features the inimitable Martha Argerich, with her old friend (and ex) Charles Dutoit conducting; also, works by Sibelius and Prokofiev. 11/5 at 8. • Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $29–$112.

Opera

Amato Opera
Presents Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*. 11/2 at 7:30; 11/3 at 2:30. • Amato Opera, 319 Bowery (212-228-8200); $28.

★ Metropolitan Opera
Bellini's *Il Pirata* starring Renée Fleming, Bizet's *Carmen* with Denyce Graves, Verdi's *Aida*, and Puccini's *Turandot* are onstage. Call, or visit metopera.org. • Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$280.

★ New York City Opera
Verdi's *Rigoletto* opens 11/2. Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*, Verdi's *La Traviata*, and the new production of Chabrier's *L'Étoile*, choreographed by Seán Curran, run this week. Call, or visit nycopera.com. • New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $25–$110.

Dance

★ Full Circle Productions
South Bronx–based hip-hop group takes on Broadway, fusing dance, rap, D.J.'ing, graffiti art, and beat-boxing. Through 11/3. Call for details. • New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $10–$30.

David Parsons Dance Company
Sexual tension plays out in the kitchen and the office in the new works *Too Many Cooks!* and *Tango Oficina*, set, respectively, to Esquivel and Piazzolla. Also this run: the magical *Caught*, *Union*, and last year's Miles Davis nod, *Kind of Blue*. Through 11/3. Call for details. • The Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $40.

Dean Moss
Supplement, a new multimedia ballet, explores isolation, dissolution, and the body. 11/1–11/10 (except 11/4 and 11/6). Call for details. • St. Mark's Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (212-674-8194); $15.

★ "Heartbeat"
Sara Rudner, former Twyla Tharp dancer, performs to the sound of her own heartbeat in collaboration with sound artist Chris Janney. *Over Again* features six dancers and Janney's score, *Disembodied Voices*. Works are in-progress. 11/3 at 3. • 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $10.

Ballet Biarritz
Thierry Malandain modernizes Ballets Russes classics like *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, *Pulcinella*, and *Bolero* in his company's New York debut. 11/5–11/10. Call for details. • Joyce Theater, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $38.

Ground Rules This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Talent

Violin Bridges

WHAT'S COOKIN'? Ethel mixes it up at the Kitchen.

"We're still trying to put our fingers on just exactly what the music that we play is," muses Ralph Farris, violist for **Ethel**, the edgy string quartet, founded in 1998, that is playing the Kitchen this week. "It's really cool; it grooves; it's a lot of fun. Um, sometimes it's kinda loud." About the name—first it was Hazardous Materials, but "it seemed like we were calling ourselves the Dangerous New Music Band," explains Farris, so they went with Ethel on a lark, after a line from *Shakespeare in Love*. The Kitchen shows include a spooky piece based on Poe's *The Tell-Tale Heart* and a headphones piece (sans strings) on Halloween, an evening of "our solid-gold hits" with music by, among others, John Mackey and Kitchen curator John King, and Phil Kline's *Blue Room* for string quartet and video. Members' other gigs have included performing with the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra, the Warsaw Philharmonic, Rickie Lee Jones, Joe Jackson, and in Broadway's *Lion King* and *Annie Get Your Gun*. Identity crisis? *Nah*, says Farris. "It translates into *Everything is possible*." (See "Classical Music.") A.Z.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN J. SHERMAN.

cue

Nightlife

Edited by Ethan Brown

Concerts

★ Beck
With Flaming Lips. 10/30 and 10/31 at 8. The downcast country of Beck's new album, *Sea Change*, feels dull and monochromatic; I'll take Bright Eyes's fractured blues over Beck any day. But with experimental rockers Flaming Lips doing double duty as both opening act and Beck's backup band, things could get interesting. • Beacon Theater, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171). $47.

Chemical Brothers
With Erlend Oye; Cassius. 11/2 at 8. The Chems are between albums, but the duo just released a single called "Battle Weapon 6" that's appropriately raucous and even hints at the hallucinogenic "Acid Track" era of Chicago house music. • Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $40.

Cypress Hill
10/31 at 7:30. As exhaustingly, irritatingly single-minded in their weed fixation as a teenage stoner in Amsterdam. Can we export them to Nevada, please? • Roseland Ballroom, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $24.50.

Medeski Martin and Wood
10/31 at 7:30. with Smokey and Miho; D.J. Spooky's Optometry Project. Medeski Martin and Wood make fusion palatable with a deep, New Orleans–influenced organ groove; the same can't be said for Spooky whose overly cerebral mix of hip-hop and ambient music is about as pleasurable as being stuck in an elevator with an American Studies Ph.D. The show is part of the "CMJ Music Marathon." • Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $28.00.

★ Willie Nelson
11/3–11/4 at 8. Nelson's recent albums range from frustrating to terrible, but his catalogue is nearly untouchable and he's a craggy, engaging presence live. • Beacon Theater, Broadway and 74th St. (212-307-7171). $37–$77.

Small Stages

B.B. King Blues Club & Grill
10/30: Gregg Allman. 10/31: The New Deal. 11/2: "A Tribute to Pink Floyd" with the Machine. 11/3: Junior Brown. 11/6–11/7: Tower of Power. • 243 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144).

Bottom Line
11/2: Ellen Greene. 11/5: Whiskey Store; Jimmy Thackery and Tab Benoit. • 15 W. 4th St. (212-228-6300).

★ Bowery Ballroom
10/31: Dirtbombs; the Kills; Electric Six; the Von Bondies; the Datsuns. 11/1: The Walkmen; French Kicks; the Caesars. 11/2: The Music; OK Go. 11/3: Soundtrack of Our Lives; Citizen Bird. 11/5: Tahiti 80. 11/6: Supreme Beings of Leisure; Baldwin Brothers; Ben Neill. • 6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).

★ Irving Plaza
10/30: Porcupine Tree. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: the Yeah Yeah Yeahs; Blonde Redhead. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Saddle Creek Records Night" with Bright Eyes; Rilo Kiley; Azure Ray; Desaparecidos. • 17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).

Joe's Pub
Mondays: New-music showcase. Tuesdays: D.J.'s Beverly Bond and Belinda spin hip-hop and R&B. Wednesdays: World music. Thursdays: Editors, writers, photographers, and all sorts of other non-D.J.'s take to the decks for the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: D.J. Johnny spins hip-hop, house, and soul classics. 10/31: Diamanda Galas. 11/2: Burnt Sugar. 11/4–11/5: Al Franken. 11/6: Rasputina. • 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).

★ Knitting Factory
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Ladytron D.J. set. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: VHS or Beta; Soviet; Stereo Total; Waxwings. 11/1: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: the Gossip; the Bangs; Kimya of the Moldy Peaches. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Kid Koala; Push Button Objects. 11/3: Jazzy Jeff; Jay Dee. 11/4: Rock Four; Now We Are Louder. 11/5: "Anti-Folk European Tour Benefit" with Kimya of the Moldy Peaches; Jeffrey Lewis; Major Matt Mason; more. 11/6: The Mountain Goats; John Vanderslice. • 74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.

Makor
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Huun Huur Tu; Akim Funk Buddha's Dha Fuzion; Haale; Femm Nameless. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: MC Paul Barman; Metric; Baby Dayliner; Minamina Goodsong. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: El Da Sensei; J-Live; Frank N Dank; Jay Dee; Djinji Brown; Guillermo E. Brown; Strict Flow; Little Brother; Large Professor with D.J.'s Flow Fader, Chase Killz and Rock Steady. 11/3: Kakraba Lobi; Classical Cafe. 11/4: "Broadway Rocks" featuring Alice Ripley. 11/6: Darden Smith; Songs of the Never Wrong. • 35 W. 67th St.(212-601-1000).

Maxwell's
10/30: The Push Stars; Imperial Teen. 10/31: Pedro the Lion; Seldom. 11/1: The Dirtbombs; the Shams. 11/2: The Datsuns; the Kills; D4. 11/3: Lou Barlow; Broken Spindles. 11/6: Nations; Campfire Girls. • 1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).

★ Mercury Lounge
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Longwave; Kickovers; Damone; Damn Personals; Jack Drag; Flag of the Shiners; Jason Mraz. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Waco Bros; Bobby Bare Jr.; Rex Hobart and the Misery Boys; Trailer Bride; Puerto Muerto. 11/1: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: the Warlocks; the Fleshtones; the Forty Fives; the Hiss; the D4; Young Heart Attack; Etiquette. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Ugly Casanova; Hot Hot Heat; Arlo; Jason Loewenstein; Iron and Wine. 11/3: Todd Deatherage Band; Sea Ray; Snowglobe; Seven Nations. 11/4: The Ravenettes; the Caesars. 11/5: Jeff Klein; Jill Gioia. 11/6: Kerbloki; Coptic Light; Saxon Shore. • 217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).

Northsix
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: the Exit; the Ghost; Party of Helicopters. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "A Gern Blandsten Records Halloween Extravaganza" with World/Inferno Friendship Society; Canyon; Oddatee; Jett Brando; the Holy Childhood. 11/1: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Flowerbooking" with Har Mar Superstar; Oxes; Shiner; Common Rider; Schatzi; Armor for Sleep. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Trou-

ROOTS ROCK: Conor Oberst of Bright Eyes searches for his muse.

Festival

Fest Finesse

Its very name hints at the exhaustion that we've come to expect from such gatherings, but this year's **CMJ Music Marathon** (named for its sponsor, *College Music Journal*) goes far beyond the mishmash of mediocrity that often marks festivals like South by Southwest and the Winter Music Conference. Four highlights (from many) appear below; see listings for ticket information and other performances.

Electric Six
Bowery Ballroom
October 31

These Detroit rockers sound a lot like their garage-rock contemporaries (the Hives, the White Stripes), but thankfully they also infuse their tunes with often hilarious tropes snagged from cock-rock bands like Foreigner. Its first single, "Danger! High Voltage," is a gas.

Soviet
The Knitting Factory
October 31

This electro outfit is almost like a tribute band in its slavishness to the words and sounds of eighties groups like OMD, but songs like "Candy Girl" and "Modern Love" have an endearingly sweet sensibility nonetheless.

Bright Eyes
Irving Plaza
November 2

Bright Eyes is led by Conor Oberst, an Omaha singer-songwriter-arranger whose music thrillingly unites blues, waltzes, and country. Recalls the Americana channeled by the Band in the sixties and seventies.

The Polyphonic Spree
The Roxy
October 30

A sprawling Dallas-based collective—more than two dozen members at last count—whose music is a completely original mix of chorals and the prog-rock of Pink Floyd.

CHORUS OF APPROVAL: The Polyphonic Spree.

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOP, RYAN FOX; BOTTOM, CRAIG PAULSON.

bleman Recordings Night" with Glass Candy and the Shattered Theatre. presents Wolf Eyes; Song of Zarathustra; Cody Chestnut; the Flying Luttenbachers; the Rogers Sisters; Trance and the Arcade; ABCs. 11/5: Clumsy Lovers. 11/6: Steven Bernstein's Millennial Territory Orchestra; Ben Perowsky; Joan Wasser. • 66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103).

S.O.B.'s
10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: High and Mighty. 11/1: Antibalas. 11/2: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Brazooca. 11/5: Leroy Sibbles. 11/6: "Black Lily" jam. • 204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).

The Village Underground
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Daptone Records Funk and Soul Revue" featuring Sharon Jones and the Dap Kings; Sugarman Three and Co; Dirt Rifle and the Funky Bullets; Mighty Imperials. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Squeeze Suicide/Overcoat Recordings Night" with the Aislers Set; Kingsbury Manx; Minus the Bear; the Boas; the Six Parts Seven; Knife in the Water. 11/1: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "The Self Starter Foundation Night" with the Detachment Kit; Palomar; Eamonn Vitt; Western Keys; the Red and the Black; We Ragazzi. 11/2: Cody Chestnutt; Stiffed; Mark Ronson; Toure. 11/5–11/6: Junoon. • 130 W. 3rd St. (212-777-7745).

"Warsaw"
10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Jade Tree Night" with Pedro the Lion; Milermarker; the Explosion; Strike Anywhere; Denali; Owls; more. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Ted Leo; the Pattern; Pretty Girls Make Graves; the Oranges Band; the Washdown. 11/1: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: "Tiger Style Records Night" with James Chance; Broken Spindles; Rye Coalition; the Mercury Program; more. 11/2: "Epitaph Records Night" with the (International) Noise Conspiracy; Dillinger Escape Plan; Ikara Colt; Division of Laura Lee. • Polish National Home, 261 Driggs Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (toll free, 866-468-7619).

Clubs

APT
Mondays: "The Minty Fresh Living Room" with Bobbito Garcia. Tuesdays: "iPod Party" with AndrewAndrew. Wednesdays: "Little Ricky's Rib Shack" with Rich Medina. Fridays: "Undressed" with Ursula 1000. Saturdays: Chairman Mao and Citizen Kane. • 419 W. 13th St. (212-414-4245).

Arc
Fridays: "Be Yourself" with progressive-house maestro D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: "Made Saturdays," trance and progressive house spun by the likes of Deep Dish. • 6 Hubert St. (212-226-9212).

★ "Bang the Party"
Lori and E-Man's sweaty Friday-night house party returns to Manhattan after several years at Frank's Lounge in Brooklyn. Expect lots of tambourine-toting dancers and plenty of house and disco classics. • Opaline, 85 Ave. A (212-726-1322). $10.

★ Centro-Fly
Thursdays: Eclectic music with "?"; Fridays: "GBH" hosts some of the more adventurous nights at the club with D.J.'s like Ashley Beedle and Marshall Jefferson. 10/31: "Together," a new project from Daft Punk's Thomas Bangalter and D.J. Falcon. 11/1: Mark Farina. 11/2: Slam; Hipp-E. • 45 W. 21st St. (212-627-7770).

Discothèque
10/31: Roger Sanchez. • 17 W. 19th St. (212-352-9999).

"Ghostly International" Presents: "Devil's Night"
10/30 at 9. Ann Arbor, Michigan label Ghostly International issued one of the best electro compilations of the year, *Disco Nouveau*, which mapped out sonic territory far beyond the eighties. Ghostly artists Midwest Product, Dabrye, and Matthew Dear perform at this label showcase with International Deejay Gigolos label founder D.J. Hell spinning. • Water Street Bar, 66 Water St., Dumbo, Brooklyn (no phone; www.ghostly.com). $8.

Luxx
Fridays: "Mutants" with D.J. Larry Tee. Saturdays: Tee spins electroclash at "Berliniamsburg." Sundays: "House Music Sessions" with D.J. Raji K and D.J. Gomi. Mondays: "Cult Movie Mondays." Tuesdays: D.J. Miss Guy spins rock and metal at "Hell Bent for Brooklyn." • 256 Grand Street, Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-1000).

Perry Farrell
10/31 at 12. The former Jane's Addiction frontman spins tribal house for the chic-chic masses at Lotus. • Lotus, 409 W.14th St. (212-243-4420). $50.

★ The Roxy
Saturdays: The Chelsea boys dance all night to a rotating set of house D.J.'s, including Razor, of Razor and Guido. 10/30: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: the Polyphonic Spree; Northern State; Radio 4; Soundtrack of Our Lives; 2 Many D.J.'s. 10/31: "CMJ Music Marathon" presents: Isis; Skeleton Key; more. • 515 W. 18th St. (212-627-0404). $.

Spa
Wednesdays: Rock and roll and electro spun by D.J.'s like Paul Sevigny. Thursdays: A-listers and fashionistas take over with "Ultra" featuring hip-hop, house, and rock and roll spun by D.J.'s Mark Ronson, Lady Bunny, Cameron Douglas. Saturdays: Overdressed Euros line up for "Jet Set" with D.J. Eric LaPeau. • 76 E. 13th St. (212-388-1060).

Jazz

Birdland
Mondays from 5:30 to 7:30: Scott Whitfield Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays from 5:30 to 7:30: David Ostwald's Louis Armstrong Centennial Band. Fridays from 5:30 to 7:30: Lew Anderson's All-American Big Band. 10/30–10/31: Monty Alexander Trio. 11/1–11/2: Gloria Lynne. • 315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).

Blue Note
Through 11/2: Toots Thielmanns. 11/4: Judi Silvano. 11/5–11/6: John Hendricks. • 131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).

Cajun
Mondays and Thursdays: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. Tuesdays: Stanley's Washboard Kings. Wednesdays: Eddie Davis and His New Orleans Jazz Band. Fridays: The Canal Street Dixieland Jazz and Blues Band. Saturdays: The Red Onion Jazz Band. Sundays: Peter Eckland Quartet. • 129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (212-691-6174).

Iridium
Monday nights, the Les Paul Quartet holds office hours. Through 11/3: Wallace Roney All-Star Quintet. Sets Sun.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. • 1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121).

★ "Jazz Insights" Presents: "The Legacy of Charlie Parker"
Through 11/5. Jazz and lecture series hosted by Arnold Smith. Tuesdays from 7:45 to 9:30. 11/5: Dave Tofani. • New School University, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5690). $35.

Jazz Standard
Sets at 7:30 and 9:30. Through 11/3: Illinois Jacquet Big Band. The great sax man celebrates his 80th birthday with a career retrospective that will reach all the way back to his horn work on Cab Calloway's "Flying Home." 11/5-11/10: Gary Bartz Quintet with Paul Bollenback, Barney McAll, James King, and Greg Bandy. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Small's
Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 a.m. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 a.m.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. • 183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565).

Tonic
Sundays: "Klezmer Sundays." 10/30: Anouk; On-Air-Library; Mink Lungs; the Boggs; Calla. 10/31: Damien Rice; Sondre Leche; Nicolai Dunger; Mark Eitzel; Stars of the Lid. 11/1: PS; Ursa Minor; Jimi Shields; Suzanne Thorpe. 11/2: Smokey and Miho; Mono. 11/3: Dime Store Dance Band; Kid Congo and Sally Norvell. 11/5: Lowlife. 11/6: Richard Pinhaus; New No York; Ned Rothenberg's Sync. • 107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.

Village Vanguard
Mondays in October: The Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Through 11/3: Regina Carter Quintet. 11/5–11/10: Greg Osby Quartet. • 178 Seventh Ave. So. (212-255-4037). $.

Comedy

Carolines on Broadway
Mondays: "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/30: Judy Gold. 10/31–11/3: Chuck Nice. • 1626 Broadway, near 49th St. (212-757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.

"Chicago City Limits' Directors Cut"
The comedy troupe opens its twenty-ninth revue. Performances Thursday at 8, Friday and Saturday at 8 and 10:30. • Chicago City Limits Improvisational Theater, 1105 First Ave., at 61st St. (212-888-5233). $20.

Comedy Cellar
Through 11/3: Colin Quinn; Kevin Brennan; Godfrey; Robert Kelly; Lisa Lampanelli. 11/4–11/11: Colin Quinn; Tom Papa; Greg Giraldo; Godfrey; Mitch Fatel. • 117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).

Surf Reality
First Friday of every month: "The Vim Variety Show." First Saturday of every month: "The Carmen Mofongo Show." • 172 Allen St. (212-673-4182).

Cabaret

★ Cafe Carlyle
Sundays through 11/10: Alex Donner. Mondays through 12/30: Eddy Davis New Orleans Jazz Band featuring Woody Allen. Tuesdays through Fridays through 12/31: Bobby Short. • Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).

Danny's Skylight Room
Saturdays in October and November: Blossom Dearie. • 346 W. 46th St. (212-265-8130).

Don't Tell Mama
Thursdays in October and November at 6: "Seth's Broadway Chatterbox." Saturdays at 8:30: Ron Poole's "Poole Party!" Saturdays at 11: Tommy Femia in "Judy Garland Live!" • 343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.

★ Feinstein's at the Regency
Through 11/9: Betty Buckley. The food-and-beverage minimum is $40 per person at the 8:30 show, $25 per person at the 11 o'clock show. • 540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).

FireBird Café
11/1–12/28: Chris Barrett performs Wednesdays through Saturdays. • 365 W. 46th St. (212-586-0244). $15 food-and-drink minimum.

Judy's
10/30: Tennie Leonard in "A New Show!" with David Brunetti. 10/31: Sharon McNight in "Songs to Offend Almost Everyone." 11/1: Anthony Santelmo, Jr.; Sharon McNight in "Songs to Offend Almost Everyone." 11/2: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "A Brand New Us." 11/03: Linda Hallman in "Confessions"; Sharon Ruben in "Earthly Paradise" with David Brunetti, piano; Marcus Simeone "Moon Over Brooklyn" with D. Jay Bradley, piano and Marco Brehm, bass. 11/4: Kathy Kaefer; "Leer Mondays" with the Lounge-O-Leers. 11/5: Tennie Leonard in "A New Show!" 11/6: Linda Hallman in "Confessions." • 169 Eighth Ave., near 18th St. (212-929-5410).

★ Neue Galerie New York
11/1: Theo Bleckmann. • 1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200).

Ground Rules In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start later than promised. Stars (★) indicate our editors' recommendations. $ = cash only.

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cue

TheMix

Edited by Boris Kachka

Radio Highlights

Studio 360 On Location
Host Kurt Andersen and special guest Frank McCourt talk about this week's topic—longing—on an episode recorded from the Museum of Television & Radio's recent radio festival. Other artists—humorist Cintra Wilson and the band Luna—tackle the subject in their own way. • 11/2 at 10 A.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM and 11/3 at 7 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM.

"Selected Shorts"
A broadcast of Symphony Space's dramatic short-story reading series features Paul Hecht performing Zadie Smith's "Stuart" and John Shea reading Alice McDermott's "Enough." • 11/2 at 3 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM and 11/3 at 4 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

"La Pasión Según San Marcos"
On John Schaefer's live show, Argentine composer Osvaldo Golijov's rendition of the Gospel of St. Mark is broadcast from BAM's ongoing Next Wave Festival. • 11/2 at 8 P.M. WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Lectures and Panels

Robert Wilson
The renowned contemporary composer talks about *Woyzeck,* the new work he's directing at BAM's Next Wave Festival and his seventh engagement at the cultural institution. • 10/30 at 6 P.M. BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $8.

A Panel on Pauline Kael
Francis Davis, who recently wrote *Afterglow: A Last Conversation With Pauline Kael*, discusses the great film critic's work with *Vanity Fair's* James Wolcott, *New York Press* movie critic Armond White, and moderator Carrie Rickey of the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* • 10/30 at 6:30 P.M. Columbia University School of Journalism, Broadway at 116th St., third floor (212-854-6842); free.

Greenwich Village
Architectural historian Luther Harris and professors Ann Douglas and Gerald McFarland discuss the neighborhood's legacy and more recent transformations. • 10/30 at 6:30 P.M. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); $6.

Julie Taymor and Salma Hayek
The director and actress discuss their anticipated new collaboration, the movie *Frida.* • 10/30 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

The Golden Moon Bear
Sy Montgomery, the naturalist and author of *Search for the Golden Moon Bear*, talks about her role in the discovery of the fuzzy new Southeast Asian species. • 10/30 at 7 P.M. American Museum of Natural History, 2 W. 77th St. (212-769-5200); $15.

Criteria of Excellence in Abstract Expression
In conjunction with a survey of the work of Adolph Gottlieb, art historian Ann Eden Gibson talks about the New York movement—populated by the likes of Pollack, De Kooning, and Rothko—in which Gottlieb flourished. • 10/31 at 3 P.M. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); $8.

"Arne Jacobsen Today"
James Stewart Polshek and other prominent local architects talk about the lasting contributions of the influential Danish designer in conjunction with an exhibition celebrating the centennial of his birth. • 10/31 at 6:30 P.M. Victor Borge Hall, Scandinavia House, 58 Park Ave., at 37th St. (212-879-9779); $15.

Symposium on Edgar G. Ulmer
The relatively obscure late director's work encompasses four Yiddish films, one all-black musical drama, and lots of B-movies and horror flicks. Three days of screenings and talks pay tribute to one of our most eclectic and accomplished unknown filmmakers. • From 10/31 at 9 P.M. through 11/2 at 5 P.M. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5488 for reservations and schedule); free.

"Whose Body, Whose Art?"
In conjunction with the Brooklyn's ongoing exhibit on the Victorian nude, art historian Pamela Gerrish Nunn gives a talk on the controversy surrounding the naked body in Victorian society. • 11/2 at 3 P.M. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); free with $6 admission.

"Afghanistan: Past and Present"
NYU's Barnett R. Rubin, a foremost scholar on Afghanistan and the author of *The Fragmentation of Afghanistan*, gives a lecture on the troubled country. • 11/3 at 7:30 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

Book-Burning in America
Following a half-hour video about Austrian refugee and psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich—whose books were banned and burned in the U.S.—preeminent publisher Roger Straus talks about his ongoing republication of Reich's work, at an event benefiting the Wilhelm Reich Infant Trust Endowment Fund. • 11/4 at 6 P.M. The Williams Club, 24 E. 39th St. (212-206-5326); $75.

Vann Nath: "A Cambodian Prison Portrait"
One of only seven known survivors of the Khmer Rouge's infamous "S-21" prison, who was forced to become Pol Pot's portraitist and now depicts the horrors of that nation's genocide, talks about his tribulations and his work. • 11/4 at 6:30 P.M. Asia Society and Museum, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-327-9276); $10.

The Written Word

Chip Kidd
The cheeky wunderkind book designer turned author talks about his novel, *The Cheese Monkeys*, as it comes out in paperback. • 10/30 at 6 P.M. Art Directors Club, 106 W. 29th St. (212-643-1440); $20 includes book copy.

Paul Auster
The novelist talks to NPR's Jacki Lyden about the book he edited, *I Thought My Father Was God, and Other True Tales From NPR's National Story Project*, and the project with which it originated. • 10/30 at 6:30 P.M. Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

Michael Collins
The Booker Prize–winning author reads from his new contemplative thriller, *The Resurrectionists.* • 10/30 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 675 Sixth Ave., at 22nd St. (212-727-1227); free.

Lemony Snicket and Adam Gopnik
The quirky children's author otherwise known as Daniel Handler talks to Gopnik, a writer for *The New Yorker*, about the latest book in his *Series of Unfortunate Events*. • 10/30 at 8 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $22.

Jessica Hagedorn and Quincy Troupe
Hagedorn—the poet, novelist, and playwright behind the acclaimed book and play *Dogeaters*—reads from her work along with Troupe, who—before resigning recently amid controversy—was California's first official poet laureate. • 10/30 at 8 P.M. The Poetry Project, St. Marks Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-1910); $10.

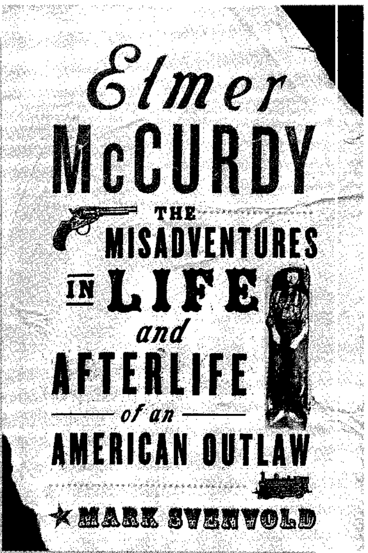
Peter Howe
The editor of *Shooting Under Fire: The World of the War Photographer*, talks about his collection of ten war stories from combat photojournalists. • 11/1 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Jonathan Franzen
The author of the best-selling, critically acclaimed novel *The Corrections* reads from his new assortment of essays, *How to Be Alone.* • 11/2 at 4 P.M. Three Lives, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Charles Rosen on Beethoven
The Y's "Biographers & Brunch" series continues with

In Print

Dead-Man Hawking



SHOW ME THE MUMMY: Mark Svenvold's travelogue of a 66-year cross-country postmortem trip.

"We're all headed for oblivion," says Mark Svenvold, "but mummies stand in contravention of that. And outlaw mummies engage a second fascination." A poet-in-residence at Fordham, Svenvold branches out into nonfiction with the greatest outlaw mummy of them all. **Elmer McCurdy: The Misadventures in Life and Afterlife of an American Outlaw** (Basic Books; $25) is his picaresque tale of a failed Oklahoma train robber—killed in 1911—whose corpse traveled the nation from sideshows to B-movie studios to a funhouse, where it was finally identified in 1977. As Svenvold sees it, existing accounts of McCurdy's story (a scholarly book, a BBC documentary, a few ballads, even poems) have largely depended, like the sideshows, on lurid fascination and quasi-historical Old West nostalgia. Svenvold hopes to take the story much further: "McCurdy is a kind of grotesque version of the American dream," he says. At the heart of his treatment is a nation of gawking consumers willing to buy anything—even a commodified corpse—yet desperately hungry for authenticity. "We crave the truth, and we want to see around the blarney," says Svenvold. "But it's very difficult these days to separate history from marketing hype, and McCurdy's story is emblematic of our own quest for the authentic." B.K.

Rosen talking about his recently published book, *Beethoven's Piano Sonatas: A Short Companion* • 11/3 at 11 A.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $30.

Amy Fusselman, Matthew Zapruder, et al.
Fusselman, whose acclaimed book *The Pharmacist's Mate* has just been released in paperback, is joined by poet–translator–rock musician Zapruder and others. • 11/3 at 1 P.M. Halcyon, 227 Smith St. (718-260-WAXY); free.

Arkady Vaksberg
The Russian-born author of *Inspiration Can't Be Sold* and *White Spots* kicks off this year's Russian Author Series by discussing his native language. • 11/3 at 2 P.M. Brooklyn Public Library, Grand Army Plaza (718-230-2100); free.

"The Fall of the Last Mafia Empire"
NYPD veteran Rick Cowan, co-author with Douglas Century of the new book *Takedown*, talks about his undercover operation, which exposed a massive Brooklyn mob ring several years ago. • 11/4 at 6:30 P.M. Melville Gallery, 213 Water St. (212-748-8735); $3 donation suggested.

Isabel Allende
The celebrated author presents the English translation of *City of the Beasts*, her first children's novel. • 11/4 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Donna Tartt
The southern writer celebrated ten years ago for *The Secret History* reads from her long-awaited follow-up, *The Little Friend*. • 11/4 at 7 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Kevin Baker
The author of *Dreamland* reads from his new historical novel, *Paradise Alley*, set in New York at the time of the Civil War. • 11/4 at 7:30 P.M. Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Special Events

Tours

Gotham City Ghost Tour
A Halloween trip through the Village focuses on the macabre—sites like the Washington Square burial ground, the hanging elm where nineteenth-century executions took place, and the St. Marks Church cemetery. Thursday's tour ends at Sixth Avenue—the route of the day's parade. • 10/29 through 11/1 at 6 P.M.; 11/2 at 1, 3:15, and 6 P.M.; and 11/3 at 1:15 and 3:30 P.M. Call 212-465-3331 for reservations and meeting place; $12.

Green-Wood Cemetery
Celebrate Halloween weekend by visiting Brooklyn's great Victorian "City of the Dead," viewing glorious architecture and seeing the permanent homes of Charles Ebbets, Louis C. Tiffany, Charlotte Canda, and others. • 11/2 at 1 P.M. Meet at the main entrance, Fifth Ave. at 25th St., Sunset Park, Brooklyn (212-439-1090); $12.

Native Americans Downtown
Author and illustrator Nadema Agard walks the old Indian trail from Wall Street (originally erected to keep them out) down to Bowling Green, site of the current National Museum of the American Indian. • 11/3 at 1 P.M. 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-415-5500); $25.

Benefits

"LOOT! 2002"
The museum formerly known as the American Craft Museum (though it's left unchanged the decidedly downscale name of this annual jewelry show and sale) launches the show with a gala preview and cocktail reception. • 10/30 at 5 P.M. Museum of Contemporary Arts and Design, 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535, ext. 112); $125.

"Community Builder" Awards Dinner
Bank of New York CEO Thomas A. Renyi and Starr Foundation President Florence A. Davis are honored by Phipps Houses and host Jane Hanson of WNBC, with proceeds going to Phipps's development of affordable housing. • 10/30 at 6:30 P.M. Cipriani, 110 E. 42nd St. (212-243-9090, ext. 355); $600 and up.

The Halloween Ball
The Central Park Conservancy throws—and benefits from—a costume gala taking Poe's "The Raven" as its theme and featuring music, belly dancers, stilt walkers, treats from Cipriani, and prizes for best male, female, and couples costumes. • 10/30 at 7 P.M. Sorcerers' Tent, the Mall in Central Park, at 72nd St. (212-310-6619); $600 and up.

CancerCare Masquerade Ball
Another Halloween costume benefit (mask preferred here) offers cocktails, hors d'oeuvre, a buffet, a silent auction and raffle, and dancing as part of the organization's second annual party. • 11/1 at 9 P.M. Tavern on the Green, Central Pk. W. at 67th St. (212-712-8400); $125, $150.

Women's Venture Fund Seventh Annual Gala
The group—which provides loans and mentoring to minority women business owners in New York—honors keynote speaker Connie Duckworth, the chair of the Committee of 200. Dinner and an auction of luxury items and vacation packages follow. • 11/4 at 5:30 P.M. University Club, 1 W. 54th St. (212-563-0499); $350 to $500.

Rotunda Gallery 20/02 Cocktail Reception
The gallery's Brooklyn artists have all contributed work to be sold following this cocktail preview (with prices for art ranging from $150 to $5,000)—all proceeds of which will support the gallery's exhibitions and educational programs. • 11/4 at 6 P.M. Rotunda Gallery, 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights (718-875-4047, ext. 11); $125 to $500.

"Gourmet Gala: Une Soirée Parisienne"
The March of Dimes' third annual dinner comes with cocktails and a gluttonous four-course meal prepared by eight Parisian masters and twelve American chefs (ten of them local). • 11/4 at 7 P.M. New York Palace Hotel, 455 Madison Ave., at 50th St. (212-353-8168); $500.

Exhibits

"Urban Neighbors"
An exhibit subtitled "Images of New York City Wildlife" displays all kinds of renderings of diverse fauna ranging from the untamed inhabitants of the early eighteenth century to the less savory critters of today—250 species in all. • Through 2/1/03. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-930-0855); free.

"O Canada!"
The museum salutes the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation with screenings from David Cronenberg, Atom Egoyan, and others, as well as radio and television featuring news, documentaries, drama, and the greatest Canadian export—comedy. • Through 2/2/03. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800 or mtr.org for schedule); $10 admission.

"Paula Scher, Make it Bigger"
The graphic designer responsible for the logos of the Public Theater, the redesigned Symphony Space, and other institutions receives SVA's Masters Series Award and an exhibit in tribute. • Through 11/20. School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St., third fl. (212-592-2010); free.

Other Events

National Jewish Book Awards
Journalists Samuel Freedman and Ari Goldman host a ceremony honoring more than a dozen writers on Jewish issues, from Jonathan Safran Foer for fiction to writers on education, the Holocaust, and philosophy. • 10/30 at 7:30 P.M. The Center for Jewish History, 15 W. 16th St. (212-532-4949); free.

Affordable Art Fair
A fair begun in the U.K. makes its first run through New York, where a pier full of original American and British contemporary art can be had for less than $5,000 apiece. • 10/31 through 11/3; 10/31 and 11/2, 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. and 11/1 and 11/3, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 52nd St. (800-594-TIXX); $9 advance, $10 at the door.

Village Halloween Costume Ball
Well over 1,000 fancifully dressed participants are expected to dance, dine, watch crazy theater, and compete in all sorts of politically motivated costume contests. (See box.) • 10/31, doors open 7:30 P.M. Surrounding and inside Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave. (212-254-1109, reservations recommended); $15.

CAULDRON OF EVIL: Elizabeth Barkan, one of dozens performing at this year's ball, stirs things up.

Happening

Monsters' Ball

Everyone's a performance artist on Halloween, which explains why so many artsy revelers are gearing up for Theater for the New City's twenty-sixth annual **Village Halloween Costume Ball**. The institution that nurtured Sam Shepard and Richard Foreman hosts two cabaret marathons, opens two other spaces for short performances, and later hands out costume awards in categories like "Most Incivil to Liberties," "Most Gas-Guzzling," and "Deepest Insider Trading." The $15 admission entitles masqueraders (formalwear or a costume is required) to local restaurant fare and dancing to bands like Paprika and Hot Lavender Swing. The free block party outside the theater—packed with sideshow attractions—gets rolling at the unspooky hour of 4 P.M. (See "Special Events.")

Sports

NYC Halloween Skate
All the fun of the Greenwich Village Halloween Parade, only on wheels. • 10/31 at 6 P.M. Union Square (212-774-1774 or empireskate.org); free.

The New York City Marathon
Thirty thousand runners, 2.5 million spectators, fireworks, a giant pasta party at Tavern on the Green before the race, live music and dancing after the race—all add up to yet another thing we do better than Boston. The 26.2-mile torture-fest begins in Staten Island and passes through all five boroughs, ending in Central Park. Spectators are not allowed on any of the bridges or at the start line in Staten Island, but anyone can join in what is essentially the biggest tailgate party in the world. An awards ceremony and dancing at the Manhattan Center follow the big event. • Race 11/3. 11/2: International Friendship Run at 8 A.M., Ronzoni Pasta Party ($17 for non-runners) 4:30 to 9 P.M., fireworks at 7:30 P.M., all at Tavern on the Green; 11/3: wheelchair division at 10:20 A.M. From Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island to Tavern on the Green (212-860-4455 or nyrrc.org for all info); runners must pick up race numbers at Expo in Javits Center 10/30–11/2.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN SLAFF.

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SPRING BROOK FARM
READING, VERMONT
LESSONS FOR A LIFETIME

cue Kids

Edited by Susan Avery

Events

For Children

Program Notes
Kids' shows from around the world at the International Children's Television Festival. (See box.) • Weekends 11/2 through 11/24; Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800 or mtr.org); $10 grown-ups, $8 students and seniors, $5 kids 13 and younger.

Dead Can Dance
They're celebrating their ancestors on El Dia de los Muertos (the Day of the Dead) at the National Museum of the American Indian. Dance performances and puppet shows entertain the masses, and a clay sculptor keeps the kids interested. • 11/2 from 1 to 4 P.M.; National Museum of the American Indian, 1 Bowling Green (212-514-3700); free.

It's a Girl's Life
For its second film festival, the Lower East Side Girls Club explores life, death, and female rites of passage. Screenings include animation, dramas, documentaries, and comedies as well as arts-and-crafts sessions and panel discussions. • 11/1 and 11/2; Anthology Film Archives, Second Ave. and 2nd St. (212-982-1633 or girlsclub.org).

Rap It Up
Try out the open-mike karaoke rap session. The Scholastic Store will have a rap aficionado on hand to give pointers. Word to the wise: Keep it clean. • 11/2 from 3 to 4 P.M.; Scholastic Store, 557 Broadway, nr. Prince St. (212-343-6166 or scholasticstore.com); free.

Doing a Safe Monster Mash
The Brooklyn Children's Museum brings all the traditions of Halloween fun under one roof. Go for the pie-eating contest, hear tales of creepy-crawly creatures, learn the meanings of magical words and how they were used to cast spells, play batty bingo, and traipse through eerily decorated galleries. Special musical performance by Kaissa, an African-Brazilian fusion group. Monster dance party included. • 10/31 from 6:30 to 8:30 P.M.; Brooklyn Children's Museum, 145 Brooklyn Ave. (718-735-4400 or brooklynkids.org); $7.

Move Over, Raymond
Ready for your young Seinfeld to hit the stage? Kids n' Comedy gives 'em three minutes and a microphone to present an original stand-up routine. Improv teachers help them along, and kids go home with a videotape of their performance. Preregistration required. For kids 8 to 15. • 11/3 at 4 P.M.; Gotham Comedy Club, 34 W. 22nd St. (212-877-6115 or kidsncomedy.com); $30.

A Musical *Peter*
If you haven't yet taken your child to *Peter and the Wolf*, now's the time to see Prokofiev's great introduction to the orchestra. From the Bronx Arts Ensemble. • 11/3 at 2 P.M.; Riverdale Y, 5625 Arlington Ave., nr. W. 256th St., Riverdale, the Bronx (718-601-7399 or bronxartsensemble.org); $7.

Carnegie's First Family
The first family concert of Carnegie Hall's fall season is *Orpheus*, with Charlotte Blake Alston doing the storytelling. • 11/2 at 2 P.M. (preconcert activities for kids begin at 1 P.M.); Carnegie Hall, Seventh Ave. and 57th St. (212-247-7800 or carnegiehall.org); $5.

Rhythm Nation
Kids who love to jump will get into it with *Pulse: A Stomp Odyssey*, a new large-format film that explores the sights and sounds of other cultures, guided by the internationally acclaimed performers of the Off Broadway Stomp troupe. • American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West and 79th St. (212-769-5100); $17 grown-ups, $12.50 students and seniors, $10 kids.

Happening

The Small Screen

At some point, kids pass from the treacle of *Barney & Friends* to the fresh sarcasm of *Rugrats* and *The Wild Thornberries*. But there's a world of television, for kids and parents, that's far more ambitious than any of those shows. The **Eleventh International Children's Television Festival** at the Museum of Television & Radio aims to make foreign fare—whether dubbed or dialogue-free—thrilling for young minds. One documentary, from Europe, shows a preschooler making sushi, scary sharp knife and all. In the German film *The Day I Decided to Be Nina*, an 11-year-old struggles with his blossoming gender-identity crisis. *Handyman for Mommy*, from Iceland, shows a girl placing personal ads as a birthday present for Mom. Even the Wiggles, a Disney-discovered phenom from Australia, have a surprise in store with "Havenu Shalom Alechem," an episode about peace (the United Nations had a hand in the MT&R programming). All screenings and intermittent dance and storytelling performances, as well as hands-on video workshops, are free with museum admission. (See "Events.") S.A.

WHICH ONE'S THE BOY? From the Dutch film *The Day I Decided to Be Nina*.

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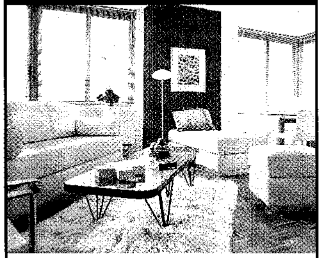

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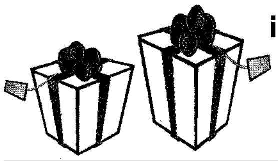

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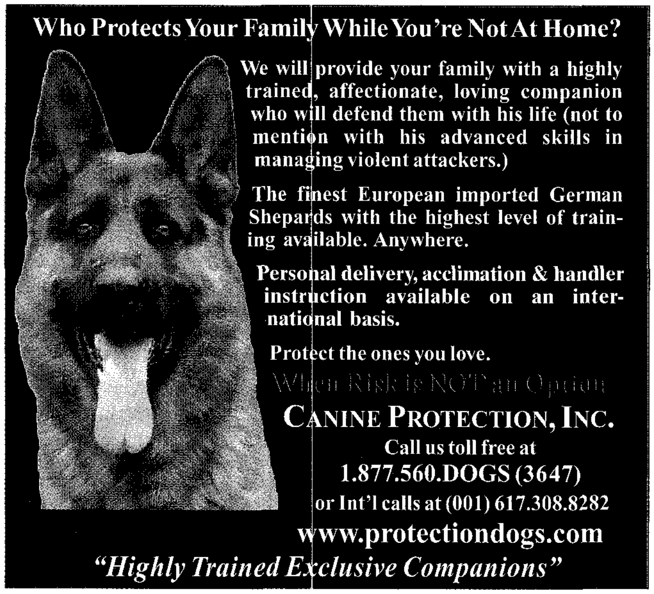

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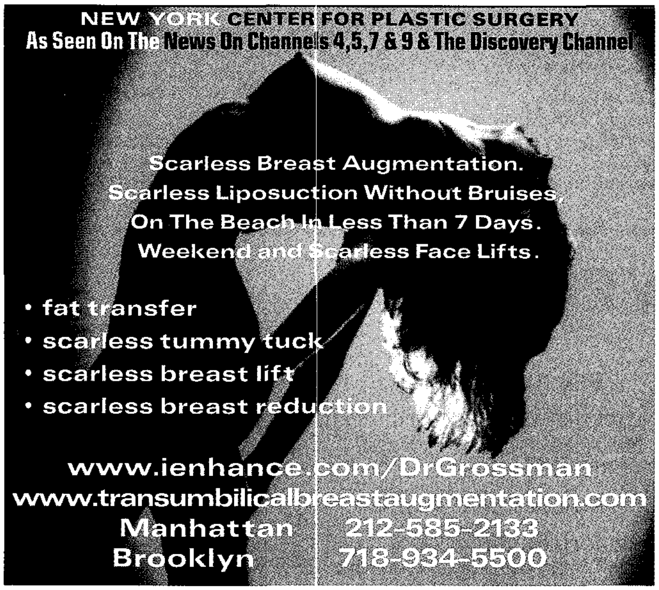

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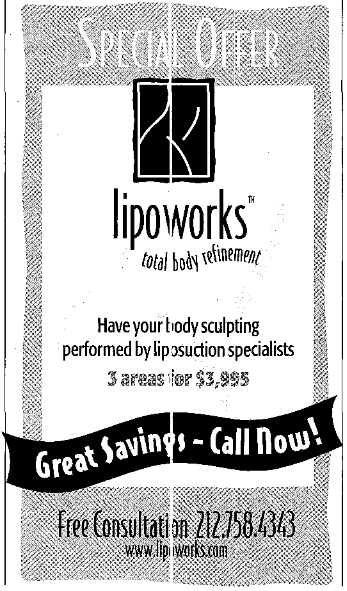

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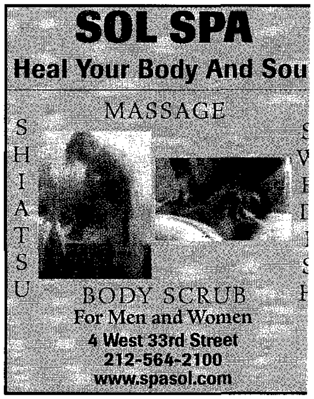

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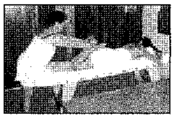

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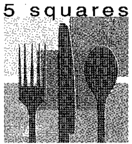

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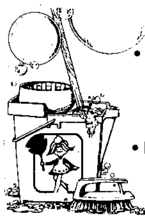

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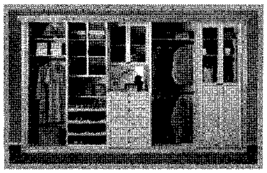

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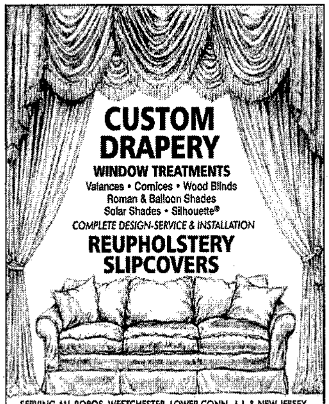

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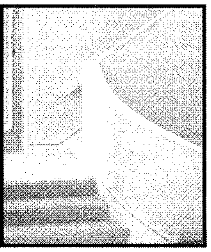

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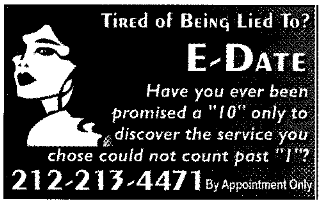
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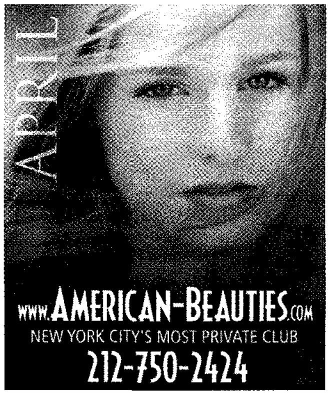

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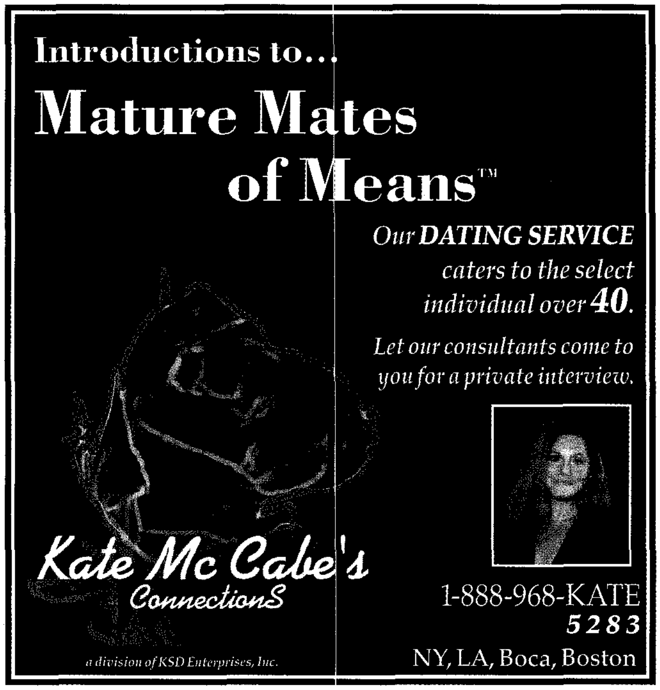
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Successful, Handsome Doctor—47, 5'10", medium build, brown wavy hair, brown eyes, seeks 5'2"-5'5", 30-40-year-old, petite, dark hair/light complexion, career woman for committed relationship. Note/photo. 3224 ✉

Humor And Compassion—If these are as important to you as they are to me, this slim, attractive, youthful woman would like to meet you. We can celebrate my turning 50. Note/photo, please. 3215 ✉

MD, 44—Handsome athletic male, comfortable life style, seeks suitable female under 44. Photo/phone. 3204 ✉☎

Starting Over—Attractive, cultured, charming lady seeks active, financially secure Jewish gentleman, 65-75, to enjoy arts, travel, laughter and living. Photo. 3210 ✉

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Happy Holidays—The holidays are coming - very romantic time of the year for this man to fall in love again. This guy is adventurous, athletic, likes dancing and making plans to have fun. P.S. - children are a plus. Photo/note/phone. 3229 ✉

Stop, I'm The One You're Looking For—Fun, cute, smart, Jewish (nonreligious), 35-year-old grown-up female tomboy. I love all sports, adventure, theater, museum, travel and hanging out. If you're a male between 30-42, financially comfortable, athletic and looking for a lasting relationship, let's meet for a jog in the park or a game of tennis. Note and photo a must. 3235 ✉

A Special Man—Lives high up on Third Avenue, 53, good-looking, accessible, understanding and successful. Would like to meet a super-special woman - funny, warm, sensual and very pretty. Photo and note, please. 3198 ✉☎

Very Successful Plastic Surgeon—Looking to spoil you. Divorced, white, hard-working, 45, Jewish, two children, very handsome and gym-fit, looking to spoil a single/divorced, head-turning white female, 25-39, for a long-term relationship. Must be gym-fit, very pretty and affectionate. Nonsmoker. Photo, please. Will exchange. 3199 ✉

Sophisticated Man—38, great shape, Andy Garcia look-alike, well-educated, seeking 18-35-year-old, beautiful woman to pamper and spoil. 3208 ✉☎

You Can Supply The Adjectives—I'll send you my recent photo. Charming, interesting, classy, witty, romantic lady in (212), seeks 60ish, retired professional who loves concerts, theater, foreign films, fun, adventure, etc. A mensch who is ready to travel. cdigarden@aol.com 3222 ✉☎

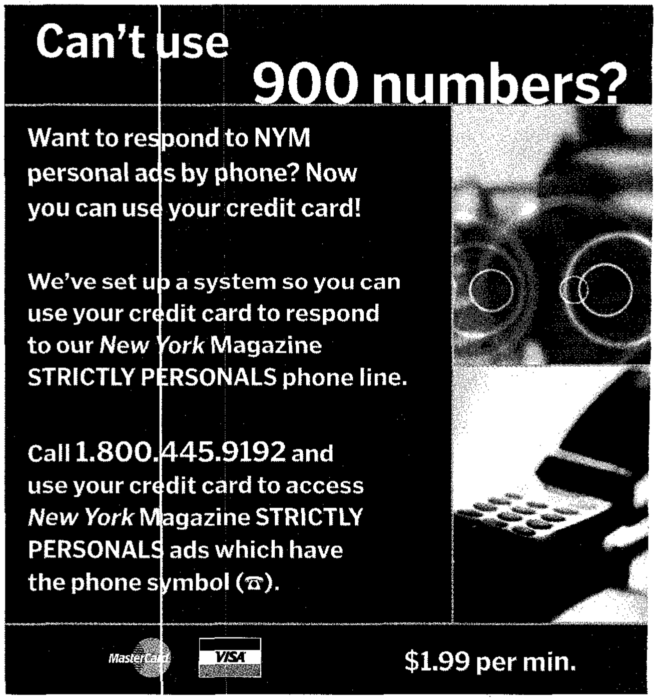
Waspy, Wickedly Funny—Pretty blond seeks guy, 55-65 - must be breathing. E-mail: hb1266@aol.com

Rugged Romantic—Fit and handsome, wry and kindhearted, down-to-earth, Ivy, in the arts, 57, 5'11", (212). Likes music, books, outdoors, good talk. Seeks bright, warm, positive, pretty and shapely (212) woman, 40s-early 50s, for the real thing. Laughter and hugs too. Recent photo, sincere non-form letter for response. 3234 ✉

Handsome Judge—Jewish, very youthful-looking and extremely fit, 5'9" and 150 lbs. I'm athletic, artistic, intellectual and financially secure. I'm seeking a slim, pretty professional woman in her 40s, with similar interests, for a serious relationship. Phone/photo/note. 3221 ✉☎

Christian, Professional Black Woman—Interested in meeting professional male who enjoys music, theater and watching "Six Feet Under". You should be at least 40 years old and 6' tall, and seeking marriage and children. Please send photo. 3226 ✉☎

Secure, European, 38—Tall, attractive single mother of one is seeking a friend and a husband. Please be highly educated, ultra-successful, 40-50, with head full of hair, and fit. If quality relationship and family are mandatory in your life, please respond with a note/photo. Single fathers of Westchester/CT are especially welcomed. 3211 ✉☎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ttorney (NY/NJ Practice)—With kindess; handsome, great health, athleticlly inclined (5'11", 170); 39 (7/63), ingle, white, *Gentile; passionate, curious;* piritual/self-aware - seeks smart, honest, hysically fit, feminine/pretty soul mate in er late 20s-30s; her interests include ravel, art, culture, etc.; she eventually ants a family. Flexible on race, partial Judeo-Christian or spiritual. NJ/NY/CT elcome; elsewhere - if eventually willing relocate to metro area. Note/photo - will xchange. 3233✉☎

Single Black Female—47, seeks male for relationship. 3227 ✉☎

Christian Widower, 60—(Looks younger), handsome, 5'10", 170, brown hair, brown eyes, LI business owner, seeks very attractive, slim lady over 45. Likes travel, the arts and adventure. Photo a must. 3219✉

Autumn In NY—Slender, pretty, sincere, 5'3", Jewish (nonreligious) Manhattanite. I enjoy cultural activities, international travel and Central Park. Seeking male counterpart, 50-60, for relationship. 3195 ✉☎

I Still Haven't Found—What I'm looking for - U2? Successful professional, attractive, 5'9", 46 (looks 38), dad of adorable 6-year-old boy. I am extremely loving, warm, affectionate (sounds like a golden retriever), good sense of humor (me, not the dog). I love music, sports, travel and spending time with my little boy. I would love to meet an intelligent, sweet, fit and attractive woman, 32-38, who is marriage- and family-minded. Note and photo, please. 3201 ✉☎

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Wish Upon—This north of the city star and *your dream may come true! Beautiful in/out,* DWF physician, mom - enjoys outdoors, cooking, travel, black dresses to cozy fires at home. Desires forty-something man of style and substance, with sense of humor, who is ready for a commitment with the right woman. Photo, note and e-mail. 3203✉

Chinese Beauty—Quality, wise, buxom, 5', 112, 49, seeks good man, marriage. 3218✉☎

Charming, Vivacious—Jewish, petite, with European class, who enjoys ballroom dancing and nature, is seeking a sincere, kind, loving mensch, 48-62, who appreciates romance and the finer things in life. Please send photo with note, if possible. 3213✉

Good-Looking European-Jewish Lady—45, seeks NYC theater lover for life. 3214✉

Soul Mate Wanted—Handsome, successful executive, 53, Jewish Renaissance man, seeks sensitive, attractive woman to share a loving and lasting relationship. Photo, please. 3216 ✉☎

CT Male—44, seeks CT/Westchester woman, 30-42, who would like to see the Beach Boys December 1st in Stamford. 3217✉

, Male Professional—Attractive, seeks tty, petite and/or slim woman, 5'7" or der, for fun in NY. Lives in Manhattan, es movies, new restaurants, cafes and quiet hts at home. Have children who I see ry other weekend, have no problems with rs - just don't want any new additions. *ture a must. ny1003@aol.com* 3207✉

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Italian Widow—Financially independent, fun-loving, great cook, seeks financially independent Jewish or Italian man, 65-70. Must be caring, humorous and enjoys a nice lifestyle. Please...only qualified and serious apply. 3223 ✉

Blond, Long-Legged, Attractive—Young woman with big heart seeks darling, secure, warmhearted, intelligent (212) man, to 45, for long-term. No children, just the two of us. hinziween@yahoo.com 3197 ✉☎

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Widower, 54—Looking for an attractive, sexy lady, 35-45, to be my best friend...and a warm relationship. NJ. 3209 ✉☎

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Heaven Is In Your Eyes—Good-looking, divorced Jewish guy, 5'7", youthful, energetic, successful, 54. Enjoys jazz, cinema, outdoors and romantic walks. You are 45-55, sincere, enthusiastic, pretty, fit...with a great smile. Photo preferred. 3220 ✉☎

I Like Chopin, Springsteen—I dance like nobody is watching; I love like I haven't been hurt. Handsome, financially independent 51, blue eyes, fit, looking for someone in their early 40s - grounded, cultured, pretty fit, slim and feels successful. 3181 ✉☎

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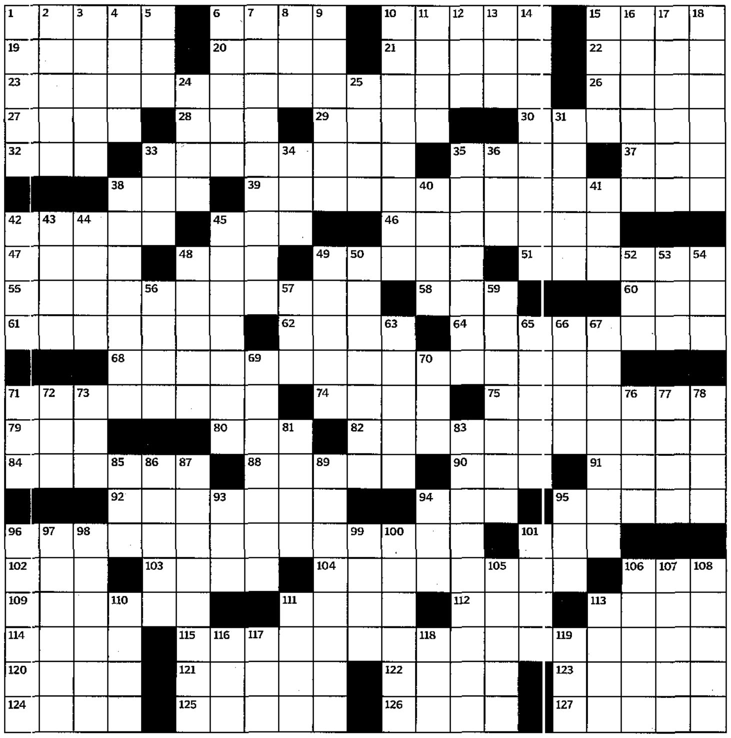
'A+'

'Cue' Crossword by Maura B. Jacobson



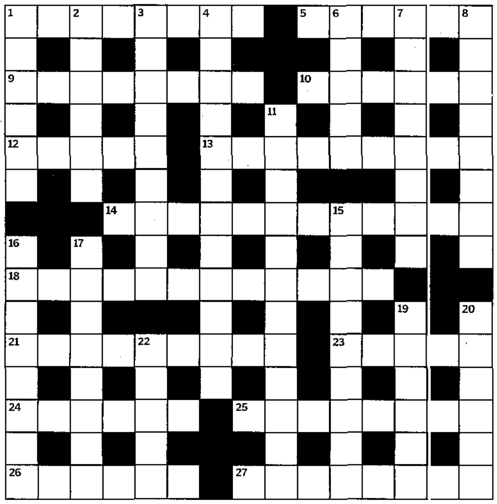
ACROSS

1 Preside at a meeting
6 Petty squabble
10 Top lama's title
15 Nanking nursemaid
19 Rental document
20 Diva's big moment
21 Isolate by freezing
22 Attention to detail
23 Good-bye to the garlic?
26 Verdi opera, updated
27 Edible part of a radish
28 Middle of a game name
29 Drunken revel
30 Midpoint
32 Michigan's Arbor
33 Conrad Hilton, for one
35 Suet, lard, etc.
37 Grasshopper's acquaintance
38 Skillet
39 Sinful campus executive?
42 Use the grill
45 Third consonant
46 Utter loudly
47 Littlest of a litter
48 What boys will be
49 Pitch —— curve
51 Tidy up
55 What Henry Luce was?
58 Equal score
60 Eggs, in biology
61 Libyan capital
62 Deadpan comic Sparks, and others
64 Depart unnoticed
68 Film about sand castles?
71 Badgered
74 Remorseful one
75 Rinsed the throat
79 Paul's "Exodus" role
80 Pat on
82 Fashionable London woman?
84 Gaucho's rope
88 Capital of Belarus
90 Neither Rep. nor Dem.
91 In balance
92 Rich fabric with a raised design
94 Doggy-bag item
95 "Frasier" surname
96 Big surprise for the mortician?
101 Possesses
102 Lawyers' org.
103 Kind of salamander
104 Enjoyed the flavor of
106 Raincoat, for short
109 Echo oneself
111 Christmas paste-on
112 Paver's goo
113 The Green Hornet's sidekick
114 Unwritten exam
115 Jet-set meal destination?
120 Supply to capacity
121 Does film-cutting
122 Pig parlance
123 Upright
124 Celebrity's achievement
125 Friars Club event
126 Salt Lake City team
127 Thwacks flies

DOWN

1 Barton or Bow
2 Stork's kin
3 TV producer Spelling
4 "Whose Life —— Anyway?"
5 Vroom the engine
6 Begin's co-Nobelist
7 Prior judicial ruling
8 Scuba tank holding
9 Washington city on Puget Sound
10 Identify ailments
11 "—— in the Dark" (1988 Streep movie)
12 M-G-M's lion
13 Sight a gun
14 Passiveness
15 Open —— of worms
16 Cocktail of rum and curaçao
17 Passionate
18 Partner of hale
24 Schoolboy's jacket
25 Persia, today
31 Suffix with arab or burl
33 "2001" computer
34 See 36-Down
35 From Helsinki
36 Director of "Crouching Tiger . . . ," with 34-Down
38 Tapping sound, as of raindrops
40 Autostrada auto
41 Tony-winner Hagen
42 Enfant terrible
43 Essen's valley
44 "Dedicated to the —— Love"
45 Sullied
48 Bicuspid's neighbor
49 Kuwaiti potentate: var.
50 Séance psychics
52 Do an AAA service
53 Zsa Zsa's sister
54 Vote from the opposition
56 Narcotic, on the street
57 Corporation abbr.
59 Tastefully opulent
63 Furtive sort
65 "If —— so, it was so": Goldsmith
66 Contented meow
67 Fishermen
69 Unyielding
70 Attempt
71 Buddy
72 Failed lib amendment
73 Dame's male compeer
76 Etna efflux
77 "Paradise Lost" setting
78 Unit of force
81 Auction offers
83 Big name in tires
85 —— Saud
86 Coliseum
87 Not separately
89 Southwest Asia
93 Crow's call
94 Japanese archipelago
95 No gentleman
96 Distant
97 Airline to Spain
98 Jellied gasoline used in flamethrowers
99 Have on
100 "Give It —— Got," 1980 Olympics song
101 Livestock group
105 Listens to, old style
106 Heaven-sent Biblical food
107 Nuke trial-blast
108 Apples' innards
110 Chic French magazine
111 Some N.C.O.'s
113 Had the facts
116 Vegetable for Myoshi
117 Actress Vardalos of "My Big Fat Greek Wedding"
118 Tailor's concern
119 Part of T.G.I.F.

The 'Guardian' Crossword Set by Janus



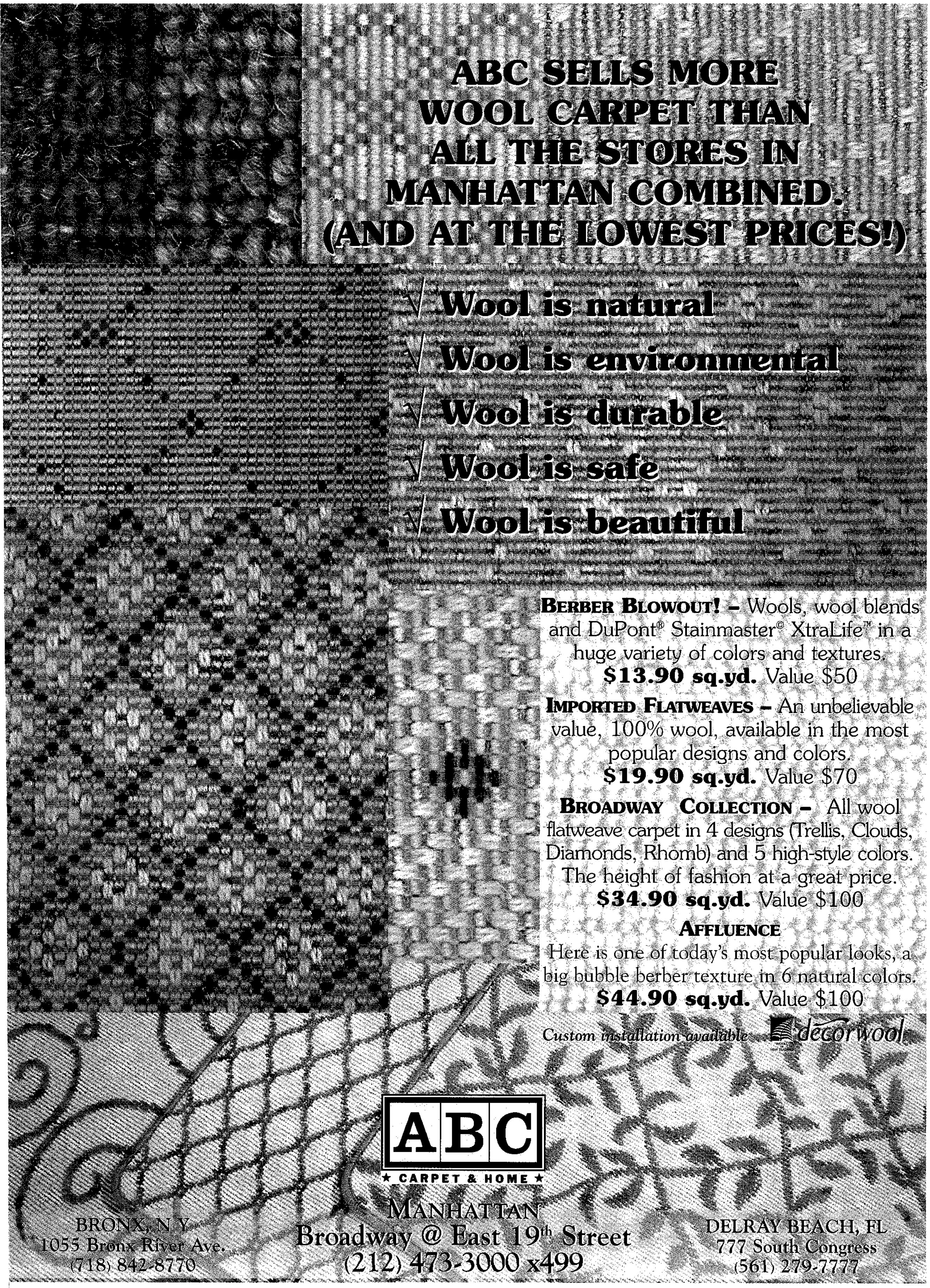
ACROSS

1 Frank's flat. (8)
5 Stock melody. (6)
9 Articles about public performance of music. (8)
10 Tilts at hint on drink. (4,2)
12 Young ox needing guide. (5)
13 Impart knowledge free from superstition. (9)
14 Where three sisters met and cursed an old politician. (7,5)
18 Diary outline set out what has to be done. (5,7)
21 Composer taking egghead to river in swimsuit? (9)
23 Part of journey by coach. (5)
24 Row about note given by a particular bell. (6)
25 One who recommends a barrister. (8)
26 King in corsets wanders off. (6)
27 Have good intentions, but poor space. (4,4)

DOWN

1 Emphasis put on emotional pressure. (6)
2 Engine plant. (6)
3 Mutual action in Pinter play at Lyric. (9)
4 An infrequent visitor—so they call me, unhappily. (7,5)
6 Object to weak note. (5)
7 Man holding, as it may be, a dog. (8)
8 North-eastern writer with article on sleeping potion. (8)
11 Man game for London crossing. (6,6)
15 Workmen getting depressed easily. (5,4)
16 Strange dances performed by eccentrics. (8)
17 Calamity giving underworld a rest, perhaps. (8)
19 Ostentation from a padre? (6)
20 Disclose something about meat. (6)
22 Useful when boy goes to hospital. (5)

SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES APPEAR ON PAGE 46.



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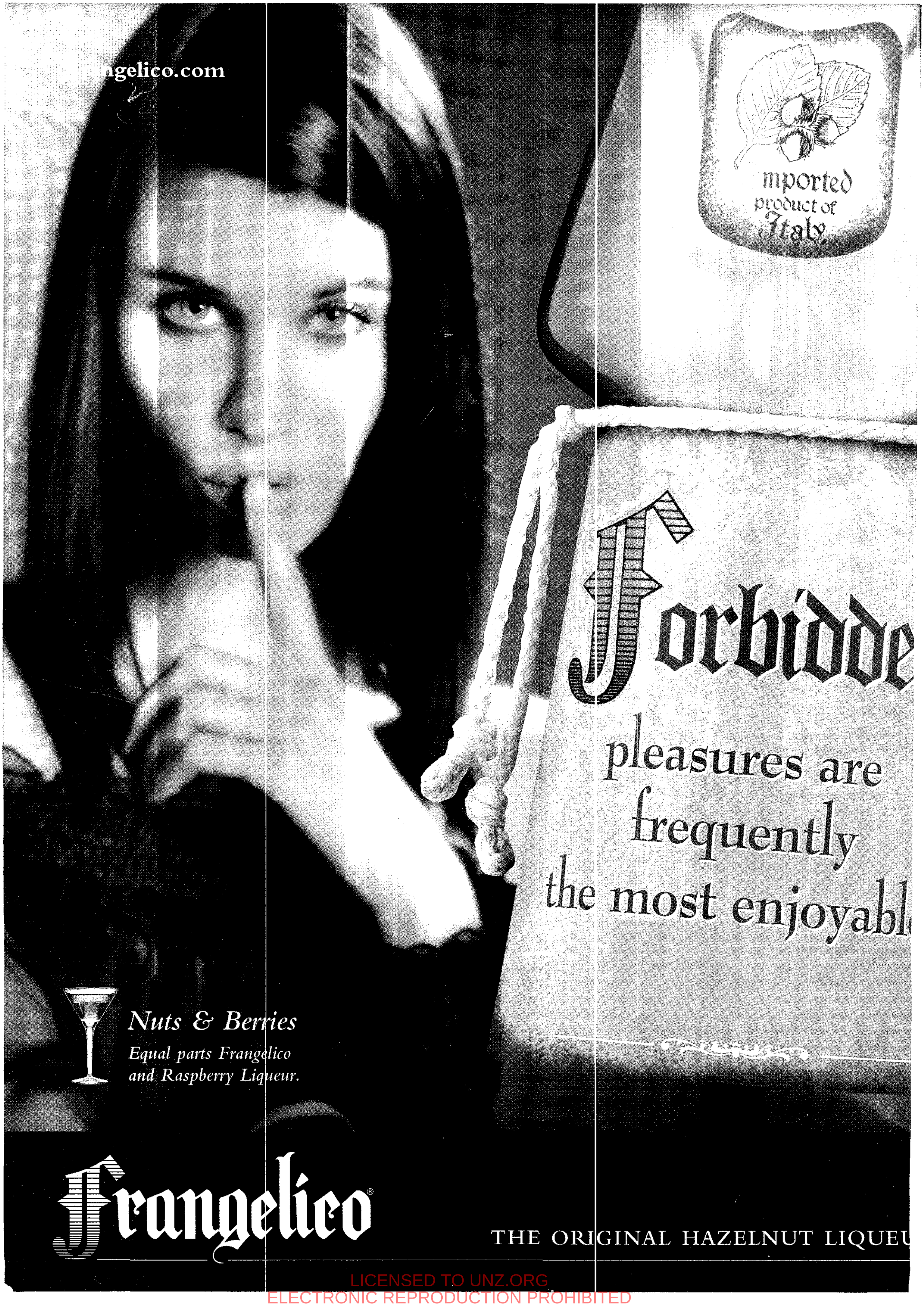
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